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LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

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IT was on November 2, 1920, the great feast day of all freed souls, that "the little delicate kiss of death"—as she herself had once called it—came to Louise Imogen Guiney. And it must have come much in the way she would have wished: without publicity or pageant, in a very old and quiet corner of the old England she had so greatly loved. One may divine with what courtesy her chastened spirit would welcome that shadowy Sister of us all. "We make a miserable noisy farcical entry, one by one, on the terrene stage," she wrote long ago with triste humor; "it is a last dramatic decency that we shall learn to bow ourselves out with gallantry, be it even among the drugs and pillows of a too frequent lot. . . The soul meets its final opportunity, as at a masked ball; if it cannot stand and salute, to what end were its fair faculties given?" There spoke the daughter of her soldier father, and in native heroic spirit. But with her "salute," there passed from among us a poet and scholar of rare distinction: a woman whose worth to contemporary culture was far above rubies because of her delicate and unswerving fidelity to the strict canons of her chosen art—an artist whose ultimate gift even to a secular world lay in that supreme rightness of vision which in the last analysis owes less to the intellect than to the spiritual experience and intuitions.

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IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

The New World and the Old were curiously interblended in Miss Guiney's story. For she was born in Boston on January 7, 1861, and the formal process of her education was accomplished with the Mesdames of the Sacred Heart at Providence, Rhode Island. Yet one thinks of her as essentially Oxonian in genius—and her father, Patrick Robert Guiney, was of Irish birth. She was "well fathered" in the truest possible sense, since General Guiney stood as ideal, as well as idol, to his only child. He had served his apprenticeship as lawyer and as editor, when the Civil War called him. There he acquitted himself with such high courage that he attained the rank of Major General, and upon his return to Boston he was appointed prothonotary of that city. But already, at the Battle of the Wilderness, he had received his death-wound; and thirteen years later, as he was crossing the Common, returning from his office, the never-unexpected summons came. Some children saw General Guiney kneel quietly beside a tree and cross himself—and there Death found him, barely in his forty-third year.

The daughter fell heir to a nature singularly like her father's, with almost every outer episode reversed. His was the "short life in the saddle," for which her "Knight Errant," like every other crusading heart, had prayed. Hers was to be the longer, harder, not less heroic way of the fireside and the study. Hers was in all truth that *crucifixion of the pen* which she used often to quote: "It comes to that," she said once to the present writer, "but it is still the finest game in the world." As early as 1885 she was writing for publication; the *Goose-quill Papers*, which date from then, being such youthful experiments that they make shift to appear quite the "oldest" things she ever perpetrated! Two years later she was writing with scholarly ease and a most engaging freshness, inaugurating that honorable career in letters which was to cover practically all her remaining life. Her friendships with contemporaries in the various arts—with the Stedmans, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ralph Adams Cram, Alice Brown, Katharine Tynan, the Meynells, to mention but a few—were many and deep, but at no time was the outward story very thrilling.

From 1894 to 1897 she acted as post-mistress in her home town, the Puritan and not-too-peaceful suburb of Auburndale, Massachusetts. There was a certain bitter humor bound up in

her incumbency. Newspaper-reporters and curiosity-seekers, who had to be "swept off the postoffice ledge," constituted one plague: but "I suppose," as she whimsically observed, "it is jolly funny to see how a fish earns its living by flying." To the same friend she wrote during this time: "I know exactly how a leopard feels behind his bars; or how he might feel if the populace inquired for correspondence and stamps. With all my Websterian brain set upon what I am at, I have never yet made twice six anything but nineteen, nor remembered a face a second time." Meanwhile, her outdoor heart was pining for the free day, when she might roam for long green miles "with the best and biggest of dogs, and see snakes (for which I have a liking, if for nothing else than to atone for the behavior towards them of superstitious Christians since Eden gates were locked) and pluck violets . . . thinking what an excellent world it is to do nothing in, and to sing thanks for."

It was sufficiently bad, this daily servitude which held the poet back from singing thanks: but it was made much worse by human unkindness. For, from first to last, the young Catholic post-mistress had to meet a pitifully provincial and puerile opposition, due chiefly to religious (!) bigotry. She faced it squarely, and through the help of personal friends she even conquered a local boycott of the postoffice. But immediately after the vindication of her reappointment by President McKinley, she resigned with what must have been either a diapason or a war-whoop of relief.

Thenceforth, with only such interruptions "as are human," Louise Guiney lived as servant and master of her beloved craft. Her happiest years, doubtless, were those spent in scholarly seclusion at Oxford, which was her home—but for a few intervals—almost until the end. Here the treasures of the Bodleian were her daily joy; here the editing of old poets became almost as natural and sweet a thing as dreaming among old towers and "long-dedicated walls," or walking in spirit with those great souls, the *Oxford Movers*, who had brought the ancient Catholic heritage back to English-speaking men and women. The heart has not only, in the Frenchman's word, its own reasons—it has also its own ancestry and fatherland. To dwell with these is to *achieve oneself* harmoniously; to be and to do one's best without the perpetual warring against adverse trifles—the voyaging "in shallows and in

miseries"—of so many lives banished from the Garden of God's gracious design.

This daughter of New England recaptured her Eden within sound of Tom the "King bell," and where Newman's memory "hangs like a shield . . . on royal Oriel." Oxford was hers by every natural and spiritual affinity, and she celebrated its glories in a series of sonnets which seem in some mysterious fashion to be carved instead of written. Of such expatriations, and of the voyaging heart in general, Miss Guiney gave in *Patrins* the true but not always seen significance.

The tourist [she declares] be he of right mettle, falls in love with the world, and with the Will which sustains it. As much solace or exhilaration as comes into the eye and ear, so much evil, in the form of sadness, rebellion, ignorance, passes out from us, as breathed breath into the purer air. . . . There is but one thing which can honorably draw the heart out of an American in Europe. He has wrought for himself the white ideal of government; he belongs to a growing, not a decaying society; there is much without upon which he looks with wonder and even with pity. . . . But one thing he sees far away which he can never live to call his, in the West; he cannot transfer hither the yesterday of his own race, the dark charm of London, the glamour of Paris, the majesty and melancholy of Rome. . . .

And that which makes the worthy pilgrim into an exile and a cosmopolite is no vanity, no ambition, no mere restless energy: it is truly the love of man which calleth overseas, and from towers a great way off. His shrine is some common and unregarded place, a mediæval stair, it may be, worn hollow as a gourd by the long procession of mortality. That concave stone touches him and makes his blood tingle: it has magic in it, of itself, without a record; for it speaks of the transit of human worth and human voices, both of which Dante makes his Ulysses long for and seek to understand. It is our sunken footfall, ages ere we were born, while we were on forgotten errands, nursing irrecoverable thoughts. To have marked it, with perhaps the largest emotion of our lives, is to walk Broadway or a Texan tow-path humbler and better ever after.

So that the magnetism of Oxford was the same, "in the natural order," as that which kept her always in such stainless

allegiance to the Catholic Church. She left her towered paradise to remain in Massachusetts during her mother's last illness. When that duty was acquitted, she returned again "home"—and there the Great War found her in 1914. It was never quite the same Oxford after that: but then, it has never been quite the same world, either. In a letter written during the first dark winter, she spoke of going for awhile "away from the troops and the refugees and the wounded, for one never sees an undergraduate any more," and taking a borrowed collie as comrade in long walks through the "muddy but tranquil country." More and more cloistral, more and more abdicant became her life. Even the London episodes grew rare, "a day at longest," as she said; and after awhile she retired across country to the deeper solitude of Grangeleigh in quiet Amberly. But it was at the little town of Chipping-Campden, some twenty-five miles out of Gloucester, that her pilgrimage was suddenly found to have attained its goal. The Beauty and Antiquity which she craved were hers to the end—and with her, too, were

They to whom the heavens must ope:
Candor, Chastity and Hope.

Because Louise Imogen Guiney was so consummate an artist and craftsman, it is perhaps encouraging for lesser workers to note that her first efforts in both prose and verse were comparatively negligible. The *Goosequill Papers* (1885), while notable for the beauty of their quaint and finished English, are the only things she ever wrote which could not triumphantly acquit themselves of a slight pedantry: but then, is it not youth all the world over which seeks the jocund staidness of the stilt? And if *The White Sail* poems of 1887 show already the author's classic affiliations, they give no hint at all of the very original, pungent, yet peaceful harmonies she was to achieve a few years later.

But in that same 1887, she contributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD an article, called "A King of Shreds and Patches," which was later expanded into that celebrated piece of serio-comedy, "An Inquirendo into the Wit and Other Good Parts of His Late Majesty, King Charles Second." And from a paper published in the same magazine during the following year, came the deft and delectable little volume of 1892, *Monsieur*

Henri, a study of the Vendean war and of its hero, Henri de la Rochejaquelein. In 1893, *The Roadside Harp* was struck: the first book of her authentic poetry, and one which contributed to her fastidious final collection such charming and characteristic pieces as the "Song of the Lilac," "Tryste Noël," the London Sonnets, and "A Friend's Song for Simoisius." Its opening poem was one of Miss Guiney's few New England inspirations, the legendary tale of Peter Rugg, the Bostonian. But one felt in it, as again in the story of Kenelm, the boy-martyr, that her truest *métier* was not in narrative verse.

A *Little English Gallery*, with its discerning portraits of Lady Danvers, Farquhar, Vaughan, and other "seventeenth-centurions" straying over into the eighteenth, was published in 1894, its most memorable inclusion being the exhaustive and sympathetic study of William Hazlitt. The year 1897 saw the fulfillment of her long-cherished desire to edit the poems of James Clarence Mangan, with a really notable memoir of the hapless young Irishman. The whole work was most affectionately perfected; a reverent and royal tribute to one of Apollo's beloved "might-have-beens . . . poets bred in melancholy places, under disabilities, with thwarted growth and thinned voices. . . ." whom the world would forget save for another poet's gentle pen. The same year brought her precious book of original fancies, *Patrins*, one of the most delightful volumes imaginable, and one which every essay-lover will want to place between his *Elia* and Stevenson's "laughing gold ten times tried."

The poet came again to the fore in 1899 with her slender volume, *The Martyr's Idyl*. The title-poem, a dramatic version of the story of SS. Theodora and Didymus, was a thing of noble and delicate beauty, yet scarcely so successful as many of the shorter lyrics included—the Ignatian battle-cry, *Deo Optimo Maximo*, for instance, "The Outdoor Litany," or that tender fragment, "By the Trundle-Bed." Once overseas, her work took the form of a few scattered lyrics and of much felicitous biographical and editorial work. *Robert Emmet: His Rebellion and Romance* came in 1904, also the much documented memoir of *Hurrell Froude*; and later on the world was enriched by her really exquisite editing of the work of Henry Vaughan, Thomas Stanley and the "Matchless Orinda," among our fragrant forebears—and among the moderns, by that of

Matthew Arnold, Lionel Johnson and others. All this work, exhaustive and exhausting as it must have been, spells singular self-abnegation in a poet. But Louise Guiney had the scholar's temper, serene under infinite patient research, so that these labors were probably dictated as much by her literary piety as by the exactions of what she used Franciscanly to mention as "Holy Poverty."

Her beautiful Englishing of the *Fioretti* was, alas! never published. But she left one starlike piece of hagiography, her *Blessed Edmund Campion* in 1908—a saint's life written with equal devotion and intelligence, even such a model for modern readers as Francis Thompson's superb *Life of St. Ignatius*. In 1909, feeling that her poetic legacy was practically complete, Miss Guiney gathered into one precious book, *Happy Ending*, what she modestly called "all the better nuggets in that dis-used mine." And of the fruit of her final years, white now to the harvesting, one learns through a letter of last July: "I am writing nothing, but pegging away on a huge Anthology, *Re-cusant Poets*, which is about finished, and has occupied the 'offs and ons' of Father Bliss, S.J., and myself since 1913."

Louise Imogen Guiney was essentially a poet, and as a poet she will be treasured. But her prose work both antedated and survived the poetic utterance. This is not, of course, unusual in the history of letters. The gift of song seldom lasts through a lifetime—even when the singer mistakenly fancies it to endure. "The Magical White Bird" is snared but for a little season, then flutters off with the morning wind from its captor's hand. But in the captor's heart the memory of its music remains evermore. In fact, Prose, that sturdier sister of Poetry, needs no excuse at all for her comely endurance. She may often enough be forced into Martha's duties; she may even perform them passing well. But she can sit with all grace at her Lord's feet, meditating the essential things, when persuaded by so firm and knowing an artist as the author of *Patrins*.

So Miss Guiney became and became recognized as a critic of almost infallible rightness; an appreciative yet temperate judge, not only of literary excellence, but (far more difficult of discernment!) of the subtle, underlying canons of literary ethics. To be sure, her personal taste was all toward what one calls the "classic" school, even as her personal temperament

inclined toward that New England reticence which she herself often described as "shyness." She was congenitally opposed to the spectacular, either in life or literature, believing that "'to make a scene' is not mannerly, even on paper." Yet she had every sympathy with the holy, but hectic and unfulfilled, genius of Digby Dolben, and devoted years to the rehabilitation of such rueful and romantic Celts as Mangan and Robert Emmet.

All this proves simply that she was finely human in her sympathies. Exigent she was of honesty in soul and utterance—intolerant of the artist who gave less than his best. But for all her seeming aloofness, she knew men as well as books, and her criticism constantly insists upon the close relation between abstract and concrete good. This is the whole argument of her arraignment of "Willful Sadness in Literature:" the fact that both ethics and æsthetics must make their rules for the many rather than the few, that "it may well seem a sort of treachery in a man of genius to speak aloud at all, in our vast society of the desponding and the unspiritual, unless he can speak the helping word." And here is her sentence upon the ultra-realists:

The play which leaves us miserable and bewildered, the harrowing social lesson leading nowhere, the transcript from commonplace life in which nothing is admirable but the faithful skill of the author—these are bad morals because they are bad art. With them ranks the invertebrate poetry of two or three generations ago, which has bequeathed its sickly taint to its successor in popular favor, our modern minor fiction . . . Art is made of seemly abstinences. The moment it speaks out fully, lets us know all, ceases to represent a choice and a control of its own material, ceases to be, in short, an authority and a mystery, and prefers to set up for a mere Chinese copy of life—just so soon its birthright is transferred.

A capital example of what Miss Austen called "sense and sensibility" is found in Louise Imogen Guiney's contrast of the English and the Irish genius, both of which she understandingly loved—the superman set over against the super-race:

England has, by the world's corroboration, her divine sons, whose names are in benediction. But she has also a

Sahara spectacle of the most stolid, empty folk in the universe; the sapless, rootless, flowerless millions who pay, as it were, for Shakespeare and Shelley . . . for Newton and Darwin. Easy, is it not, for the superlative quality to form and act in fullest power here and there, in a nation where no smallest grain of it is ever wasted on the common mortal? But Ireland reeks with genius impartially distributed. It is infectious; every one suffers from it, in its various stages and manifestations. The "Superior race" makes the superior individual impossible . . . Nowhere the lonely planetary effulgence; everywhere the jovial defiant twinkle of little stars!

In one of her greatest essays, "The Under Dog," Miss Guiney pierces to the heart of several universal yet shadowy truths—of the folly of any attempt to gauge such mysteries as human failure and success; of the different kinds of saints, those "who attain their only legitimate development in the cloister," and those who are by every count "Saints at a Sacrifice;" and of that strange ghost, "something extra-rational, we may be sure: something with an august enchantment," which meets certain of the cursed or the elect upon their way, making (in Thompson's word) "the kind earth waste, and breath intolerable" forevermore!

Over and over again, in fact, the deep waters of this woman's habitual thought make many a recent critic show naked in his shallowness. For her sympathy was linked always with sound scholarship; even with a painstaking exhaustiveness which led her in some of the earlier studies into a fullness one would scarcely trust to our hasty contemporary readers. At no time, indeed, does she write that he who runs may read—for why, after all, should anyone expect to read running? But her later prose achieves a really superb condensation. And this beautiful, habitual infallibility has made of Miss Guiney's work a very mine of epithet. Alike in her prose and verse, she has the brief, perfect word for so many men, so many things! One remembers on one side Congreve's "quicksilver wit;" on the other young Digby Dolben "pole-vaulting his way into the inner Court of the King;" Hurrel Froude, "the lost Pleiad of the Oxford Movement;" or Pascal, "O rich in all forborne felicities!" And for sheer fidelity of nature painting, it would be hard to go beyond her

. . . free
Innocent, magnanimous tree,

and her corner of ancient London, "with its little old bearded graveyards, pools of ancestral sleep; or low-lying, leafy gardens where monks and guildsmen have had their dream."

Thus to make vivid the soul of things is to be a poet; to express the image rhythmically is to write poetry. And if Louise Imogen Guiney's critical energy became—inevitably—a danger to her more creative gift, it at least insured that gift of fastidious, if infrequent, use. She herself, in the volume called *Happy Ending*, chose and set apart the poetry, alike early and late, by which she would be judged; building up a book which, in a sense far truer than the opulent Patmore's, might boast only of her "best"—a creamy collection, which no lover of the highest in the century just passed can afford to miss. It is not a popular poetry, even as that of her comrade in arms and ideals, Lionel Johnson's, was not a popular poetry. Neither is it exotic, nor at all sensational. But it has a free and swinging music, and the beauty of very tall trees washed in moonlight. Here is one of her best poems—a lyric of the soul, but like that galloping masterpiece, the "Wild Ride," a battle-song none the less:

THE KINGS.

A man said unto his Angel:
"My spirits are fallen low,
And I cannot carry this battle:
O Brother! where might I go?

"The terrible Kings are on me
With spears that are deadly bright;
Against me so from the cradle
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his Angel:
"Thou wavering, witless soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or to lose the whole,

"As judged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see?
Not thus, by the outer issue,
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the sovereign measure
And only event of things:
The puniest heart, defying,
Were stronger than all these Kings.

"Though out of the past they gather,
Mind's Doubt, and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,
And ringletted Vain Desires,
And Vice, with the spoils upon him
Of thee and thy beaten sires,—

"While Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall."

Hers is a high-hearted poetry, but it is also a high-headed poetry. It is scarcely aware of sex, and is but little concerned with the storm and stress, the gusts and glee of our sweet, irrational existences. To use the simile of another art, it deals with the form, not the color of life. Back in the *Roadside Harp*, the young Louise Guiney had achieved the high-water mark of an unfaltering philosophy, which she put into verse as her "Talisman:"

Take Temperance to thy breast,
While yet is the hour of choosing,
As arbitress exquisite
Of all that shall thee betide;
For better than fortune's best
Is mastery in the using,
And sweeter than anything sweet
The art to lay it aside.

Ethically, of course, this is the last word of wisdom, worthy to be carved in jade or beryl. But there is no denying that it

is better piety than poetry. Let it be admitted frankly that the poet's best verse does not come out of that costly virtue of *detachment*—it comes out of the still more costly virtue of *attachment* . . . To this are we debtor for all her true and impassioned reading of nature: the stormy beauty of "The Squall," with its "routed leopards of the lightning," the tranquil beauty of "Monochrome," the dew-drenched memories of the "Lilac" song. To it, again, we owe the five lovesome Christmas carols: the subtle Carol of Gifts (first published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD), the curious Carol of the "Soule from farre away," the Carol of the Ox and the Ass, and perhaps most wistful of all, the one originally called "Tryste Noël:"

The Ox he openeth wide the Doore,
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,
And he hath seen her Smile therefor,
Our Ladye without Sinne.
Now soone from Sleep
A Starre shall leap,
And soone arrive both King and Hinde;

Amen, Amen:

But O, the Place co'd I but finde!

The Ox hath hush'd his voyce and bent
Trewes eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,
The Blessed layes her Browe.
Around her feet
Full Warme and Sweete
His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell:

Amen, Amen:

But sore am I with Vaine Travel!

The Ox is host in Judah stall
And Host of more than onelie one,
For close she gathereth withal
Our Lorde her littel Sonne.
Glad Hinde and King
Their Gyfte may bring,
But wo'd tonight my Teares were there,

Amen, Amen:

Between her Bosom and His hayre!

Louise Imogen Guiney was a "minor" poet, but she wrote in the great major tradition of English verse: the tradition of

Arnold, of Wordsworth, of Shelley and their predecessors. She achieved almost perfectly the thing she wanted to do; and if through some temperamental turn she lacked the poet's taste for love songs—well, the love songs have an excellent chance of surviving, none the less! And she did constantly betray that extreme tenderness for animals which is a part of so many seemingly undemonstrative people. There is so much pity, solicitude and passion in this devotedness that one wonders (to interpret "psycho-analysis" rather more spaciouly and spiritually than Freud!) if it be not just a slight deflection of the maternal instinct. In any case, it permeates Miss Guiney's work, from the prose, "Reminiscences of a Fine Gentleman" to the naïve "Davy" verses. And it reaches its final expression in a poem of rare beauty and absolutely sincere conviction, "St. Francis Endeth His Sermon:"

And now, my clerks who go in fur and feather
Or brighter scales, I bless you all. Be true
To your true Lover and Avenger, whether
By land or sea ye die the death undue.
Then proffer man your pardon, and together
Track him to Heaven and see his heart made new.
From long ago one hope hath in me thriven,
Your hope, mysterious as the scented May:
Not to Himself your titles God hath given
In vain, nor only for this mortal day.
Oh, doves! How from the Dove shall ye be driven?—
O, darling lambs! Ye with the Lamb shall play!

While at first approach an elusive and aloof personality, there seems to have been about the soul of Louise Imogen Guiney a fresh, fundamental simplicity. She had the "single eye"—a freedom from distraction almost uncanny in that incorrigible "general practitioner," woman! She "hated clothes" as much as any boy of fifteen; she habitually broke rosaries; she described herself as "literally too happy to live" when exercising on the rings and vaulting-bar of a Swedish gymnasium. And deeply as she adored old poets, she adored—and in *all* weathers—the Open. She had a fine humorous enjoyment, even of being "held up" by a Boston pick-pocket, and her courage, both moral and physical, was unbounded. She had no patience at all with distortions of the truth in any controversy, and "struck straight from the shoulder," even

with her dearest friends. But to them, as to the ideals she had chosen and sifted, she was as faithful as one of her own St. Bernard dogs. One thinks of sincerity as the keynote of her character—a fastidious sincerity—until one remembers that it was rather *consecration*. Yes, that is the word . . . Hers was a hidden life, consecrated as that of any nun. She used to speak of her Catholic faith as “a frightful responsibility,” declaring over and over again with the most touching humility that it was “we ourselves—our worldliness, our indifference, and general unthankful demeanor,” which kept other groping souls from the wished-for Light. Through her own life and all her work, the great Candle shone unflinchingly. She walked the changing ways of a much changing century with the eyes of her own Risen ones, *Beati Mortui*:

Blessed the dead in spirit, our brave dead
Not passed, but perfected:
Who tower up to mystical full bloom
From self, as from a known alchemic Tomb;
Who out of wrong
Run forth with laughter and a broken thong;
Who win from pain their strange and flawless grant
Of peace anticipant;
Who cerements lately wore of sin, but now,
Unbound from foot to brow,
Gleam in and out of cities, beautiful
As sun-born colors of a forest pool
Where Autumn sees
The splash of walnuts from her thinning trees.

NOTE—The author records her grateful indebtedness to Monsignor Joseph L. J. Kirlin of Philadelphia for the loan of many illuminating personal letters from Miss Guiney—also to *America* for one or two thoughts borrowed from her own article contributed to its pages in December, 1914.

IN THE WAKE OF POLAND'S VICTORY.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.



WE were scarcely out of Warsaw, on our visit to the devastated areas East and North, when we came to the battlefield of Radzymin. It was here that the tide was turned against the Reds and the safety of the Polish capital sealed in the blood of Father Skorupka, the heroic young army chaplain who led his regiment to victory in the face of a continuous spray of deadly fire from the Bolshevik machine guns. One of the officers with us had witnessed the beginning of the Radzymin battle shortly after midnight of the fourteenth. Never on the Western front, he told us, had he seen such steady and relentless fire. Now there was nothing but a pine woods (where the Polish batteries had been placed); an open plain cut like a grill with trenches, barbed wire, the distant town, and some scattered graves, all lying hushed and quiet under heavy clouds.

The town of Radzymin itself showed many marks of the battle, buildings wrecked by artillery, whole blocks lying in ashes. At Wyskov we struck another scene of decisive fighting, and another wrecked bridge, being held up here several hours waiting to get across the pontoon over which troops were then moving. The commanding officer of Father Skorupka's regiment passed us at this point.

The tour we made took us as far north as Ciechanow (on the map almost directly north of Warsaw) and as far east as Bialystok, covering a large part of the ground that has been swept by the Red invasion and the Red retreat. The section traversed in this trip may be taken as fairly representative of the whole of Poland east of the Vistula. What we saw there may be regarded as characteristic of what may be seen anywhere in the war-ridden areas of Poland today.

It was raining heavily when we started out; rain and dismal skies were common throughout the journey. There was nothing to brighten the picture; all was depressing—all except the spirit of the people with whom we met and talked, the

people who had suffered in the invasion. That spirit shone like a star.

Just after we had left the drab shell-shattered ruins of Pultusk and had struck the country road again, we met a young Polish sergeant, who asked for a ride to the next village. He was a fine, clear-eyed, clean-cut chap, whose manly way of speaking up to the Polish Colonel in our machine was characteristic of the natural democratic manners which I have so often observed in these people. His salute was perfect; but that ritual performed, his advance and request was frankly that of man to man—"all American," I said to myself, paying the United States a bit of flattery. He had been wounded; the healed scars of two bullet holes in his left cheek told the story of how the deadly lead had gone in and out, narrowly missing his left eye. The wound still ached and he was on his way to the doctor for medicine.

Invalided home, this young man had been caught on his father's farm when the Reds came in. "They brought threshing machines with them," he told us, "and they threshed all our grain, all the grain in the neighborhood, and took it off with them. Most of the cows and horses, too. But we will put in winter wheat yet. My father and others here are combining to get some planting done by pooling the seed, as well as the few horses that are left. Fortunately I will be home for a while longer to help." There was the same note of matter-of-course optimism in his voice and words that I have heard wherever I have met Polish war victims. No hysterics, no dramatics; just quiet common sense.

Bridges were down everywhere, but they were going up again as fast as hands and hammers could repair them. At one place where we forded the Narew River, the men working on the bridge shouted at us that when we returned that way in the evening it would be finished. And it was. Evidently they hustled the job for us, for they took much pride in the fact that we were the first across and sent us over with cheers and hat wavings.

The broad stretch of country cut by the Narew from Serock to Ciechanow gave us a panoramic view of war-invaded Poland. On all sides—it is the same wherever you go in Poland—the horizon was bound by the dark walls of pine forests. Heavy clouds swept them with a sort of thick violet

light. Patches of lupin in bloom splotted the drab canvas with ruddy color. The wrecks of bridges, still smoking, dragged their trailing ruins in the water—always to me a sorry sight, a broken bridge, there is so much of utter despair and finality in it. Rows of gaunt chimneys, like the embodied souls of homes left stripped and exposed, stood cold and high in scorched nakedness, marking the scenes of recent terror and flames and tears. Alongside the road we passed the charred wreck of an auto truck; further on, a broken Russian cannon ditched by the highway. But the one sight above all others that struck us on every hand was the abandonment of the fields. No farmers were abroad; no furrows were being turned. Plows and horses are gone. No cattle were in the pastures. They have all been carried off. Black spots in many fields showed where grain or hay stacks had been burned. There was an indescribable stillness and blight over the whole scene. Few people were about, because the bulk of the population had fled before the Bolshevik advance.

Near Ostrow, we arrived at a military headquarters one day just at noon. The sun was out, and the officers were having their mess in the garden of the country house where they were billeted. They made us join them, and we had a taste of the meagre fare of the Polish Army. A man wonders how they can fight as they do on the thin soup, black bread, wretched beef (or horse meat) and tea that they eat. But they seemed to enjoy it and were like a crowd of schoolboys, with just a touch of reserve because of their unexpected American guests. It was pathetic to see their attempts at making an extra show of their poor table "for company's sake." There were red blankets for tablecloths, and there were bouquets plucked in the garden. There was the same democratic spirit among them, too, that I have spoken of before. The ragged mess boys who waited on table were not ruled out; they also had their share in the responsibility of the occasion.

The house was a big three-storied, square, white-washed building of brick, surrounded by gardens and orchards—all neglected and weed-grown now. There was no family left in the place. It had been the home of two brothers, who lived together. When the Reds came, they seized the place, arrested the younger brother (the older was absent at the time) and took him to Białystok. When the older man returned and

found what had happened, he hurried to Bialystok to intercede for his brother and try to free him. The only answer the Bolsheviks gave him was to arrest him also. Then they shot them both. Along the fences around Ostrow I saw placards, put up since the Red retreat, asking for prayers for the repose of the souls of Kasimir and Ignatius Iwanowski.

Lomza was the first town of any size we entered—population, 26,000—a well built prosperous looking place, beautifully situated on a hill. It has a look of a north Italian town, set on its eminence, with its old Gothic cathedral lording it over a farming country of teeming riches. There were few marks of war wreckage in Lomza. The Reds had captured it during the Polish retreat in July with ease; and as they fully expected to stay there indefinitely, they were a bit careful. That is, they were careful of the buildings. But of the bodies and souls and property of their victims—that is another story.

We found lodging in the home of a Pole who had acted as local agent for American relief organizations, and who gave us a welcome that had no limit to its hospitality. (Even the small inhabitants of the bed-tick on which I slept on the floor insisted on keeping me awake all night explaining how glad they were to have me there. No denying that, like all others in these war-starved countries, they were very hungry!) This Pole talked freely and gave us some highly interesting details of the Bolshevik occupation of the town.

"They began looting as soon as they arrived," he said. "They managed it this way: any individual soldier of the Red Army is free to loot all he likes unless a Commissar forbids it. The soldier's officers have no authority to stop him; only the Commissar can do that—and where can you find a Commissar when you want him? Thus the Bolsheviks robbed the American Relief Association's warehouse in Lomza wholesale—one item alone was five hundred cases of condensed milk!—in spite of any official prohibition, official seals or official guards that I might secure. In fact, they threatened to shoot me for daring to say that the warehouse had been robbed.

"In two or three days they had pretty fairly stripped the shops and stores of the town. Then they began on the private houses, and on people themselves. One could not go on the street wearing rings or jewelry. They simply stopped you and took them away from you. Even the clothes on your back

were not safe. As we all had been heavily requisitioned already for supplies for the army, especially underwear, some of us had not much left. If the Reds had remained, we certainly would soon have had nothing."

A daring and dramatic thing occurred in Lomza on the second day of the Bolshevik occupation, an event which proves that even the Red Terror cannot always strike fear into the hearts of people—especially women who have the courage of their convictions. This is the story:

One of the first acts of the "Bolos" on their arrival in Lomza was the arrest of the Bishop and two priests of the town. As is usually the case under the Bolshevik régime, these men were hauled off to jail without charges or warning—merely on suspicion of being "counter-revolutionary." The Reds frequently execute people simply because they are of "counter-revolutionary type."

The day after the Bishop and priests were taken away, the leader of the Propaganda Bureau of the Reds called a public meeting, which all citizens were compelled to attend. He began the usual harangue about the beauties of Soviet government, etc., armed for a long tirade against the "follies of democracy," the "slavery of religion," etc. But he was suddenly interrupted by a loud chorus of women's voices shouting: "First send us back our Bishop and we'll listen to you." The man who gave us the narrative told with gusto of the blank look of astonishment changing to infuriation that came into the Bolshevik orator's face. He tried to go one, but every attempt at a word was interrupted by the same chorus, all the women in the hall shouting in unison: "Give us back our Bishop!" "Let our priests go free!"

The women of Lomza succeeded in breaking up that Bolshevik meeting. Yet no one of them could be accused. All were guilty. The Red leader's next move was to go after the men. But the men simply responded: "We have nothing to say. You tell the women, they are to have equal rights now. There you are!"

The Bishop and the priests were released from jail and permitted to return.

But in the end the Bolsheviks took a horrible revenge on the women of Lomza. There are at least six women in that city ("God only knows how many others!" our Polish citizen

exclaimed) whose mothers are wondering in tearless silence today where their young daughters are. "The day the Bolsheviks left, they carried many girls away with them by force. I, for my part, saw six of them huddled in a truck, crying and weeping, as the machine tore down the street in the auto column of the retreating Red Army. There were many crimes committed against women while the Reds were here."

The route from Lomza to Osowiec, thence to Bialystok, and finally back to Warsaw was more or less a repetition of what we had seen since we began our tour: wrecked bridges, abandoned farms, here and there brick and ashes of a house, and always the roadside grave. At Osowiec, once a strong Russian fortress facing the German border, there was no human being in sight; nothing but acres of ground strewn with the gigantic ruins of the blown-up fortifications.

A Polish guard came out to challenge us—a long solitary figure emerging from the shelter of a huge sheet of corrugated iron set on a hillside. His uniform, dripping in the cold rain, was little better than rags. But he had the Polish smile in his blue eye as we passed on. They are the greatest soldiers in the world, these Polish boys, sturdy as oak, good-natured, patient and enduring—yet with an alertness and "pep" in them that constantly reminds us of the good old doughboy of the United States army. On this trip we passed literally thousands of soldiers, regiment after regiment, most of them moving south to chase Budenny out of Galicia. They were fatigued and hungry, no doubt. But they usually came singing down the road, making the land ring with their lusty voices. They were fine and fit, and in their "doughboy" uniforms looked so much like our own boys that they fairly took the heart out of us as they swung by. "What can't they do," we said, "once they have their country cleared of the invaders and get back to peace and productive labor again! With youth like this, there is no limit to Poland's future, even if she is today half wrecked, smoking in ashes, untilled, abandoned and swept by famine and disease."

THE LATEST MR. WELLS.

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN, LITT.D.

I.



WELVE years ago, that incomparable commentator, G. K. Chesterton, remarked that the most interesting thing about H. G. Wells was that he was the only one of his many brilliant contemporaries who had not stopped growing. "One can lie awake at night"—the author of *Heretics* hilariously declared—"and hear him grow." Mr. Wells is still growing.

The process began when Wells repaired to South Kensington and put on an apron in Huxley's biological laboratory. From a first-class honors B.Sc., he passed to the uneasy trade of schoolmastering and, thence, to literary journalism. Then he went on to the writing of stories short and long. Over them the shade of Huxley hovered, and the pungent odors of the laboratory permeated them. In the short stories he wrote of stolen bacilli and strange orchids, of empires of ants and valleys of spiders, of weird moths and of the eggs of *Æpyornises*, of things seen from observatories and under microscopes. It was all very thrilling. In the long stories, or "scientific romances," as the author called them, one traveled in time with Mr. Wells on a natty little machine composed of ivory, nickel, brass, and quartz, and saw the declining fires of the weary sun sink slow and burn out over a world long since uninhabited by mankind. An exhilarating, if somewhat breathless voyage! Or, going to the moon, one hobnobbed with the frore race of Selenites. Or, visiting the biological *Island of Dr. Moreau*, one watched that distinguished vivisectionist carving grotesque approximations to humanity out of pigs and bulls and dogs. And from *The Invisible Man* one could learn how it felt to move about unseen among one's fellow-beings. Then, in 1898, *The War of the Worlds* broke out, and by this time Mr. Wells had become so notorious that nearly everybody enlisted and watched invading grim Martians bear down upon this tiny universe, and beheld the dire devastation wrought (in 1898)

by flying machines and heat rays. And when *The Sleeper* woke up in 2100 A. D. there we were, discovering that the world had become altogether too mechanical for our nineteenth century tastes. . . But they were wonderful, those concoctions of what we may now call the Pre-Mycenæan age of Wells' literary development! They out-Verned Jules Verne; the universe was anatomized and examined and re-adjusted as you would disengage and reassemble the parts of a Ford; it was immense and splendid!

Then Mr. Wells moved into his second phase. Weary of the pale ports o' the moon and the gold gateways of the stars, he volplaned to this earth, and told the simple tales of such ordinary souls as Lewisham and Kipps; and wrote small tracts on *Socialism and Marriage* and *The Misery of Boots*, and large tracts on *The Future in America*, *First and Last Things*, and *New Worlds for Old*. Most of the later tracts were issued as novels: *The New Machiavelli*, *Marriage*, and *The World Set Free*. Mr. Wells had now become the tractarian-novelist of modern commercial life and sociological development. It is impossible not to feel that most of these "second phase" tract-novels are to a considerable extent autobiographical. Some of them are interesting, some of them intolerably tedious, all of them are excruciatingly earnest and conscientious. Once only, in this phase, did he succeed in ridding himself of sociological preoccupations long enough to permit the unadulterated story-teller within him to emerge. The result was *The History of Mr. Polly* (1910), one of the most outrageously amusing novels of the last twenty years, and a tender, whimsical human story as well. His next work, however, shows him passionately and inexorably absorbed in contemplation of "the cloistered futilities"—it is his own phrase—of contemporary life viewed from the political and economic angle. And ever since then he has been content to turn his novels into vast and vivid pamphlets—Fabian tracts raised to the *n*th power. Discursive and contemptuously negligent of all that has traditionally pertained to the novel as an art form, he has preferred to regard it as "the parade of morals and the exchange of manners, the factory of customs, the criticism of laws and institutions, and of social dogmas and ideas."¹ The artist of

¹ Vide his essay on "The Contemporary Novel," reprinted in *An Englishman Looks at the World*, 1914.

Love and Mr. Lewisham and of *The History of Mr. Polly* has ceded place to the pamphleteer of *The Research Magnificent* and of *Joan and Peter*. It is a great pity, no doubt; but we must apparently take H. G. Wells on his own terms or not at all.

Let us now consider our author's third and present phase. Without ceasing to be interested in, and to give expression to, as much of the life around him as his peculiarly foreshortened outlook permits him to see, he has felt impelled to look outside this world and its little race of men towards something nobler, finer, and higher, not a part of it. He has seen the futility of his agnostic materialism, and has grown very weary of it. That key which once so smoothly glided into the lock of things in general, now not merely refuses to turn, but will not even fit. And searching around—rather fussily, one must admit—for a new key, Mr. Wells discovered—God. Not, one hastens to add, the permanent God of Revelation, the Christian God, but a temporary and provisional deity, a Wellsian God—God, the Invisible King. Even Mr. Wells has created more convincing figures than this sad parody of the Almighty Who looms indistinctly out of the spiritual and intellectual fog in which Mr. Wells so forlornly wanders. It was in the novel in which that war-weary amorist, Mr. Britling, failed so lamentably either to see it through or to see through it, that the author first produced this extraordinary version of the Deity from his fictional conjuring-box. Then he wrote his *New Theology*, and called it *God, the Invisible King*, a book in which Mr. Wells displayed a quite ingenious unfamiliarity with the Creed of Christianity. As for his next work, *The Soul of a Bishop*—that amazing disquisition upon the theological perplexities of a member of the Anglican episcopate who finds rest for his spirit not in the Blessed Vision of Peace, but in our novelist's egregious deity—one's feelings upon reading it can only be described as indescribable. Assuredly, Anglican bishops have, on occasion, betrayed an incorrigible weakness for freakish theology—but one refuses to swallow Dr. Scrope!

In *Joan and Peter*, the six-hundred-page "novel," which followed close upon the doctrinal deliquescence of *Bishop Scrope*, there is more of the New God—only more so. This time Oswald (*i. e.*, H. G. Wells) speaks of him with affectionate familiarity as "The Old Experimenter," and harangues

him at length (or is harangued by him, one forgets which) over several tiresome pages. It is all very fatuous.

II.

The above extremely summary outline of Mr. Wells' literary history may not be altogether inappropriate as a prolegomenon to our necessarily brief notice of the outline of the history of this planet which Mr. Wells has just published.² *The Outline of History* is the roof and crown and culmination of its author's career as a man of letters. Never has he done anything so ambitious in scope. He announces in his introduction that *The Outline* "is an attempt to tell, truly and clearly, in one continuous narrative, the whole story of life and mankind so far as it is known today. It is written plainly for the general reader. . . It has been written primarily to show that *history as one whole* is amenable to a more broad and comprehensive handling than is the history of special nations and periods, a broader handling that will bring it within the normal limitations to time and energy set to the reading and education of an ordinary citizen. . . There can be no common peace and prosperity without common historical ideas. . . A sense of history as the common adventure of all mankind is as necessary for peace within as it is for peace between the nations. [*The Outline*] is an attempt to tell how our present state of affairs, this distressed and multifarious human life about us, arose in the course of vast ages and out of the inanimate clash of matter, and to estimate the quality and the amount and the range of the hopes with which it now faces its destiny. . . There is not a chapter that has not been examined by some more competent person than himself, and very carefully revised." In a later paragraph he acknowledges, by name, individually, the assistance and coöperation of more than fifty of his writing friends and scholars. It is prodigious! No lesser word will serve.

Nothing even remotely like it has ever been attempted before. It is a task before which the stoutest heart of chronicler might well have quailed. Mr. Wells, however, has attacked it imperturbably and appears to have accomplished his task in rather less than two years! Quite obviously one

² *The Outline of History*, 2 volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1920.

most imperfectly equipped reviewer can accomplish but little with such a book in a single short article. Really, a committee of experts would be needed to deal adequately with it, and the resulting judgment might well be spread over many articles. Already, Hilaire Belloc has delivered his verdict upon *The Outline* in two magistral articles: the first dealing with the earlier portion of Mr. Wells' chronicles was printed in *The Dublin Review* for 1920 (April quarter); the second has just appeared in the November number of the *London Mercury*. Dr. Richard Downey, also, has contributed to *The Month* during this year,³ three lengthy and most searching papers in review of *The Outline*. And the topic is still far from being exhausted. The present notice can do no more than direct attention to certain fundamental shortcomings in Mr. Wells' presentation of history.

What may be said in praise of this *Outline*? The mechanics of the book, and the arrangement of the vast material, are superb. It is written with lucidity and charm and, in many places, with a finely vibrant eloquence. Indeed, Mr. Wells has never achieved a more musical or spacious prose: there are several passages which deserve, and which will obtain, inclusion in future anthologies of purple patches. There, however, one comes to the end of one's praise. The merits of the work are, in fact, purely literary. As history it is profoundly negligible. Why is this so? Because Wells started out on his huge task with certain preconceptions, theories and hypotheses—many of them, incidentally, hopelessly out of date—which have handicapped him from almost the first page and have drawn down over his vision a veil through which he sees the history of the human race, dimly, distortedly, and as in a glass, darkly.

Mr. Chesterton has noted that the most practical and important thing about a man is still his view of the universe. His cosmic philosophy is surely the most practical and important thing about the writer of a history of mankind. What invalidates this latest work by Mr. Wells, and puts him completely out of court, is that his cosmic philosophy is quite ingeniously wrong. Although within recent months Mr. Wells has been suffering from a severe attack of obfuscated theological idealism, yet when he contemplates the history of men

³ August, September, and October, 1920.

he remains, in his blood and bones, absurdly, but obstinately, the materialist. He has his facts, or a majority of them, right; he sets them out attractively enough in all conscience, but upon relative values or proportions among those facts or their sequences, he has no sound ideas. His conception of history is the materialistic conception of history: a conception that today is as dead as the dodo. But it is the materialistic conception of history that rules this book and saturates its thirteen hundred pages.

As to more particular matters. In the earlier portion of this stupendous historical pageant Wells is dealing, largely if not entirely, with theories, speculations, probabilities, and hypotheses, not with ascertained and known fact. Here, therefore, are pitfalls innumerable for the writer of powerful imagination who is hampered by materialistic preconceptions and "views" of the origin and destiny of man. Into not a few of them Mr. Wells flounders. Hypotheses he is repeatedly changing into solid facts as gayly as your conjurer turns a rabbit out of a silk hat. Dr. Downey wittily makes this clear in an excellent passage in his first article:⁴

"Mr. Wells' task is to show how the *Homo sapiens* evolved from an ape. He devotes a whole chapter (viii.) to the Pliocene man of group i., without shedding the faintest ray of light on his origin. He discourses pleasantly of *Pithecanthropus*, and illustrates his remarks with a picture of the 'possible appearance' of *Pithecanthropus*—no mean achievement when we reflect that the entire remains consist of a thigh bone, two molar teeth, and the top of a skull. What he does not tell his readers, however, is that the *Pithecanthropus* is the discredited harbinger of the whole family of 'missing links.' Time was when popularizers of 'Science,' following the lead of Haeckel, insisted on the continuous, gradual development of man from the ape through this very *Pithecanthropus* type. Anthropologists, however, insisted that it was not at all clear that the Java remains belonged to the same skeleton, since, though found in the same strata, they were some considerable distance apart. The femur is universally admitted to be human, but many experts consider that the teeth are anthropoid. A fierce battle rages round the skull, some anatomists pronouncing it human, others simian, and others again

⁴ *The Month*, August, 1920, pp. 143, 144.

declaring it to be an intermediate type. The date of the remains, too, is a very vexed question; and, finally, the whole status of the *Pithecanthropus* has been rudely shaken by the recent discovery of several supposed types of prehistoric man which differ essentially from the *Pithecanthropus*—notably the Piltdown man, at present in course of reconstruction from the remains found in Sussex as recently as 1912. As a ‘missing link,’ therefore, the *Pithecanthropus* is pretty generally abandoned, but Mr. Wells, though he has not succeeded in finding another to take its place, remains unshaken in his belief that the prehuman ancestor was an ape.”

And, somewhat later in his article, Dr. Downey comments:

“All this chatter of Mr. Wells about arboreal apes, and his highly imaginative descriptions of Pliocene and Neanderthal man are somewhat beside the point, since ‘no stage in the ancestry of man may have been very like either one or other of these extinct races.’” We are relieved, therefore, when Mr. Wells turns his attention, and ours, to the new human type, indicated by the third group of remains, the *Homo sapiens*, or *recens*. We are consumed with eagerness to know something of the antecedents of this race; we are thrilled to think that in this chapter Mr. Wells is at last about to solve the knotty problem of our simian ancestry. But all the knowledge that Mr. Wells imparts on this vital question is compressed into one single period: ‘At present we can only guess where and how, through the slow ages, parallel with the Neanderthal cousin, these first *true men* arose out of some more ape-like progenitor’ (page 52, Mr. Wells’ italics). So, after all, when it comes to discussing the origin of the first true men, Mr. Wells is only guessing! *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* But to soften the blow the guess is accompanied by a colored plate of ‘Our Neanderthaloid Ancestor.’ Observe the unobtrusive manner in which Mr. Wells bridges the gulf between groups ii. and iii. In a parenthesis, mark you, the extinct *Homo Neanderthalensis*, a type of ‘nearly human creatures,’ says Mr. Wells, is suddenly raised to the rank of cousin to the first true men. Mr. Wells is an adept at this kind of logical theft. Having, with the aid of a colored plate, persuaded the reader that the *Homo Neanderthalensis* was almost human, Mr. Wells proceeds to foist him on to the

British Public as a *cousin!* To such shifts is the new logic reduced in the interests of the inspiring belief that man is descended from an ape. *Venite adoremus!*"

This is the Wells' method throughout in dealing with the period anterior to recorded history. He has surmised and opined and guessed and speculated and spread his "may have beens" and "probablys" and "surelys" over page after page. He has not produced convincing evidence. Not once has he *proved*. Upon another aspect of this speculative fallacy Mr. Belloc, in the *Dublin Review* article⁶ already referred to, has devastatingly animadverted:

"Take again this sentence of Mr. Wells': 'It is practically certain that at the end of the last Glacial Age the Mediterranean was a couple of land-locked sea basins.' It is not practically certain. It is not certain at all. It is just about even chances that the Mediterranean has fallen or risen in the last long process of change. The Mediterranean may well have been at the end of the last Glacial Age a couple of land-locked independent seas—or it may not. It is an hypothesis based upon the *present* proportion of salt in the Mediterranean and upon the *present* river discharge into it—that is, upon its *present* climatic conditions. One could, from the miserable shreds of evidence available, argue the other way. One could argue from the remains of human activity in what are now desert African watercourses, that the discharge into the Mediterranean was formerly much greater than it is today. One could argue from classical literature that the Mediterranean climate had grown drier and hotter within the last 3,000 years. The whole thing is just a piece of guesswork. All we know with any positive knowledge about the Mediterranean is that it has been from the beginning of recorded time exactly what it is today. No material condition is eternal; the Mediterranean must be either fuller now than it was at some hypothetical date, ten, or twenty, or one hundred thousand years ago, or less full; and you have about as much reason to say the one thing as the other, in the almost entire lack of anything which would be called, in the ordinary affairs of this world, evidence."

And when, in the course of his secular survey, Mr. Wells comes down to the history for which, in plenty, indubitable

⁶ Pages 193, 194.

records exist and have been codified, he does little, if anything, to increase our confidence in him as a guide. His materialistic bias is again constantly darkening counsel and casting a gloomy shadow upon his path. His estimates of such colossal and memorable historical figures as Alexander and Julius Cæsar are curiously colored by his contemporary prejudices. One does not readily forget Oswald's monumentally idiotic outburst in *Joan and Peter*, wherein he asserted the superiority of Salisbury, as a statesman, to Cicero ("because his horizon was larger"). Similar petulancies manifest themselves constantly throughout the pages wherein he treats of the Graeco-Roman world. One would like to hear Dr. Warde Fowler's comment upon the Wellsian Julius Cæsar, or Professor J. B. Bury's opinion of the Wellsian Alexander! Professor Gilbert Murray and Mr. Ernest Barker, the experts who have read Mr. Wells' chapters on these two protagonists of the ancient history of Greece and Rome, have shown themselves singularly forbearing and self-effacing in the occasional footnotes they have appended to the text.

Mr. Wells, this is perhaps the right place to remark, makes a great parade of having submitted his work to the correction and criticism of his scholarly friends. Yet they seem to have thought silence golden far more frequently than was either right or necessary. And his "specialists," one should note, have all been hand-picked by Mr. Wells. One cannot help feeling that his chapters on Periclean Athens and on the later Roman Empire would have met with severe criticism and drastic revision at the hands of such admittedly authoritative specialists as Bury and Dill, had this portion of *The Outline* been submitted to them. Mr. Wells contrives to write the history of the later Roman Empire without once mentioning Sir Samuel Dill's two epoch-making studies: *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius* (which was characterized a few years ago by Mr. Asquith, in his Rectorial address at Glasgow University, as "a masterpiece of scholarship, philosophic insight, and literary charm") and *Roman Society in the last Era of the Western Empire* (of which James Bryce has written: "Nothing better in the way of a study of social and intellectual life in the remote past, nothing more careful in its analysis or more discriminating in its judgments seems to me to have appeared for a long while"). Indeed, Wells

has, on the whole, preferred to depend upon the smaller handbooks—compilations from compilations. And, at every turn, the Wellsian idiosyncrasy and the Wellsian temperament keep getting between the author and the stark, irrefragable facts of history.

When he comes to treat of the beginnings and growth of the Christian religion, Mr. Wells' account is not merely ludicrously inadequate; it is confoundingly superior. Clearly, he has read nothing of any palmary authority upon what he undertakes to describe and analyze—unless it be Harnack's *History of Dogma* (a work even now sadly superseded). Here, if anywhere, Mr. Wells stood in pitiable need of "experts" to correct and control his version. Yet he undertakes to expatriate upon the Divine Mind of Christ, upon the story of the God-Man's sojourn upon this earth, and upon the progress of Christianity after the death of its Founder; and the result is that, again and again, what he writes is nothing more nor less than grotesque drivel. He compiles his account entirely without prejudice as to the fundamental historical record. Throughout this portion of *The Outline* he writes with the gay verve and magnificent abandon of his early scientific romances—with an even gayer verve and an even more magnificent abandon, for in *The Time Machine* and in *The First Men in the Moon* he had perforce to keep within a certain inalterable framework of accepted physical and mechanical fact and convention. Here, however, although history stares him in the face, he romances unashamedly, permuting and combining the realities of the record with a glorious irresponsibility.

Like Ritschl he refuses all interpretation of Jesus Christ that would transcend the limits of human experience. The tremendous and unique claim of Christ upon the loyalty and submission of mankind, he simply will not recognize. He misses the central fact of all pre-Christian history: that it was a divinely ordained preparation for the adorable mystery of the Incarnation, and that with the coming of Christ and His Death upon the Cross, the sum of human life and human aspiration was instantly carried up to a new and infinitely higher level; that, in short, the Incarnation of the Son of God was a unique and emphatic remedial intervention. Believing Christians will passionately repudiate the whole temper and

mind of these chapters. Reason and common sense and human experience reject them. Mr. Wells' arguments (if so feeble a logomachy can be dignified by the name argument) will neither wear nor wash. Of the whole exquisitely beautiful and intricately wrought yet sublimely simple structure of the Christian Doctrine of the Trinity, and of the Sacraments, and of the Divine Constitution of the Church, Mr. Wells has no faintest glimmering of understanding or appreciation. He would defecate Christianity to an ethical transparency. Far from being Christian, Mr. Wells' optimism is the shoddiest sentimentalism. Even Cotter Morison had more to say for himself—and said it better!

Upon page after page after page of this extraordinary pot-pourri of history, fantasy, fiction, and prejudice, there stand out statements, insinuations and suggestions urgently requiring destructive criticism or outright refutation. But to do so would transcend magazine limits. The only adequate review of *The Outline of History* from the Christian standpoint would be a rejoinder in two volumes of the same size by a group of experts of the calibre of men like Hilaire Belloc, Sir Bertram Windle and Father Herbert Thurston. A thoroughly scholarly and scientific counterblast of the kind is urgently needed. For, after all, the whole viciously aberrant modern intellectual attitude is set out and summed up in this *Outline*, which is a veritable monument and display of the ruinous collapse and utter disintegration of contemporary thought outside the Church. Here is the target, in fine—where are the marksmen?

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In the closing words of his memorable London *Mercury* article, Belloc has said the final word—no one alive today is better qualified, or has a better right, to say it—on Mr. Wells' *Outline of History*:

“This book is written in and for a particular phase in the disintegration of a particular religion. That religion was the religion of the man who took for his authority in philosophy the literal meaning of every English word in an English seventeenth-century translation of the Canonical Catholic Scriptures: who knew nothing outside that, and hated and feared what might have expanded his knowledge. He instinctively shrank from the grandeur of classical antiquity,

its expanded tradition and its fruit in the armies of Christendom and the Creed. The vast modern extension of physical and historical science blew his Authorized Version idol to pieces. He lost his Faith, but he desperately maintained his Ethic. He still, in his heart of hearts, thinks 'alcohol' naughty and dreads to play cards—especially on Sunday. He doesn't understand poetry—he has a vague suspicion that it is immoral. He associates gloom with truth. There are myriads of him about. Things are going at such a pace that he may quite soon be rid of his curse, shake himself, and wake up a happy man. Civilization is recovering, and will help him to convalescence in England and America—for the Tide in our Civilization has turned. So much for the book. It will have a prodigious vogue in its own world and an early grave."

TO DAME PAULA, O.S.B.

(For Her Profession.)

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

FROM your high convent window whence you look
Over the immeasurable line of sea,
FROM the great pages of your chanting book
Wherewith you tune your heart to gayety,
FROM your beautiful silence and the narrow girth
Of your cool cloister I am far removed—
THOUGH sharing with you the goodliest thing of earth
The knowledge that I love and am beloved.

WITH neither scorn nor envy of your lot
I pass with your sister who is now my bride
(For love is single and divided not
Though in a thousand forms diversified)
Mindful that He Whom all the world forgot,
The Lord of love, in dereliction died.

SOME FRENCH-CANADIAN PROSE WRITERS.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, PH.D., LITT.D.



THE most distinctive characteristic of French letters is the wealth and wisdom of its criticism. Whatever opinions may be held as to the place of French poets in the world's Valhalla of poetry, the very first place is readily conceded to French criticism for its breadth and sanity, its universal judgments, its fine canons of taste, its clearness and beauty, and its always just proportion of analysis and synthesis.

Nothing, indeed, can be finer than the French schools of criticism, from Boileau to Sainte Beuve, and from Montaigne to Brunetière. Today, in France, we have representatives of the two schools of criticism—the objective and subjective. The late Ferdinand Brunetière occupied for years the leadership of the objective or scientific method of criticism; while at the head of the subjective we have Anatole France and Jules Lemaître.

This gift and instinct for criticism, a very tradition and inheritance of France, was borne across the sea by its sons and daughters, when they settled, early in the seventeenth century, upon the banks of the St. Lawrence. It has developed and ripened with the centuries; nor has this breadth of intellectual vision that marks the scholar in France been wanting to his kinsman in Quebec, whose literary horizon is necessarily more limited.

There is but one department of letters, in which English genius has surpassed French genius in Canada, and that is fiction. We think it will be conceded by any one who has made an adequate and sympathetic study of the whole field of Canadian poetry, that the poetic work of Crémazie, Lemay, Fréchette and Chapman is quite the equal of that of any four English-speaking poets in Canada; though a fairer comparison would be with any four English-speaking poets in any province of Canada.

In the department of history Quebec will never be obliged to take a second place while it has on its roll of his-

torical writers the worthy and brilliant name of Francis Xavier Garneau. Until Kingsford appeared, there was really no historian in Canada to match with Garneau; and considering the conditions under which the latter wrote his history of Canada, it must be conceded that Garneau's is the greater performance. "As an historian," says a well-known Canadian writer, "Garneau stands preëminent in our republic of letters; he is at once our Macaulay, Hume, Guizot and Thiers, and we may conscientiously say that he has written the best history of Canada ever printed."

Referring to Garneau's style, the late Abbé Casgrain, in his essay *Un Contemporain*, writes: "His style is commensurate with the loftiness of his thought and reveals him as a choice writer. He has amplitude, precision and brightness. His style is especially remarkable for its strength and energy." Garneau was occupied in writing his great history¹ from 1840 to 1848—years of stress and strain in Canadian political life, when racial animosity was being accentuated by the growing predominance, real or assumed, of an English majority in the Canadian Parliament.

We will pass over here the historical works of Ferland and Sulte, both of which reveal painstaking research and verified accuracy, as they belong rather to the domain of Church history and ethnology than to the dramatic stage setting of history.

In fiction, Quebec has yielded us nothing of the first order, though it has supplied Sir Gilbert Parker and Mrs. Catherwood with subjects that have lent themselves readily to two meritorious and popular historical romances—*The Seats of the Mighty* and *The Dollards*. French-Canadian fiction is not, however, without value; and we will indicate here a few of its representative works. When the late Abbé Casgrain, in 1860, gathered around him, in the very shadow of the Basilica of Quebec, a group of writers who created *Les Soirées Canadiennes* and *Le Foyer Canadien* and who were known as "The Pleiades of Quebec," the aged Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, who formed one of the group, gave to French-Canadian letters its first work of fiction, under the title of *Les Anciens Canadiens* (The Canadians of Old).² As Abbé Camille Roy says: "This

¹ Translated into English by Andrew Bell.

² The English translation is by the Canadian poet, C. D. Roberts.

novel is in truth a first series of memoirs which constitute the first confidences of the author with the public, one of the chief heroes of the story being none other than M. d'Haberville, the grandfather of M. de Gaspé, who did his duty as a soldier in the war of the conquest of Quebec, and whose *manoir* was burned by the English.

Then we have the novel, *Jacques et Marie*, based on the story of the deportation of the Acadians which gave Longfellow his theme for the beautiful idyll of "Evangeline," and, as its sub-title states, is a souvenir of a dispersed people. The author of this touching story is Napoleon Bourassa, architect and painter, who was born in 1827 and educated at the Petit Seminaire de St. Sulpice.

Born almost contemporaneously with the author of *Jacques et Marie* and one of "The Pleiades of Quebec," Mr. Gerin-Lajoie will be remembered for his unique novel, *Jean Ruard*, which deals in an interesting manner with the story of the colonists in Quebec. Abbé Roy calls *Jean Ruard* a rustic book, all impregnated with the aroma of the forest. We have nothing just like it in the English fiction of Canada, save it be Mrs. Moodie's *Roughing It in the Bush*, which, however, lacks unity and plot.

It remained for a French-Canadian writer to seek the subject for a novel outside of Canada, in order to reveal the gifts and qualities that go to the making and creating of genuine fiction. The late Sir Adolphe Routhier of Quebec, author of the stirring Canadian National Song, *O Canada!* in his novel, *The Centurion*, a tale of the time of Christ, gives us a real novel of worth, "the most substantial," as Abbé Roy holds, "that has yet appeared in French-Canadian literature." Continuing, Abbé Camille Roy writes: "This novel of Judge Routhier's contains more history, more geography, more ideas, I will not say more love, than all the others that have, up to the present, appeared in our French Province. And this advancement should be noted, seeing that the novel is a species of writing that develops slowly and with difficulty amongst us; and seeing especially that this kind of writing supposes or implies that the author possesses a very rich and supple mind; and seeing, in fine, that this complexity of the novel could be one of the reasons why but few have undertaken to write fiction here." Quebec has produced many writers whose contributions have

not been so much creative as valuable compilations of historical data and annals precious to *literati* who seek setting and background of fact wherein to cradle the offspring of their imagination. Amongst these a first place must be given to the late Sir James Lemoine, whose *Legends and Chronicles of the St. Lawrence* has been a very mine for Canadian writers.

To Lemoine Sir Gilbert Parker is indebted for the data which made possible the creation of perhaps his most popular novel, *The Seats of the Mighty*. At his quaint manorial home, Spencer Grange, hard by Quebec, Sir James often entertained many of the most distinguished writers of the day. That must, indeed, have been a delightful fête at Spencer Grange in September, 1864, when George Augustus Sala of the London *Telegraph* met Francis X. Garneau, the historian of Canada, old Abbé Ferland, historiographer, Professor La Rue of Laval University, Dr. J. C. Taché, the well-known essayist on Confederation, and the Honorable Joseph Cauchon, the editor of *Le Journal de Québec*. It may be here added that Sir James Lemoine was an intimate friend of the American historian, Parkman, and frequently entertained him at his home.

On the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897, when Sir James Lemoine was the recipient of knighthood, his gifted *confrère* in Canadian letters, Dr. Louis Fréchette addressed to him a beautiful sonnet of which the following is a translation of the opening lines: "You have saved from oblivion many a legend, Venerable Toiler, laden with glorious booty; you have entwined for our literary knights many a garland and snatched from forgetfulness more than one remote secret."

Dr. Charles Joseph Taché, brother of the late Archbishop Taché of Winnipeg, was born at Kamouraska, Quebec, in 1820. Taché was related to the first three settlers in Quebec, Hébert, Couillard and Martin, who lived in Quebec in the time of Champlain; and on his father's side he was a descendant of Louis Joliet, the explorer of the Mississippi. In many respects Taché was one of the most remarkable men that French Canada has produced. He was a brilliant polemist and a man of prodigious erudition. His work on the Confederation of the Canadian Provinces is a masterpiece. His *Forestiers et*

Voyageurs makes also delightful reading. In this work there is a most interesting chapter, entitled "La Rentrée au Camp," from which we would like to quote if space permitted. For his distinguished services to French-Canadian literature, the French Government created Dr. Taché a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

Contemporary with Napoleon Bourassa, Gerin-Lajoie and Dr. Taché, lived Dr. Chauveau, novelist, poet and politician. Dr. Chauveau was placed at the head of the department of Public Instruction for Quebec in 1876. His two chief works are *L'Ancien Chapitre de Québec* and *François-Xavier Garneau: sa vie et ses œuvres*.

We have reserved for consideration and appraisal three other French-Canadian writers of notable gifts—Abbé Casgrain, Sir Adolphe Routhier and Abbé Camille Roy, only one of whom survives, Abbé Casgrain having died some ten years ago and Sir Adolphe a few months ago.

Rev. Henri Raymond Casgrain, who was born in 1831 at Rivière Ouelle, P. Q., equally distinguished as an historian and critic, was educated at the College of Ste. Anne and the Quebec Seminary, and made three extended visits to Europe in 1858, 1867 and 1873 in quest of historical material, obtaining the journal and papers of Maréchal de Levis, as well as the personal papers of General Montcalm. He received the degree of Doctor of Letters from Laval University in 1877, and was elected President of the Royal Society of Canada in 1889.

The Abbé is justly regarded as the chief of French-Canadian biographers. In 1861 appeared his first work, *Les Légendes Canadiennes*; in 1864 *L'Histoire de la Mère Marie de l'Incarnation*; in 1885 *Biographies Canadiennes*; in 1888 *Un Pèlerinage au pays d'Évangéline*, which was crowned by the French Academy; and in 1891 his work on Montcalm and Levis. It should be added that to the complete edition of Crémazie's poems Abbé Casgrain contributed a most scholarly and appreciative introduction; and besides writing a number of unpretentious poems, made an admirable translation into French of Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon."

Foremost of French-Canadian prose writers may be regarded the late Sir Adolphe Routhier, who recently passed away at the ripe age of eighty-one. Judge Routhier was born at St. Placide, P. Q., in 1839, and received his education at the

College of Ste. Thérèse and Laval University. It is worth noting that in his boarding quarters at Laval, Sir Adolphe had, as neighboring room-mate, the poet, Dr. Fréchette. Judge Routhier was essentially a critic and *conférencier*. In all his works he reveals a breadth of scholarship, a supreme literary taste and a poise of judgment surpassing that of any other Canadian writer, either English or French. No other Canadian writer that we know of is so little swayed in the predilections of his judgments by mere personal or racial prepossessions as Judge Routhier. He had the unerring instinct of the French mind to discern in the literature of the world what is truly a masterpiece; and he struck off with chaste pen in epigram and antithesis the literary values and virtues—the salient qualities of every writer he appraised.

Take, for instance, the following contrast which he institutes between the great romanticist, Chateaubriand, and the eminent French apologist and critic, De Maistre: "Chateaubriand reacts against literary paganism, De Maistre against impious mockery. One could say that Chateaubriand made a tour of the Catholic temple to admire its form, but he did not enter it; while De Maistre passed through the interior of the edifice and even sounded it to its foundation to show the world the unshakable Stone upon which it is seated."

Again, speaking of Victor Hugo and contrasting him with Lamartine, Judge Routhier writes: "Hugo's imagination was equally a marvel. We know but two men who can be compared to him in this respect: Shakespeare and Lope de Vega. . . . As a lyric poet, Hugo rises higher than all his contemporaries, but he descends also lower. Several critics prefer Lamartine to him, and in a certain respect they are right. Lamartine is more equal, and if he astonishes less, he charms more. Both are, indeed, poets of the soul, but in Lamartine it is the sentimental which dominates while in Hugo it is the intellectual."

The author's massive work, *Les Grands Drames*, is an able and searching study of the work of Sophocles, Æschylus, Shakespeare, Goethe, Corneille, Racine and Victor Hugo. Referring to the great Elizabethan dramatist, Routhier writes: "The theatre of Shakespeare is far superior, considered on the moral side, to the French contemporary theatre. It does not destroy the respect for authority, the traditions of the father of the

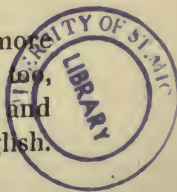
family, the marital bond. It preaches neither free love nor illicit love."

Judge Routhier's chief works are: *Causeries du Dimanche*; *Portraits et Pastels Littéraires*; *A Travers L'Europe*; *En Canot*; *Les Echos*; *A Travers L'Espagne*; *Les Grands Drames*; *Le Centurion* (a Romance), and *Conférences et Discours*. It was the latter which established his reputation as a literary critic.

Rev. Joseph Camille Roy was born at Berthier, P. Q., in 1870. There are several brothers of the Roys, of whom one is the Coadjutor Archbishop of Quebec, and all of them seem to have been born to the literary purple. Abbé Camille Roy was educated at the Quebec Seminary, Laval University, L'Institut Catholique, and the Sorbonne, Paris. He is the founder of *La Société du Parler Français du Canada*, and was elected a member of the Royal Society of Canada in 1904. His chief works are: *Nos Origines Littéraires* and *Nouveaux Essais sur la Littérature Canadienne*. The latter is a very scholarly and discriminating study of the work of some of the most prominent French-Canadian writers, such as De Gaspé, Gerin-Lajoie, Louis Fréchette, Judge Routhier and Thomas Chapais.

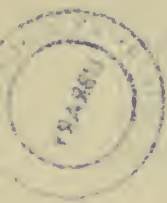
There still remain two French-Canadian publicists and journalists whose work has been a force in molding public opinion in every quarter of French Canada: Jules Paul Tardivel, founder and director, for many years, of *La Vérité* of Quebec and Henri Bourassa, founder and director of *Le Devoir*, unquestionably the most ably edited French journal in Canada. M. Tardivel, who was known as "the Louis Veuillot of Canada," filled a unique place in French-Canadian journalism. He was, without a doubt, a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, and made of his little weekly journal, *La Vérité*, a tremendous force in the Catholic life of Quebec. Though dead since 1905, the traditions of this fearless Catholic journalistic crusader still survive, and give strength and inspiration to those who battle for knightly honor and Catholic truth. M. Tardivel's published works are: *Vie du Pape Pie IX.: Ses Œuvres et ses Douleurs*; *Notes de Voyage, 1890*, and *La Situation Religieuse aux Etats-Unis*.

Henri Bourassa, the director of *Le Devoir*, is much more than a Canadian figure; he is a continental figure. He is, too, probably one of the best informed journalists in America, and writes and speaks with equal facility both French and English.



He maintains a thesis with a force of logic, at once cumulative, convincing and crushing. His style is like to a mountain stream gathering force as it frets the narrow channel of a valley. M. Bourassa has published in all some twenty books, many of them being in brochure form. His most widely read volumes are: *Hier, Aujourd'hui, Demain*; *Que Devons-nous à Angleterre*; *La Canada Apostolique*, and *Le Pape Arbitre de la Paix*.

It would be impossible in an article necessarily limited as is this to touch upon all the French-Canadian prose writers. There are, indeed, many others worthy of notice, such as Oscar Dunn, Thomas Chapais, Adolphe Gagnon, and the two Abbés Gosselins whose works, *La Vie de Monseigneur Laval* and *L'Instruction au Canada sous le Régime français*, are valuable contributions to Canadian literature. Nor should we omit here to speak of the group of French-Canadian writers who created and contributed to "*Les Soirées du Château Ramezay*" in Montreal. French-Canadian prose writers inherit the taste and traditions of their *mère patrie*; and with singular devotion have cultivated, upon the banks of the St. Lawrence, a prose literature worthy of the genius of their gifted forebears in the land of Montaigne, Boileau, Sainte Beuve and Brunetière.



THE LIFE'S WORK OF J. H. NEWMAN.

BY HERBERT LUCAS, S.J.

III.

EARLIER CATHOLIC WRITINGS.



IT will be within the knowledge of almost every reader of these pages, that between his reception into the Catholic Church in 1845 and his elevation to the dignity of Cardinal in 1879, Newman underwent a series of very severe trials and disappointments. Of these the chief were (1) the circumstances which led to his resignation in 1857 of the Rectorship of the Catholic University of Ireland; (2) the collapse of the scheme for a new English version of the Holy Scriptures, of which he (by invitation) was to have been the editor; (3) the grave suspicions under which he fell through his association with the chief writers for *The Rambler* and *The Home and Foreign Review*, viz.: Acton, Simpson, Wetherell, and others; (4) the frustration of the plan for the establishment of an Oratory at Oxford, and other troubles therewith connected; (5) and lastly, the serious imputations against his orthodoxy consequent on his opposition to the definition of Papal Infallibility as being, in his judgment, inopportune, even though the doctrine itself had been part of his belief ever since he had become a Catholic.

About each of these trials much might be said, and their story is told at length and in detail in Mr. Wilfrid Ward's biography. But without in the least wishing to minimize their gravity and their highly instructive significance, it is no part of my purpose to dwell upon them here. For it may be more profitable to concentrate attention rather on the work which Newman did, than upon the obstacles which from time to time blocked or seemed to block his way.

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The first years of Newman's life as a Catholic were mainly taken up with a journey to Milan and Rome, where he decided

to join the Congregation of the Oratory, made his novitiate, and was ordained priest, and, after his return, with the establishment of the Oratory at Birmingham and in London.

It was during his stay in Rome, in 1847, that he wrote, and published anonymously, *Loss and Gain, the Story of a Convert*. The book is, as has been said, in no sense autobiographical. Charles Reding, the hero, far from being like Newman himself at the time of his conversion, a don of high repute and a leader of men, is an undergraduate reading for, and passing, his examinations. He has made no profound study of the early Fathers as Newman had done, and the whole process of his conversion is shorter by many years than that of Newman. Yet *Loss and Gain* has, at least indirectly, its autobiographical significance, inasmuch as the objections urged against the Catholic Church by Reding's friends, Carlton and Campbell, and even by Bateman, may be taken as representing, to some extent at least, the difficulties which had been felt by Newman himself. And the state of mind of one to whom the hollowness of the Anglican position is becoming more and more clear, yet who cannot at once see his way to submission to the Catholic Church (which was Newman's case during the years 1841-45) is sympathetically described.

"It seemed that Charles had no *intention*, either now or at any future day, of joining the Church of Rome; that he felt he could not take such a step at present without distinct sin; that it would be simply against his conscience to do so; . . . that he felt that nothing could justify so serious an act but the conviction that he could not be saved in the Church to which he belonged; that he had no such feeling; that he had no definite case against his own Church sufficient for leaving it, nor any definite view that the Church of Rome was the one Church of Christ; that still he could not help suspecting that one day he should think otherwise, he conceived the day might come, nay would come, when he should have that conviction which at present he had not, and which of course would be a call on him to act upon it, by leaving the Church of England for that of Rome; he could not tell distinctly why he so anticipated, except that there were so many things which he thought right in the Church of Rome, and so many which he thought wrong in the Church of England; and because, too, the more he had the opportunity of hearing and seeing, the greater

cause he had to admire and revere the Roman Catholic system, and to be dissatisfied with his own."¹ In a word he was well on his way to Catholicism, but did not yet see his way with sufficient clearness for decisive action.

Soon after Newman's return to England in 1848, he was invited to preach several Lenten sermons in various churches in London. To his great disappointment they were but poorly attended, and he felt a good deal discouraged. But in the following year, 1849, his *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*, preached in Birmingham, drew large audiences of Protestants as well as Catholics, and when published may be said to have secured Newman's reputation as a Catholic preacher and writer. They were regarded as "wonderful efforts in a species of oratory far more ornate than the chastened simplicity of the Oxford Parochial Sermons."²

His next undertaking of a public nature was the delivery and publication of the lectures on *Difficulties of Anglicans*. They were given, during 1850, in the church of the London Oratory, then situated in King William Street. Mr. Ward notes that they afford the only instance, in Newman's career, of what his biographer calls "aggressive" as distinct from "defensive" controversy, and in this respect they may be contrasted with the "Letters" to Pusey and the Duke of Norfolk, with the lectures on *The Present Position of Catholics in England* and with the *Apologia*. The task of preparing them was, Mr. Ward assures us, uncongenial to the lecturer, and, in fact, he is able to quote Newman's own statement to a correspondent that he was writing them "against the grain." But I am disposed to think that the grounds of his, perhaps temporary, dislike for the task are to be found, not in any distaste for controversy, or even for "aggressive" controversy as such, but rather in his conviction that "the controversy with the Church of England did not go to the root of the deepest difficulties of the day," which were, the objections leveled against all revealed religion.³

However this may be, the lectures, like most of Newman's Catholic writings, were called forth by a particular occasion which, in this instance, was what is known as "the Gorham case." The Anglican Bishop of Exeter "had refused to insti-

¹ *Loss and Gain*, pp. 334, 335.

² *Ibid.*, p. 131.

³ Ward, *Newman*, 1., 228.

tute Mr. G. C. Gorham to the Vicarage of Bransford Speke on the ground that he denied the doctrine of baptismal regeneration." This decision was confirmed by the Court of Arches but was overruled and reversed by the Privy Council. "Here," says Mr. Ward, "was a glaring case of the civil power asserting its supremacy over the spiritual as to what was the orthodox doctrine, . . . and making its decision on behalf of latitudinarian doctrine. Many Tractarians who had hitherto held back from Rome, including such influential men as Hope-Scott, Manning and T. W. Allies, felt keenly this challenge to their position. Their following in Newman's footsteps appeared to be imminent. A strongly signed protest was at once drawn up, at the house of Mr. Hope-Scott in Curzon Street, against the action of the Privy Council. The matter caused great excitement in the Press and among Anglicans generally, and seemed to call for some public comment from Newman."⁴

In the preface to the volume on *Difficulties of Anglicans* Newman disclaims the intention of attempting "an exhibition of the direct evidences for Catholicism." Apart from the fact that this would be "a work which could not be executed by any who undertook it except in leisure and with great deliberation," he is convinced that such a work "*is not the want of the moment*," a characteristic phrase which deserves to be noted. To meet "the need of the moment" was at all times Newman's aim, from the days of the *Tracts for the Times* down to his very latest article, in reply to Principal Fairbairn, written in 1885. But why was "a formal dissertation on the Notes of the Church" not, in his opinion, "the want of the moment?" Because "at present the thinking portion of society is [either] very near the Catholic Church," as in the case of the Tractarians who still remained outside the fold, "or very far from her," as he believed to be the case with the vast majority of Englishmen. "The first duty of Catholics," he says, "is to house those in who are near her doors; it will be time afterwards to see how things lie" on a more "extended field." And he presently continues: "Those surely who are advancing towards the Church, would not have advanced so far, had they not had sufficient arguments to bring them forward. What retards their **progress** is not any weakness in

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 230.

their arguments, but the force of opposite considerations . . . which are urged, sometimes against the Church, sometimes against their submitting to her authority." Accordingly, he set himself to the limited task of smoothing the way for those who were already "very near," yet still outside, the Church.^a

Of his mode of reasoning with those of his old friends and comrades, the Tractarians, who still remained where they were, the space at my disposal will allow me to give only one specimen. The Tractarians, he says, had strangely overlooked the essentially Erastian character of the ecclesiastical organization of which they were members. "These men understood the nature of the Church," as instituted by Christ Our Lord, "far better than they understood the nature of the Establishment which they sought to defend. They saw in it, indeed, a contrariety to their Apostolical principles, but they seem to have imagined that such contrariety was an accident in its constitution, and was capable of a cure. They did not understand that the Establishment was set up in Erastianism," that is to say, by the civil government, "that Erastianism was its essence, and that to destroy Erastianism was to destroy the Establishment. The [Tractarian] Movement, then, and the Establishment were in simple antagonism from the first, although neither party knew it; they were logical contradictions; they could not be true together; what was the life of the one was the death of the other. The sole ambition of the Establishment was to be the creature of the State; the sole ambition of the Movement was to force it to act for itself."^b

In connection with this passage it may be useful to remark, in passing, that the present movement in favor of the "Enabling Bill," now under consideration in Parliament, a bill which has for its purpose to secure for the Establishment a certain measure of autonomy, does not go to the root of the difficulty. For even supposing the Bill to be skillfully drafted and successfully carried through, it would still remain true that the Establishment owed to Parliament, and not to any spiritual authority, such measure of liberty as might be conferred upon it by the legislature.

But to return to Newman's argument. The Tractarian party, he says, set out with the rather naïve idea of helping the Establishment by making it more Catholic. "It was easy

^a *Difficulties of Anglicans*, 1. (Preface).

^b *Ibid.*, p. 105.

to foresee," he says, "what response the Establishment would make to its officious defenders, as soon as it could recover from its surprise; but experience was necessary to teach this to men who knew more of St. Athanasius than of the Privy Council or the Court of Arches." The Tracts had protested against the idea that the Establishment was the creation of the State. "Did the State make us? Can it unmake us? Can it send out missionaries? Can it arrange dioceses?" As if in answer to these questions His Majesty, King William IV., forthwith proclaims that "We, having great confidence in the learning, morals, and probity of our well-beloved William Grant Broughton, do name and appoint him to be Bishop and ordinary pastor of the See of Australia, . . . and we do hereby declare that if we, our heirs and successors, shall think fit to recall or revoke the appointment of the said Bishop of Australia, or his successors, every such Bishop shall, to all intents and purposes, cease to be Bishop of Australia. . . . And we do hereby give and grant to the said Bishop of Australia full power and authority to confirm those that are baptized and come to years of discretion, and to perform all other functions peculiar and appropriate to the office of Bishop within the said diocese of Australia."⁷

Again, the Tractarians, relying on the testimony of antiquity, had magnified the office of Bishop, and attached the highest authority to their judicial pronouncements on, for instance, the orthodoxy of a book. But again the answer came, this time from an Archbishop of the Establishment itself. This dignitary expresses himself as follows: "Many persons look with considerable interest to the declarations on such matters that from time to time are put forth by Bishops in their charges, or on other occasions. But on most of the points to which I have been alluding, a Bishop's declarations have no more weight, except what they derive from his personal character, than any anonymous pamphlet would have. The points are mostly such as he has no power to decide, even in reference to his own diocese; and as to legislation for the Church, or authoritative declaration on many of the most important matters, neither any one Bishop, nor all collectively, have any more right of this kind than the ordinary Magistrates have to take on themselves the function of *Parliament*."⁸ The

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 107.

⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 111, 112.

Tractarians, Newman argues, cannot logically stay where they are. Either, following their principles, they must go whither those principles lead them, that is to say, to Rome, or they must go back on their principles and acknowledge themselves to have been mistaken from the outset. Could they conscientiously disown those very truths which they had so laboriously acquired?

Like the lectures on *Difficulties of Anglicans*, those which Newman delivered in Birmingham in 1851 on *The Present Position of Catholics in England* were occasioned by a definite crisis, viz.: that of the violent "No Popery" agitation which was set on foot in response to the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in 1850 and to the famous "Letter from outside the Flaminian Gate" in which Cardinal Wiseman announced the appointment of himself and his fellow-bishops with full diocesan powers.

The contrast between the two sets of lectures may be illustrated by a comparison. In the first set Newman is dealing with a field cleared and ploughed and ready for the seed. In the second he has to do with a piece of land which has been overgrown with brambles and thistles and all manner of weeds, and which must first be cleared of these as a necessary preliminary to any process of cultivation. In the first set, as has been seen, he addresses himself to those members of the Tractarian party who had come with him a long way, yet hesitated to take the final step of submission. In the second, he has in view that great mass of Englishmen of whom it may be said, not merely that they are not ripe for conversion, but that, so long as their minds are darkened by a thick cloud of prejudice and Protestant tradition, they are not in the least disposed even to examine into the claims of the Catholic Church. Towards the dispersal of this cloud of hostile prejudice the lectures on "Catholicism in England" (to give them their original title) were directed.

Once more a single passage, or rather, some selected portions of a single passage, must serve as a specimen of a work which must be read at large to be rightly appreciated. The following words are taken from the lecture entitled: "Tradition the Sustaining Power of the Protestant View."

"The establishment of Protestantism," he writes, "was comparatively an easy undertaking in England, without the

population knowing much what Protestantism meant; and I will tell you why: there are certain peculiarities of the English character, which were singularly favorable to the royal purpose [*i. e.*, the purpose of Queen Elizabeth] . . . The legitimate instruments for deciding on the truth of a religion are these two, fact and reason, or in other words the way of history and the way of science; and to both the one and the other of these the English mind is naturally indisposed. Theologians proceed in the way of reasoning; they view Catholic truth as a whole, as one great system, of which part grows out of part, and doctrine corresponds to doctrine. This system they carry out into its fullness, and define in its details, by patient processes of reason; and they learn to prove and defend it by means of frequent disputations and logical developments. Now, all such abstract investigations and controversial exercises are distasteful to an Englishman; . . . we break away from them as dry, uncertain, theoretical and unreal. The other means of attaining religious truth [by one who is not a Catholic] is the way of history; when, namely, from the review of past times and foreign countries, the student determines what was really taught by the Apostles in the beginning. Now an Englishman, as is notorious, takes comparatively little interest in the manners, customs, opinions, or doings of foreign countries. Surrounded by the sea, he is occupied with himself; his attention is concentrated on himself; and he looks abroad only with reference to himself. We are a home people; we like a house to ourselves, and we call it our castle; we look at what is immediately before us; we are eminently practical; we care little for the past; we resign ourselves to existing circumstances; we are neither eclectics nor antiquarians; we live in the present. . .

“Now you see how admirably this temper of the Englishman fits in with the exigencies of Protestantism; for two of the very characteristics of Protestantism are its want of past history, and its want of fixed teaching.” On the other hand, “if there is one passion more than another which advantageously distinguishes the Englishman, it is that of personal attachment,” particularly in the form of “loyalty to the Sovereign.” Now “these . . . peculiarities of the English character . . . lay clear and distinct before the sagacious intellects which were the ruling spirits of the English Reformation.” The “way

to be pursued with our countrymen to make Protestantism live . . . was to embody it in the person of its Sovereign. English Protestantism is the religion of the Throne; it is represented, realized, taught, transmitted in the succession of monarchs and an hereditary aristocracy. It is religion grafted upon loyalty, and its strength is not in argument, not in fact, . . . not in an apostolical succession, not in sanction of Scripture—but in a royal road to faith, in backing up a king whom men see, against a Pope whom they do not see.”

The lecturer goes on to point out how, in and from the earlier days of the English Reformation, the forces and influences of the law, of fashion, of literature were all enlisted on behalf of the new-born “Protestant Tradition.” “No wonder, then,” he proceeds, “that Protestantism, being the religion of our literature, has become the tradition of civil intercourse and political life; no wonder that its positions are among the elements of knowledge, unchangeable as the moods of logic, or the idioms of language, or the injunctions of good taste. Elizabeth’s reign is ‘golden,’ Mary is ‘bloody,’ the Church of England is ‘pure and apostolical,’ the Reformers are ‘judicious,’ the Prayer Book is ‘incomparable’ or ‘beautiful,’ the Thirty-Nine Articles are ‘moderate,’ ‘Pope’ and ‘Pagan’ go together, and ‘the Pope, the Devil and the Pretender.’”

If some of these shibboleths have gone out of fashion since Newman delivered his lectures, it is to him in no small measure that we owe their gradual disappearance from current speech. Presently, he goes on: “What chance has a Catholic against so multitudinous, so elementary a Tradition? Here is the Tradition of the Court and of the Law, and of Society, and of Literature, strong in themselves, and acting on each other, and acting on a willing people, and the willing people acting on them, till the whole edifice stands [or seems to stand] self-supported. . . You see [now] what I meant when I spoke of the Tradition of the Pharisees, and said that it might be powerful in influence, though it was argumentatively weak; you see why it is that the fair form of Catholicism, as it exists in the east, west, and south, never crosses the retina of a Protestant’s imagination: it is the incubus of this Tradition which cumbers the land, and opposes an impregnable barrier between us and each individual Protestant whom we happen to address. Whoever he is, he thinks he knows all

about our religion before speaking to us—nay, perhaps much better than we know it ourselves.”⁹

The fact that this Protestant tradition of anti-Catholic prejudice has been in great measure weakened since the fifties of the last century is one for which we may be thankful. Yet we must not conceal from ourselves the no less unquestionable fact that to a large extent the old-fashioned bigotry has only given place to a more insidious foe, that of religious indifference; a change which Newman himself very clearly foresaw, as will presently appear.

The year 1852 found Newman in Ireland, where his brief tenure of the office of Rector of the Catholic University provided the occasion for his lectures on “The Scope and Nature of University Education” and on “The Idea of a University,”¹⁰ as well as for others, some of which are included in the volumes which now bear the title of *Historical Sketches*. His main topic in the former series was the relation between religious and secular knowledge, and the function of a University in the cultivation of both. At an earlier period, almost immediately after his conversion, Newman had entertained the idea that the Oxford converts might be utilized for the theological training of the clergy, who were, he thought, inadequately acquainted with the historical aspects of theology. These hopes having come to nothing, so far as he personally was concerned (though the need has since been recognized and in part met), the next best thing to be done would be to train up a generation of highly educated laymen, who should be able to present a firm front to those attacks upon revealed religion which, as has been said, he foresaw as a great and imminent danger in the future.

To exclude religion and theology from a scheme of higher education, as was being done in the recently established “godless” Queen’s Colleges in Ireland, would be to attempt to build an arch without a keystone. On the other hand there were, he thought, two dangers of an opposite character to be guarded against, viz.: (a) Any proposal unduly to restrict the reading and the literary education of Catholic young men, and (b) a certain unwillingness to welcome and encourage scientific or historical research, lest the outcome of such research might

⁹ *Present Position of Catholics*, pp. 45-54.

¹⁰ Now published in one volume, under the latter title.

come into apparent conflict with revealed truth. Such apprehensions, he was convinced, savored of an unworthy timidity, as though any portion or department of truth could be in real opposition to another, even though it might be impossible, for awhile, explicitly to bring them into harmony.

It would, however, be a very serious mistake to imagine that Newman was solicitous only for liberty of scientific and historical research. He was even more keenly alert to the danger arising from the proneness of scientific experts to overpass the limits of their own branches of knowledge, and either to apply the processes of the unaided and unguided human reason to revealed mysteries, as the early heretics had done, or, like the modern agnostic, to treat religion as a subject in relation to which no truth and no certainty was attainable, just because it was not attainable by the methods which they rightly employed in dealing with physical facts or phenomena. Already in his *Oxford University Sermons* he had dealt with the popular notion that faith rests on weak grounds, reason on strong grounds, a notion which, as he points out, itself rests in large measure on a mischievous confusion of mind as to the meaning of terms.¹¹ Already in the "Letters on the Tamworth Reading Room" he had insisted that "Secular Science, without personal religion," is only too apt to become "a temptation to unbelief."¹² The terms, "agnostic" and "agnosticism," were not yet in use, but Newman had long since recognized that the temper of mind which (since Huxley hit upon them) we now designate by these terms, would surely be the chief religious danger of the coming age, a danger against which he ardently desired to fortify the generation of youths then growing into full manhood.

The following passage might—had the term been then in use—have fittingly borne for its heading: "Agnosticism, the Enemy." "The teacher," he writes, "whom I speak of will discourse thus in his secret heart: he will begin by laying it down . . . as a position which is of so axiomatic a character as to have a claim to be treated as a first principle . . . —that religion is not the subject matter of a science. 'You may have [he thinks] opinions on religion; you may have theories; you

¹¹ *University Sermons* (Preface to Third Edition, p. x. ff.)

¹² These letters, of which the last deals with the subject mentioned above, were written to the *Times* in February, 1841. They are reprinted in *Discussions and Arguments*, p. 254 ff.

may have arguments; you may have probabilities; you may have anything but demonstration, and, therefore, you cannot have science. . . Without denying [he says] that in the matter of religion some things are true and some things false, still we are certainly not in a position to determine the one or the other. . . ' Such is our philosopher's primary position. He does not prove it; he does but distinctly state it; but he thinks it self-evident when it is distinctly stated, and there he leaves it."¹³

And the danger from these views, which calmly ignore the fact and the proofs of revelation, arose—as it arises today—from the confidence with which they were—and still are—either plainly stated or insidiously implied in current literature. To fortify Catholic youth against this danger, to lay bare the fallacies which underlie these agnostic views, Newman held to be a most important function of university education.

It is easy to understand that certain highly placed ecclesiastics, whose own religious education and training had been conducted on a strict and somewhat exclusive system ultimately derived from Roman and French seminaries, and who were perhaps not too familiar with those rationalistic theories and speculations which were already rife in England, felt some alarm lest this astonishingly able and brilliant English convert whose aid they had invoked should, by bringing these rationalistic ideas prominently before the notice of his pupils, do more harm than could be compensated by the good which might be expected to result from such answers to rationalism as he could supply. It is lawful, at least, to surmise that Newman, cordially supported as he was throughout by one, at least, of the Irish bishops, was more clear-sighted and far-seeing than those who entertained such views.

A university was not, after all, an ecclesiastical seminary, from which students would step at once into the priesthood with its graces and protections, but a training camp for youth who were destined to live in the world and to face its temptations moral and intellectual. And Newman held very strongly that it was far better that such youths should be taught how to deal with difficulties and objections which cut at the root of all dogmatic belief, under circumstances which admitted of their being fore-armed against them, than that they should be

¹³ *Idea of a University*, p. 381.

left to encounter these same difficulties and objections for the first time after the safeguards of tutelage had been withdrawn.

"If," he writes, "a university is a direct preparation for this world, let it be what it professes [to be]. It is not a convent; it is not a seminary; it is a place to fit men of the world for the world. We cannot possibly keep them from plunging into the world with all its ways and principles and maxims, when their time comes, but we can prepare them against what is inevitable; and it is not the way to learn to swim in troubled waters never to have gone into them. Prescribe . . . secular literature as such, cut out from your class-books all broad manifestations of the natural man; and these manifestations are waiting for your pupil's benefit at the very doors of your lecture room in living and breathing substance . . . You have refused him, because of their incidental corruption, the masters of human thought, who would in some sense have educated him; . . . and for what have you reserved him? You have given him a liberty unto the multitudinous blasphemy of the day; you have made him free of its newspapers, its reviews, its magazines, its novels, its controversial pamphlets, of its Parliamentary debates, its law proceedings, its platform speeches, its songs, its drama, its theatre, of its enveloping, stifling atmosphere of death. You have succeeded but in this—in making the world his University."¹⁴

In other words, while you have taught him many things of quite secondary moment, you have left him to begin the most serious part of his education in a school of which the professors are the non-Christian writers of the day.

¹⁴ *Idea of a University*, p. 233. Cf. Ward, *Newman*, i., 369.

LINES ON WATT'S "HOPE" IN THE TATE
GALLERY.

BY M. I.

SHE is more like despair
For all of Hope is gone;
Darkness is everywhere
Night unto night doth call:
Silence is over all
Where Hope doth hide alone,
Between the midnight sky
And the benighted earth,
Seeming to have no worth
A thing cast useless by.

Upon her broken lute
There is one slender string,
Yet is it not quite mute,
For see, she does her best,
With her poor head at rest
Against the shattered thing.

Ah! but her eyes are blind,
Bandaged by some kind hand,
So that she cannot find
Who made her life forlorn,
Who bowed her thus in scorn,
Who did not understand.

Why did they crush her so
Blind her and bend her?
Hush her and hurt her so,
Till in her misery,
Yields she her liberty
Bowed in surrender?

Yet on the face is peace
(If you look closer still)
She does not seek release;
Placid, in spite of pain,
Quiet, she bears the strain
Bows to the higher Will.

Crouching beneath her star,
(And just because she bends)
She sees the light afar¹
Under the blinding band,
Hiding the lower land
And all its lesser ends.

What is her history?
Who has not understood?
That is Hope's mystery
For in her impotence
Lies her omnipotence,
Fruitful in solitude.

Ah! This is Hope, indeed,
Crushed and all cowering—
Agony seems her meed
For Hope in anguish lives,
Smiling, her tears she gives,
Pain is her flowering.

But when shall break the dawn
And all her lights shall move
Into the golden morn,
Patience shall have her way
Dusk will give place to day;
Be the night ne'er so long,
Silence will yield to song;
Music will ring from lute
Which in the dark was mute;
Bandage will fall from eyes,
Day-star will swiftly rise,
And in one long surprise
Hope will be lost in Love.

¹ In the original picture one star is in the left hand corner and, because of her position, Hope can see it from under her bandage.

CALIFORNIA'S HEROINE.

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

I.



THE first description of the Presidio (the military post) of San Francisco is that given by Captain George Vancouver, the British navigator, who paid it a visit in 1792, on board his ship the *Discovery*; just a few years before the smouldering enmity between England and Spain flamed into open war: the decisive war which was settled in England's favor by Nelson at Trafalgar.

In 1792 Spain was keenly and jealously watching England and Russia, both of which empires were casting covetous looks upon California. In 1776 she had sent Irish officers and Spanish gold and arms to George Washington, who was facing Lord Howe at Harlem Heights at the very time Don Gaspár de Portolá, with his sword, and Father Francisco Palóu, with the Cross, were founding and blessing San Francisco, by means of which Spain hoped to make secure its possessions on the northern Pacific coast. It was out of no love for republicanism or revolution that royal and conservative Spain went to Washington's assistance: it was because she expected the Americans to keep the British busy on the Atlantic, whilst she laid deep and strong her foundations in California. It is one of the curious ironies of history that, in so doing, Spain, in reality, was helping to build up the power that eventually was to enter into possession and enjoyment of opulent California, Arizona, and New Mexico.

England, in the person of Vancouver and Russia, at a later date, in the person of the Imperial Russian Chamberlain, Nikolai Petrovitch Rezanov, *protégé* of Catherine II., gravely tried the responsibility of the Spanish *Comandante* Argüello of San Francisco. In the second case, indeed, the lonely little outpost at San Francisco became the stage for a drama of statesmanship which involved the future destinies of Russia, Spain, and the United States. And this drama had

for its heroine one whose name shines with pure, mild, radiant beauty in the romantic annals of California, Maria Concepción Argüello, the *Comandante's* daughter.

II.

Although in 1792, only sixteen years had passed since the founding of San Francisco, nearly all the great figures of the Conquest of California had passed from the scene. Serra, the Apostle of California, was dead; and so was the greatly daring Anza, whose march to San Francisco from Sonora across mountains and deserts hitherto unknown is one of the greatest marches of all history. The great plans of the astute Visitor-General, José de Gálvez, whose statesmanship planned, if Serra's genius made possible, the founding of California, had availed little. The vast and increasing wealth which he had expected to flow from California into the coffers of Spain had not materialized. Only weak and undermanned military posts and languid, feebly struggling civil settlements dotted the immense wilderness from San Diego to San Francisco. The missions alone were flourishing.

Thirteen out of the eventual twenty-one missions had thus far been established: at San Diego, Carmelo, San Antonio de Pádua, San Gabriel (near Los Angeles, where one of the civil towns had also been planted), San Luis Obispo, San Francisco, San Juan Capistrano, Santa Clara, San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, Purísima Concepción, Santa Cruz, and Nuestra Señora de la Soledad; and at these the spiritual harvest was already abundant, and the material betterment of the Indians greatly advancing.

In Palóu's account of the founding of the Presidio, he states that the enclosed grounds covered a square of ninety-two varas each way, which would be about two hundred and fifty-two feet, considerably smaller than Vancouver's later estimate; but no doubt the area had been enlarged between 1776 and 1792. The whole arrangement, says Professor George Davidson, who closely studied the matter, was built to face north. The chapel was at the south, or higher, inland end of the parade ground, and extended into the square and beyond the wall. On the east side of the chapel were the quarters of the *Comandante*; on the west, those of the officers. The

cuartel, or fort, was near the northeast entrance; the little used *calabazo*, or prison, was on the east side of the entrance, the soldier's guardhouse on the west side. All the buildings stood about ten feet from the inner side of the wall. In the middle of the square stood the tall flagpole, with Spain's royal banner hanging limply on the foggy days, or briskly whipping in the trade winds. The Cross stood near the chapel. About the whole parade ground ran a line of trees. At the foot of the gentle hill was the beach, and the anchorage, the *pozo de los marineros*.

III.

Here it was, in the *Comandante's* house, that on February 19, 1791, the year before Vancouver's visit, was born Maria de la Concepción Marcela Argüello, daughter of Don José Dario Argüello, the *Comandante* of the Presidio, and his wife, Maria Ygnacia Moraga, daughter of the military officer in command at the founding of San Francisco. A week later the little one was borne along the trail to Mission Dolores. In the old Book of Baptism there you may today read the entry in the handwriting of Father Pedro Benito Cambón, Father Palóu's assistant since the founding of San Francisco, at which, too, he had been present.

"Concha," or "Conchita," she was called, as she played with the other children, or sat with them at catechism or knelt in church—a merry, spirited child, one with the others in games or frolic, though set somewhat apart by the fact that she was the *Comandante's* daughter.

However, it was not the accidental fact that she was the *Comandante's* daughter that was to place Conchita immortally apart from the other little ones. That which separated her from her companions was something that had nothing to do with rank or state; it was something more mysterious than social caste. Conchita was different, and her fate was to be different, because to her there had been given the magic of a distinctive and powerful personality, and the dolorous dower of beauty.

IV.

If the coming of Captain Vancouver in the first year of Conchita's life marked one of the great anxieties of her father,

and of the other Spanish officials, namely, the dread of the English, a greater source of similar anxiety was emphasized in her fifteenth year, when a Russian ship dropped anchor at the Presidio. For many ominous signs of the times were multiplying to prove that Russia was stretching out her mighty arms toward California, and Russia could reach the Pacific coasts through Siberia much more directly than England could sail its ships from the other side of the world.

On board that Russian ship, the *Juno*, was the Imperial Russian Chamberlain, Nikolai Petrovitch Rezanov, *protégé* of Catherine II., who had given up the life of the court on the death of his wife to throw himself into active, adventurous labors for the development of his country. A man of ardent imagination, of exceptional temperament, he had with a truly Slavic thoroughness made his patriotism a passion.

When first he turned from the life of the court to follow a greater adventure, he formed a plan to secure trade concessions for Russia from Japan, and in 1803-4 he was sent to the Mikado's court as ambassador extraordinary. But the hour of Japan's world-destiny had not yet struck (it was awaiting the coming of the American, Perry, half a century later), and Rezanov was forced to retire from the smiling, yet imperturbably reserved Mikado, his heart full of wrath, and vowing terrible revenge. Rezanov wrote in a highly fevered strain to the Czar that he was "eager to destroy settlements, to drive the Japanese from Sakhalin Island, to frighten them away from the whole coast, and break up their fisheries, and to deprive 200,000 people of food, which will force them all the more to open their ports. . . ."

Apparently, however, his headlong plans for revenging his rebuff did not meet with approval in Russia.

V.

After many adventures he decided upon the bold purpose of seizing part of California for Russia. Early in March the Imperial Chamberlain sailed from Sitka, accompanied by a suite among whom was the chronicler of the voyage, Langsdorff, the botanist; and after a tempestuous voyage, the crew sorely stricken with scurvy, he reached San Francisco a month later. "With pale and emaciated faces," wrote Rezanov to the

Russian Minister of Commerce, "we came to San Francisco Bay and anchored outside (at first) because of the fog. . . . As a refusal to enter meant to perish at sea, I resolved, at the risk of two or three cannon-balls, to run straight for the fort at the entrance."

So, through the dispersing drifts of the sea-fog, in through the Golden Gate, came the brig, *Rezanov* on the poop, sailors and soldiers alert about him, straining their eyes for the flash of a gun from San Joaquin Battery, and at last rounding to and dropping anchor opposite the Presidio.

In the Presidio there was a great stir of excitement. Advices from Madrid had long ago warned *Comandante* Argüello of the probable visit of the Russians. The ship, *Nadesha*, and its consort, the *Neva*, were expected, but not the *Juno*. Orders had been given from Monterey, where José Joaquin Arillaga was Governor, to treat the Russians hospitably—but most circumspectly.

However, the *Comandante* was not at San Francisco when the *Juno* arrived. Luis Argüello, his young son, was in temporary command. Eagerly did his bevy of bright-eyed sisters, among whom Concepción was the leader, watch Don Luis; laughingly, yet a little awed, too, by his air of dignity, as he buckled on his sword and prepared to meet the strangers. No such great event as this had occurred within the memory of the Argüello family. The excitement in the big house was communicated to all the houses about the plaza, from which the young people, and the old, poured forth, running about for good positions of observation, as the *Juno* lowered a boat and a party left its side to come ashore. *Rezanov* was in the stern-sheets of the boat. Luis Argüello, a sergeant and a file of musketeers behind him, courteously advanced to meet the tall, distinguished looking stranger.

Argüello's first inquiry was whether the ship was the expected *Nadesha* or the *Neva*, to which *Rezanov*, well aware that the Spaniards were apprehensive of the Russian purposes, adroitly replied that the vessels mentioned had been recalled to Russia, but that he, *Rezanov*, "had been entrusted by my royal master, the Czar, with command over all his American possessions, and in this capacity had resolved to visit the Governor of California to consult with him regarding the mutual interests of the Spanish and the Russian colonies."

"But His Excellency, the Governor, is at Monterey," replied Don Luis Argüello.

Rezanov smilingly bowed, replying that Monterey was, as a matter of fact, his destination, but that contrary winds had baffled him and he had, therefore, stopped at San Francisco, where he trusted that "His Excellency, the commander, would be graciously pleased to permit him to remain while he wrote to Governor Arillaga of his purpose to visit him."

Young Don Luis told Rezanov how matters stood; that it was his father who was commander, but that he, Don Luis, felt sure the required permission would have been readily granted if he had been there; so, he concluded, acting in his father's stead, he would be most happy to extend the hospitality of San Francisco to the Chamberlain of that mighty monarch, the Czar.

Rezanov was a fully experienced courtier and man of the world, as well as a romantic adventurer, and he did not fail to notice the impression he had made upon the young Spaniard. He warmly accepted the invitation, and the party proceeded to the *Comandante's* house.

Doña Conchita stood, with her sisters, within the doorway to do the honors of the home, her mother being absent with the *Comandante*. She was then fifteen years old, and through the length and breadth of California she was known as the most beautiful of women in a land where beauty was the natural dower of all. Langsdorff, Rezanov's companion, the sedate and careful botanist, has left us a description of Conchita, which though somewhat formal and conventional in its phrasing, nevertheless testifies to the deep impression she made upon him. She was "lively and animated," says the man of science, "with sparkling, lovely, inspiring eyes, beautiful teeth, pleasing and expressive features, a fine form, and a thousand other charms, yet was she perfectly simple and artless—'the heavenly dawn in one drop of dew'—a beauty of a type to be found, though not frequently, in Italy, Spain and Portugal." In Langsdorff's phrases you catch the same note which rings through all the legends, all the memories retained so vividly, of Concepción Argüello, and which those who knew her in her old age repeat with full accord, namely, the note of a great vitality, of an energetic personality, of a dynamic character—the perilous gift of strong life.

The room into which Don Luis Argüello led the Chamberlain, just within the portals of which stood Concepción and her sisters, was as rude as a mediæval castle apartment.

But Rezanov paid scant attention to the chamber; his gaze was fixed upon Concepción, whose wide, shining eyes met his as he entered. They needed no words, such as Don Luis now spoke, of conventional introduction, though all due forms were scrupulously celebrated—they knew each other at once; knew each other with an instant intimacy; knew each other with that knowledge which only comes to those whose souls communicate through the channel of the eyes.

VI.

Concepción was one of those who are born to love greatly. Every event, every scrap of legend that survives of her story, testifies to the fact.

Many a time she had heard, if not beneath her own window, yet somewhere in the Plaza, that song in which the cavaliers of California recorded their passion:

So still and calm the night is,
The very wind's asleep;
Thy heart's so tender sentinel
His watch and ward doth keep.
And on the wings of zephyrs soft
That wander how they will,
To thee, O woman fair, to thee
My prayers go fluttering still.

She knew she could give complete answer to the pleading, were it addressed to her heart by the one who could stir that heart, but in her dreams—ardent, and unbounded by the narrow horizons that kept within the limits of the known and the usual the dreams of her companions—Concepción went far beyond what the young cavaliers of California could offer her, and yearned toward a greater and more wonderful romance than what was possible among her companions. What this love should be, in what form this marvelous romance would appear, were mysteries; all she was certain of was that only in those mysteries could she find what her heart longed for—"the heart's love in her heart," which yearned in the song of the serenaders.

And now it had come, this love, this high romance; its signal flaming in the eyes of Rezanov, the stranger out of the sea; out of the vast unknown world beyond California.

VII.

Rezanov wrote his letter to Governor Arillaga. The diplomatic Arillaga did not want Rezanov to see more of the country than could be helped, so he sent back word that he "would do himself the honor of meeting so distinguished a guest at the port of his arrival."

But it was not until April 17th that the Governor reached San Francisco.

Meanwhile, Rezanov had not let the time hang heavy on his hands. In a letter written to the Russian Minister of Commerce, he several times refers to Concepción, adopting the half-amused tone of a courtier becoming confidential at long distance concerning an affair of the heart; a tone, however, which only half disguised the very serious nature of his sudden and enduring passion.

Day by day the communication established between the Chamberlain of the Czar and the Californian girl by their first exchange of looks, became stronger and deeper.

Governor Arillaga came at last, and, on the following day arrived *Comandante* José Argüélla, who at once assumed the leadership in affairs, and invited Rezanov to meet the Governor at dinner in his house. It was at this meeting that the Chamberlain diplomatically explained the nature of his mission, never hinting, naturally, at the deeper plan of Russian conquest which he had so long brooded over in the depths of his ambitious and passionate heart.

"The day following my interview with Governor Arillaga," Rezanov wrote to the Russian Minister of Commerce, "I learned from a devoted friend in the house of Argüélla, word for word, what had been said after my departure."

This devoted friend, of course, was Concha. Finding in her, young as she was, and a child of the very ends of the earth, an intelligence of great force, rendered still more energetic by the fire of her awakening heart, Rezanov had confided to Concha something of the project which now was usurping in his mind the place of his first predatory plan of conquest—the project

of an alliance between Russia and Spain for the development of trade between California and the Siberian settlements, and the friendly expansion of Russian territory into the domains north of the Spanish settlements. Concha took fire at the thought. She prayed for its success in the chapel of the Presidio. She listened to every word exchanged between the Governor and her father that bore upon Rezanov.

Governor Arillaga, meanwhile, sorely troubled by the responsibility of this epochal event in the placid history of his incumbency, during which the golden period of California's pastoral romance rose to its serenest height of peace and seclusion, delayed his answer to Rezanov's proposal from day to day. Rezanov did not press for the answer until he made sure of what mattered to him now more than the outcome of his diplomacy—Concepción's heart.

Meanwhile, the unemotional historian of that voyage of love and adventure and statescraft, the stolid botanist, Langsdorff, not having Rezanov's source of occupation, made journeys to the nearby missions; and some of the mission friars came to San Francisco to see the strangers. Rezanov was invited to dine with the Fathers, and distributed presents among them to gain their good will.

Governor Arillaga, however, still maintained discreet silence. "You have accustomed us to your company," he told Rezanov, "and I can assure you"—with a kindly and meaningful smile—"that the good family of my friend, Argüello, prize highly the satisfaction of seeing you at their home, and sincerely admire you." But soon even the attractions of his courtship could not blind Rezanov to the necessity of bringing his mission to a definite issue.

Again, and now more insistently, he took up the matter with Governor Arillaga, and the latter frankly confessed (as Rezanov wrote back to Russia) that the Spanish authorities feared Russia above all other powers.

"Ah, but Russia would not take California as a gift; it would cost too much to maintain it," the astute Chamberlain declared. "Moreover, Russia has in Siberia an inexhaustible treasure in its furs."

Rezanov knew how well the fears of the Governor were founded in fact; for he himself had written from Sitka to his government concerning his own plans to seize Californian ter-

ritory: "Our American possessions will know no more of famine; Kamchatka and Okhotsk can be supplied with bread. . . . When our trade with California is fully organized we can settle Chinese laborers there. . . . The Spaniards only turned their attention to California after 1760, and by the enterprise of the missionaries alone this fine body of land was incorporated. Even now there is an unoccupied interval fully as rich and very necessary to us, and if we let it escape from us, what will posterity say? I, at least, shall not be arraigned before it. . ." And he strongly urged the occupation of the northern portion of California, together with a "gradual advance southward to the port of San Francisco as the boundary line of California," Russia to maintain its sovereignty to the north.

But now the more feasible plan, to Rezanov's softened heart, was a friendly alliance; a union of good will and mutual interests between Russia and Spain, between north and south, between strength and charm—in a word, a union the symbol and the seal of which should be his own marriage to Concepción.

And he wrote to the Minister of Commerce, still maintaining the man-of-the-world tone in which he chronicled this love affair, which entered so intimately into high diplomacy the consequences of which on the course of American history, had it gone through according to Rezanov's intention, would have been of primary importance:

Seeing that my situation was not improving, expecting every day that some misunderstanding would arise, and having but little confidence in my own (ship's) people, I resolved to change my politeness for a serious tone. Finally, I imperceptibly created in Doña Concepción an impatience to hear something serious from me . . . which caused me to ask for her hand, to which she consented. My proposal created consternation in her parents, who had been reared in fanaticism. The difference in religion and the prospective separation from their daughter made it a terrible blow to them. They ran to the missionaries, who did not know what to do; they hustled poor Concepción to church, confessed her, and urged her to refuse me, but her resolution finally overcame them all. The holy Fathers appealed to the decision of the throne of Rome, and if I

could not accomplish my nuptials, I had at least the preliminary act performed, the marriage contract drawn up, and forced them to betroth us.

VIII.

In truth, there was a great clash of opposing wills, of outraged prejudices and settled ideas violently jolted, in the house of the *Comandante* and throughout the Presidio and the Mission of San Francisco. Rezanov was a member of the Orthodox Church of Russia, which was in age-old schism from the See of Rome, a marriage between a daughter of the true Church and a schismatic without the express consent of the Papal authorities, was, to Father Palóu and his fellow friars, unthinkable. Nor from this view could the willing obedience of Concepción falter; for if there is one fact which above all others is abundantly testified to throughout all the records and the traditions, that fact is the true religious faith and living loyalty of Concepción. From her earliest childhood she had been a devout soul—unsentimental and firm, but ardent. One of the most charming of the traditional tales is to the effect that the gay and whole-souled Concha, as a child, was one day caught dancing in the joy of her heart before the shrine of the Virgin; even as in old France, according to the legend, the juggler performed his tricks in honor of his heavenly Lady.

Concepción would have sacrificed her love for Rezanov if obedience to duty had required it, and Rezanov, knowing the value of loyalty, was the first to approve her firmness. He, too, would do his part, and do it gladly. He would return to Russia, make his way across Siberia to the court of the Czar, and secure his own sovereign's consent, and then he would go to Rome, and obtain the dispensation from the Holy Father. After that, he would proceed to Madrid as Russian envoy and effect a binding and lasting treaty of friendship and commerce; then for California, via Mexico, and on to San Francisco, where the marriage with Concepción would bind and seal the treaty signed in Madrid and St. Petersburg!

Such was the great dream of Rezanov! And now his immediate mission was accomplished. The betrothal was signed between the Chamberlain and the *Comandante's* daughter. The friars were assured of the Russian's honorable design

and intention of seeking the benignant grace of the Holy Father of Christendom. The house of Argüello was bright with the pride of the high alliance. Everybody now smiled upon Rezanov, and on May 21st the *Juno*, laden with flour, pease, beans, and maize, sailed out through the Golden Gate. Rezanov, standing on the poop, ordered a salute of seven guns, to which the *Comandante*, not to be outdone, ordered with true Spanish courtesy, nine in return. Governor Arillaga and the *Comandante* and Luis Argüello and Concepción and her sisters stood on the wall of the fort, waving their handkerchiefs and watching the ship as it slipped out into the fog that spread its gray and sombre mystery over that departure.

But, even before the others had turned from the sea, Concepción slipped away and entered the little church to do all that now she could do to aid her lover, which was to pray for him; to pray that his tremendous journey across the wilds of Siberia, to St. Petersburg and Rome and Madrid, and back across the wide world to San Francisco might be safe and speedy.

IX.

So began her waiting. . . Bret Harte has etched that picture in his ballad:

Looking seaward, o'er the sand-hills stands the fortress old and
quaint,

By the San Francisco frairs lifted to their patron saint. . .

Long beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
Did they wait the promised bridegroom and the answer of the
Czar;

Day by day on wall and bastion beat the hollow, empty breeze—
Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacant, smiling seas;
Week by week the near hills whitened in their dusty leather
cloaks,

Week by week the far hills darkened from the fringing plain of
oaks.

Till the rains came, and far breaking, on the fierce southwester
tost,

Dashed the whole long coast with color, and then vanished and
were lost.

So each year the seasons shifted—wet and warm and drear and
dry;

Half a year of clouds and flowers, half a year of dust and sky.

Still it brought no ship or message—brought no tidings ill or meet,
For the statesmanlike Commander, for the daughter fair and
sweet.

Still she heard the varying message, voiceless to all ears beside:
“He will come,” the flowers whispered; “Come no more,” the dry
hills sighed.”

And Rezanov did not come . . . he never came.

Reaching Kamchatka in September, he set forth at once for St. Petersburg. Attacked by a fever during the time he was at Kamchatka, he was urged to wait till he was stronger, but he would not wait, and on horseback, swaying in the saddle, he set forth. He struggled onwards for six months through that tremendous journey, but a fall from his horse so lessened what strength the fever had spared, that the iron Chamberlain was broken, and at Krasnoyarsk, a little town far away from St. Petersburg, he died on March 1, 1807. Langsdorff, his former companion in the *Juno*, visited the tomb, which, he records, was fashioned like an altar. In the opinion of the scientist, Rezanov would have “unhesitatingly sacrificed himself in marriage with the daughter of Argüello.”

But it was the daughter of Argüello who was sacrificed—on the altar, not of marriage, but of that lonely tomb in the wilderness.

She waited thirty-five years for word from her lover, or for any least item of news from or about him; and every voice that comes down to us out of the past, having any claim upon our respect or belief, unanimously testifies that she waited in absolute, unwavering faith. Rezanov had given his word to her, and no doubt could be allowed to enter her heart. Fifteen years old when she plighted her word, unquestionably the most beautiful woman in California, ardent and keenly alive, famous throughout the length and breadth of the Spanish possessions as the news spread of her solemn betrothal to the Chamberlain of the Czar, upon which betrothal such high affairs of national destiny depended—Concepción was to know strange pain and strange trouble of heart and soul as one year passed, and three; and three and thirty. Rezanov had loved her; Rezanov was a true man; therefore, he would return, or else he was dead and could not return; something had happened out in the great world veiled by the sombre fog beyond the Golden Gate, and some day, somehow, she would know. . .

X.

Meanwhile, her love awaited him; a love that was warmed and animated by the other love which Concepción had always cherished, her love of God, the Source of all true love. More than ever, now, as the time went on, and still the fog by the Golden Gate was unparted by a Russian sail, did she spend long hours in prayer before the altar. Faith is the soul of prayer, its principle of life, and Concepción's human love became a living, constant, unfaltering act of faith; and more and more it merged with, though it was not as yet wholly swallowed up by, her love of God.

For it is not true, as certain mistaken versions of the story run, that Concepción became, at last, a recluse—a runaway from life—in order to hide her sorrow and her broken heart beneath the habit of the nun. This mistake is based largely upon the fact that she was, for many years, a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. But this did not make her a nun. Concepción became a nun, it is true, but not until after the coming of Sir George Simpson in 1842 with the news of the death of Rezanov.

This English traveler—an official of the Hudson Bay Company—had visited the tomb of the dead lover, and in Santa Barbara he told the story he had learned from the reading of Langsdorff's book, which book had not yet reached California, and thus the news at last reached Concepción of the death of Rezanov. In Bret Harte's poem, this message is made to reach Concepción most dramatically (though falsely) at a banquet at Monterey, where, according to the ballad—

Far and near the people gathered to the costly banquet set,
And exchanged congratulations with the English baronet;

Till, the formal speeches ended, and amidst the laugh and wine,
Some one spoke of Concha's lover—heedless of the warning sign.

Quickly then cried Sir George Simpson, "Speak no ill of him, I
pray!

He is dead. He died, poor fellow, forty years ago this day.

Died while speeding home to Russia, falling from a fractious
horse;

Left a sweetheart, too, they tell me. Married, I suppose, of
course!"

"Lives she yet?" A deathlike silence fell on banquet guests, and
hall,
And a trembling figure rising fixed the awestruck gaze of all,

Two black eyes in darkened orbits gleamed beneath the nun's
white hood;

Black serge hid the wasted figure, bowed and stricken where it
stood.

"Lives she yet?" Sir George repeated. All were hushed as Concha
drew

Closer yet her nun's attire. "Señor, pardon, she died, too!"

But the facts are better than the fancy. Concha did not die, but lived, and her loyalty was greater than the poet gave her credit for when he had prematurely clothed her in the white robe of the Dominican Order, which she did not join until many years after her meeting with Sir George Simpson. And, indeed, I think that Concepción would never have become a nun unless she had heard the definite news of Rezanov's death. She had plighted her troth; therefore, she belonged to her lover until death did them part. As a matter of fact, it was at Santa Barbara and not at Monterey, and in social intercourse, not at a banquet board, that Concepción heard of the death of Rezanov. "Strange to say," says Sir George Simpson, referring to her ignorance of the death of Rezanov, "she knew it not till we mentioned it to her. . . This circumstance might in some measure be explained by the fact that Langsdorff's work was not published before 1814, but even then, in any country than California, a lady who was still young would surely have seen a book, which, besides detailing the grand incident of her life, presented so gratifying a picture of her charms."

It was not until ten years after Sir George Simpson brought his tragic tidings that Concepción became a nun. It was not until then that she had the opportunity to become a nun; in California. For it was in 1851 that the Dominican Order entered California, establishing the first convent and academy for girls at Monterey, and the first novice to enter the convent, the first woman to join a religious order in California was Maria Concepción Argüello, who received the white habit of St. Dominic at the hands of Bishop Alemany on April 11, 1851,

taking the name of Sister Maria Dominica. She pronounced the perpetual vows a year later. In 1854 she went to Benicia when the convent was transferred.

XI.

There are those living who yet remember Concepción, and from one of these, Mrs. Katherine Den Bell, the daughter of Dr. Nicholas Den, one of the early American residents of Santa Barbara, I am indebted for vivid reminiscences of that valiant and faithful soul, souvenirs related in letters from Mrs. Bell to my friend, that champion of California, John F. Davis.

"The treasure house of my childhood memories holds nothing lovelier than those that twine around the '*Beata's*' historic name. They bring bursts of spring into my heart. I learned my prayers at her knees; have cried and laughed in her arms, threaded her needle, fixed and unfixed her '*almohadilla*'—sewing-box. And many a time, I remember waking as the Mission bells sang the *Alta* to find her sweet pale face bending over me, signing my forehead with the cross and whispering her oft-repeated blessing: '*Dios te haga una santita*' ('God make thee a little saint').

"I shall know her in Heaven by her tender caressing voice. God's Angels cannot teach a purer standard, nor bring us a brighter, sweeter fancy than that of Concepción's life-long faithfulness to her girlhood lover. . .

"I cannot search far enough into the past to miss the dear beloved *Beata* from my childhood's dreams and memories. Don't infer from my 'threading her needles' that she wore glasses. The 'needle threading' was a sort of entertainment when she was caring for the church and altar linen. If any seams were ripped, I picked the threads carefully, putting them aside to be burned, because the vestments had done service before the Great God's Altar. If sewing was being done, I kept two or three needles threaded on the *almohadilla* until I was tired out. With all her tenderness, loveliness and benignity, Concepción was no 'milk and water' woman—her standard, all around, was too lofty. Humble and unobtrusive, when the right was in question she stood by her colors unflinching as the martyrs of old. No fear of misconstruction

would daunt her. Such a wonderful blending of mercy and justice! Tenderness and fortitude! I often parallel her character with that of the beautiful Queen Esther. Doing for the sake of others, to go unbidden into the king's presence, yet fainting at his frown. She was intensely human. . .

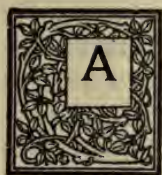
"She is such a glowing, radiant memory, it seems as if the sacred fire should be burning its brightest when her name is indelibly traced! Not an atom of the fragrance of its beauty, its purity, tenderness and fealty must be lost."

Six years only did Concepción live as a nun; but from all that we have learned of her puissant and valorous spirit, we may feel sure that she did not lag or languish in that sustaining and creative work which the Holy Women of the Church carry on through all the ages since the Divine Son of God took flesh and dwelt among us—that spiritual work of intercession and of self-sacrifice which is the energizing element of many a work and many a life seen and admired of the world, which yet does not understand nor admire the greater work, the greater life, of the nun.

So passed Maria Concepción Marcela Argüélla from the world; and so, on Christmas Eve, 1857, passed Sister Maria Dominica in the Convent of St. Catherine of Siena, Benicia, California.

AN APOSTLE OF UNITY.

BY JAMES LOUIS SMALL.



SWIFTLY delivered wound in the great ship's vitals; a lurch; a slanting deck; an earnest priest urging his fellow-passengers to calmness; baptism of death in the dancing waves touched with the springtime sun; quiet once more upon the sea; and all is over.

In the early days of May, 1915, I was entertained at the home of a genial and cultivated priest, pastor of a suburban parish in the middle West. When the time came to say good-bye, my host remarked laughingly: "You have had a distinguished predecessor in the person of Father Maturin, who occupied the guest room just before your coming. He has sailed for England by now." The morning after my return home I opened the daily paper to learn that he was among those who had perished on the ill-fated *Lusitania*. Afterwards, so we read, his body was recovered and taken to England for burial. It was strangely coincidental that he, an Irishman, the circumstances of whose life had led him half over the world, should have met death within sight of the land of his birth.

Father Maturin's name had sounded in my ears almost since childhood; sometimes pronounced with regretful affection, sometimes with an implication of mysterious, baffling change in the man after his "going to Rome;" latterly, with ungrudging admiration by the co-religionists of his later years, who valued him for what he really was: a deeply spiritual priest, whose passion for synthetic and sympathetic treatment of certain vexed questions was coupled with a fervid love of souls. To those reared in the advanced school of Anglicanism his name was a watchword. To those who followed him into the Church, he continued to shine as a beacon light. To the others, who never came farther than the temple porch, he served as a melancholy example of misdirected energy, a man, moreover, whom, they maintained sadly, "Rome never appreciated."

It was at St. Clement's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, in the late nineties, that my adolescent mind, quick to take on new impressions, to absorb new ideas, came into contact with Catholic truth. The early struggles at St. Clement's form a story all by itself. It is sufficient to observe here that the parish still bore the impress of Father Maturin's virile personality. Hither he had come in 1876, as head of the little band of "Cowley Fathers," and here he remained for a decade. People in 1896 and 1897 were still talking of the sermons he had preached and the missions he had given. They were still relating how the men who came to his Sunday afternoon conferences stood in a line that reached almost to the street, unable to gain admittance. When, in 1897, word came that he had been received into the Church, in England, it was not alone St. Clement's that was interested; it might have been said with truth that "the whole city was moved."

Later, during five happy years spent as a student of theology in an Anglican seminary, I sat at the feet of a teacher who in his own youth had fallen under Maturin's spell. To him he had made his first confession, and to him he had gone with his problems. On the wall of our classroom hung an engraving of John Henry Newman, and it may well be that Newman and Maturin, strikingly similar in some respects, had a hand in leading a goodly number of us to the happy haven of the True Fold.

Born in 1847, Basil William Maturin was in the prime of his powers when he became a Catholic. Like many of those earlier ones who were leaders in the Oxford Movement, his position was a tacit rebuke to inherited prejudice. In his case the inheritance was Irish Protestant and Huguenot, and to this combined French and Celtic strain he owed much, by way of eloquence, personal magnetism and impetuosity. His father was vicar of Grangegorman, Ireland, and young Maturin was ordained while in the early twenties. Feeling called to a stricter life than that of the average Church of England clergyman, he joined, in 1873, the recently organized Society of St. John the Evangelist, known colloquially then, as now, as the "Cowley Fathers." With them his lot was to be cast for very nearly the quarter of a century.

The years, 1850-1890, roughly speaking, marked the high tide of the Oxford Movement. It was the period that produced

the men who were to direct it into definite channels; the period that gave it Pusey, Church, Liddon, Lowder, and Wainwright. The whole English-speaking world, these protagonists declared in their enthusiasm, was to hear and heed the message of a Church of England arising from dust and ashes to a place among the spiritually great ones of the earth.

It is not difficult to picture the abandon with which such a modern Chrysostom as Maturin must have thrown himself into the work. Sent here and there by his community, his name became familiar to Anglicans everywhere; in Great Britain, in America, in South Africa. His preaching, brilliant and forceful, filled churches wherever he went.

His valued friend of both Anglican and Catholic days, Dom Leonard Sargent, in a paper contributed to the London *Tablet* of May 22, 1915, under the title, "Some Recollections of Father Maturin," has given us an interesting portrait of Maturin in his youth, soon after his coming to America. The description is of the "slender figure of a young man, clad in the habit of a Cowley Father, an austere face, so it seemed, and a piercing eye—something about the whole appearance that quite marked him out from the surrounding company and left upon my mind the impression that a Van Dyck painting might give if set against a group of chromos."

Father Maturin was, indeed, set apart from others, a personality that eluded analysis. In him the balanced judgment of the Briton, the imagination of the Celt, and the delicate perception of the Frenchman effected a singular and powerful amalgam. It was once said of him that "in Father Maturin you had a mind with all the elements of a potential catastrophe." Commenting upon his exceedingly human traits, *The Tablet*, in a review of his life and work, published editorially immediately after his death, quoted his own amusing self-characterization: "I am full of prejudice." Offsetting this was a genuine and touching affection for the members of his family. One of the causes of his pleasure over the appointment as Catholic Chaplain at Oxford in 1913, lay in the fact that he should then be near his sister, who was superior in an Anglican convent in that city. As illustrative of his delightful spirit of *camaraderie*, Dom Sargent speaks of the joy with which the young novices at Downside were wont to gather

about him during his brief stay in the famous Benedictine house, to listen to his ghost stories. Neither was he lacking in native wit, though sometimes, after the Hibernian model, it was of a deliciously unconscious sort. A friend of those now far distant St. Clement's days used to relate with keen relish how on one occasion, when preaching upon the Prodigal Son, Maturin leaned over the edge of the pulpit and exclaimed in moving tones: "Think, my brethren, think of the calf that the poor old father had been fattening through the long, long years!"

It was generally felt by his admirers that Father Maturin's appointment to Oxford was a matter of congratulation, for the University quite as much as for himself. Had he been spared, he might have accomplished a great work there. As it was, the War came the following year and in a short time the sons of Oxford were attending a school of very different sort.

To say that there are few men whose work stands the test of time is to state a fact as perennially truthful as it is obvious. It is hard, certainly, in the case of versatile and highly endowed personalities, to isolate qualities of essential greatness. However, it seems not too much to say that in sweet reasonableness and in cogency of argument Father Maturin's apologetic, especially as preserved in his *Price of Unity*, is in a class by itself. Like Newman, he was able, without sacrificing an iota of principle, to throw himself so completely into the feelings and convictions of others, as to draw down upon him the misunderstanding of men of different mold. Unlike Newman, this misunderstanding was confined, so far as I am aware, to members of the body he had left; it did not obtain among Catholics.

One heard it said constantly by Anglicans—one still hears it said occasionally—that Maturin was disillusioned, disappointed, after coming into the Church. I have heard the charge made repeatedly, but I have never seen proof of it produced. One might have supposed the concluding passage in *The Price of Unity*—a passage by the way worthy of ranking with portions of the *Apologia*—would have laid that ghost forever. In alluding to this curious rumor, Dom Sargent says: "I told him of this one night in England several years ago. He was surprised, and said so. Then he asked: 'Who

gave them authority to say that? It's false, for I never regretted the step once it was taken,' and he added, with his quick, impatient manner: 'I suppose, because I have never attacked the Anglican Church, or made sport of Anglican notions, or went about laying traps for converts, they think I'm unsettled, but I am not, and never was.'"

It is impossible to think of that valiant man of God as dead. He lives and speaks in his spiritual children and in his writings, which will bear re-reading at this time when there is acute need of differentiation between the true and the false in current concepts of Christian unity. He himself was all life, a vital principle embodied in the flesh. Preaching at the Requiem held at Oxford at the time of his death from the text, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee upon the waters," the Abbot Vonier, of Buckfast, said: "Everything in Father Maturin's mind was life; his thoughts were life; his face was life; his speech, we all know, was a very luxuriousness of life. In fact, life was the only law of that peerless eloquence of his. The hard-and-fast things of Catholicism were to him like the hard-and-fast things of the human organism—those solid parts of the human body we call the bones, which are the indispensable elements of all movement and agility, and which give the human organism its power of resilience."

Resiliency of expression, if we may be permitted the term, is one of Father Maturin's strongly defined characteristics, stamping his work with a trademark peculiarly its own. *Self-Knowledge and Self-Discipline* is as shrewd a psychology of the spirit as any the past two decades have given us. It wastes no time in sporting upon the surface, but delves down to life's very roots and brings up those ugly, misshapen things that, even in our most analytical moments, we shrink from exposing to view.

The soul is taken forward step by step from the initial stage of self-knowledge, on through the discipline of will, mind, affections and body, into that higher area where it is prepared for the vision of God Himself. Commonplaces are exalted. Such an everyday exercise as self-examination is invested with dignity and power. We are shown new vistas, conducted to new heights. On one side there is "some strong motive or passion or ambition standing like a draped form whose expression we cannot catch, in the very council cham-

ber of the soul;" on the other, "the Presence of One Who realizes all our noblest, often our forgotten, ideals."

The note of growth, of constructiveness, is sounded again and again. Hence the difference between heathen and Christian asceticism: "Heathen asceticism would get rid of the body as an enemy to be hated; Christian asceticism would but train it for its glorious life in Heaven." So, too, with the apparently conflicting principles of life and death: "Death is not all darkness, nor life all light. The light of life illuminates and warms the pallor of death." Again, "In every act of dying (*i. e.*, mortification) we must gaze into the tomb with the Magdalene till we see it transformed by the vision of life and beauty that lies beyond it and shines through it."

It is a difficult matter to treat of the deep things of the spirit and at the same time to keep well within the range of the reader's personal experience. Yet Father Maturin manages this with rare artistry. He knows full well of those elemental passions with which many a soul is called to wage daily battle, passions that "lift it to the heavens and cast it down to hell." He knows, too, the solitariness of the conflict; that "it is behind the veil in the silent world of thought that life's greatest battles have to be fought and lost or won, with no human eye to witness, no voice to cheer or encourage."

But in the philosophy of this skilled director of souls there is no room for the morbid or the neurasthenic. "A healthy life, therefore," he declares, when writing of the discipline of the affections, "should have its roots spread deep and wide in the soil of the human family, and its whole nature open to the manifold interests and influences and associations of the world around it, and at the same time an ever-deepening sense of the claims of God, of conscience and of Truth, so that it never likes to part company with its fellowmen, but is strong enough to stand against the whole world at the command of duty."

Not in the ascetical alone, but also in the apologetic, Father Maturin's genius found a congenial, if more restricted, field. It is quite impossible, within the compass of a few lines, to make critical analysis of his *Price of Unity*. Necessarily limited in its appeal, since it deals exclusively with the Anglican question, it must always be of value in its bearing upon that issue. In it the ex-member of the "Cowley Fathers" unites loyalty to Catholic truth with respect for what there may be of

good in the body to which he had given youthful allegiance. He administers, indeed, a somewhat stinging rebuke to those converts who, in mistaken zeal, are intolerant or scornful of things they once revered.

On the other hand, Father Maturin pleads for a fairer examination of the Catholic claim by High Church Anglicans, as well as a better understanding by Catholics of the High Church movement in England and America. It is extraordinary, certainly, in the light of the religious history of the past eighty years, that a learned priest should have remarked to him on one occasion, as indicative of his entire stock of knowledge upon the subject, that he had once seen an Anglican clergyman in a cassock (!), or that the late Cardinal Vaughan should have asked him, in all seriousness, whether he thought the movement in the English Church came from the devil or the Holy Spirit!

Although *The Price of Unity* does not, in the strict sense of the word, profess to be autobiographical, it is rich in those personal and dramatic elements which cannot but distinguish the pilgrimage of a man like Maturin from discord and confusion to the City of God, "whose Walls," to quote his own words, "are salvation and whose Gates are peace."

AND WAS MADE MAN.

BY FRANCIS CARLIN.

SINCE Wise Men bore Him nard and myrrh,
The stately branches of the fir
Bend low beneath our weight of gifts;
And Nature sends her frozen drifts
To freight the mighty waves, that they
May roll less proud upon their way:
For Christmas Time on land and sea
Is the Feast of God's Humility.



THE BICENTENARY OF THE PASSIONIST ORDER.

BY HAROLD PURCELL, C.P.



DURING the past year the Passionist Fathers, established in nearly all civilized countries, have been celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of their Order. In connection with this celebration they have observed a solemn triduum in honor of St. Gabriel of the Sorrowful Virgin, the youthful Passionist student, who was canonized by Pope Benedict XV. on May 13, 1920.

It is uncommon that a celebration like this should have a particular significance for any one outside the religious family and the faithful directly committed to its care. That this celebration should have such a significance was clearly apparent to the Supreme Pontiff who, in a congratulatory letter to the members of the Order, evidently implies that this Bicentenary is not the commemoration of a past event or simply the marking of a time-period in the history of an institution, but rather the recognition of an insistent and much-needed work to be continued by a living and efficient organization: "These times, more than any times past, are opposed to Christian humility and penance, in which your manner of life chiefly consists; for the pride of life and the insatiable love of pleasure so hold sway, that, through the corruption of the very air that surrounds us, it is difficult even for religious hearts to escape the infection of this pestilence. . . Full of solicitude, therefore, not less for the common good than for your own salvation, you should labor to renew more and more in yourselves the love of the Cross of Christ, and by word and example to stir up as many others as possible to the same love." To understand this attitude of the Holy Father and his hopeful interest, it will not be out of place to give the readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* a brief summary of the history, constitution and spirit of the Passionist Order.

The Passionist Order, officially known as the Congregation of the Most Holy Cross and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, was founded in Italy by St. Paul of the Cross (Paul

Francis Danei). His parents were Luke Danei and Anna Massari. He was born January 3, 1692, in Ovada, a small town in the then Republic of Genoa. From his earliest childhood he cultivated a remarkable devotion to Christ Crucified, and seems always to have been impelled by an imperative call to preach the Sacred Passion.

He was clothed with the Passionist habit (which had been shown to him, in a vision, by our Lady) on November 22, 1720. Shortly afterwards he wrote the rule of his contemplated institute. In 1725 he received from Pope Benedict XIII. an oral approbation of his rule and permission to assemble associates. The same Pontiff ordained him to the priesthood in the Vatican Basilica on June 7, 1727. By a rescript of May 15, 1741, Benedict XIV. formally approved the rule. On November 16, 1769, Clement XIV., by the Bull, *Supremi Apostolatus*, raised the institute to the dignity of a canonical congregation with a participation in all the rights and privileges enjoyed by other Religious Orders. The Order was again solemnly and finally approved and confirmed by a Bull of Pius VI., dated September 15, 1775.

In that year, on October 18th, St. Paul of the Cross died in the mother-house of the Order, the Monastery of SS. John and Paul, Rome. Before his death the Order had been established in twelve monasteries. It had a gradual and consistent growth up to 1810 when, with the other Religious Orders in Italy, it was suppressed by Napoleon. On the return to Rome of the exiled Pius VII. in 1814, the Passionist Order, although one of the smallest in the Church, was the first to claim the Pope's attention, and the Passionists were the first to resume the regular monastic observance and to appear publicly in the religious garb. In a short while all the houses of the Order were again occupied and its activities were carried on as faithfully and energetically as though they had suffered no interruption.

Up to 1839 the Passionists had undertaken no work outside of Italy except foreign missions in Rumania and Bulgaria, which they have conducted uninterruptedly to the present time. In that year was held the seventeenth general chapter, at which Father Anthony Testa was elected general. He is rightly regarded as the second founder of the Order. He was a man of strenuous zeal, notable intellectual endowments and

far-seeing policies. In consequence he was repeatedly re-elected to the generalship, and held that office for a period of twenty-three successive years.

During his régime the Order attained its most rapid and extensive growth. It was he who sent the Passionists to Belgium, England, the United States and Australia. In 1840 he commissioned the Venerable Father Dominic Barberi and three companions to establish the Order in France. As this project miscarried, owing to the pronounced opposition of the French Government, these Fathers went to Belgium and made a foundation at Ere near Tournay. From this house other foundations were made in Belgium and Holland, forming the Belgian-Dutch province. Its membership has been largely increased by the exiled religious of France, where a second and successful attempt to establish the Order was made in 1853.

In 1841 Father Dominic went to England. He was most cordially received by Dr. Wiseman (afterwards Cardinal) and many prominent lay Catholics. His zeal for the conversion of England, which was a life-long characteristic, prompted him to take an active interest in the Tractarian Movement; and it was his peculiar happiness, as well as singular privilege, to have received into the Church John Henry Newman. It is traditional with the Passionists to regard the conversion of Newman and his reception by one of their brethren as a partial answer to the intercessions of St. Paul of the Cross, who prayed for fifty years for the conversion of England and enjoined upon his sons daily prayer for the same intention.

Within ten years of their arrival in England the Passionists had established three monasteries. Among their first native members were some distinguished converts from Anglicanism. One of these, Father Paul Mary (the Honorable Charles Reginald Pakenham, son of the Earl of Longford and nephew of the Duke of Wellington), became first rector of St. Paul's monastery, Dublin, the Order's premier foundation in Ireland.¹

Other monasteries were established not only in England and Ireland, but also in Scotland and Wales. In 1887 the

¹He died in the odor of sanctity March 1, 1857. "In March, 1894, thirty-seven years after his saintly death, on the occasion of the opening of a new cemetery for the use of the religious, through pious curiosity his coffin was opened in the presence of the assembled community, some of whom are at Mount Argus at present, and the body was found to be perfectly intact and incorrupt." *The Cross*, Dublin, November, 1920.

English Passionists extended the Order to Australia, at the pressing invitation of Cardinal Moran. They also founded a house in Paris for convenience principally of English and American Catholics. This house still continues its spiritual activities, though it was secularized by the iniquitous Separationist Law.

In 1852 a Passionist colony came to the United States and settled in Pittsburgh. They were brought here by the saintly Bishop Michael O'Connor, whose most ardent wish was to join the Order. Later, he resigned his mitre and died a humble member of the Society of Jesus. Another band of Passionists went direct from Rome to California. Finding conditions too adverse to their manner of life, some of the Fathers went to Mexico, and the others joined the Pittsburgh community.

In spite of huge obstacles, these first American Passionists, with nothing to dazzle or attract, made such progress in the upbuilding of the Order that within the comparatively short space of twenty years, which embraced the duration of the Civil War and the unsettled reconstruction period that followed, they established five flourishing monasteries. With resolute determination they steadfastly held to their monastic and missionary form of life, notwithstanding the urgent and incessant calls to parochial work and other activities foreign to their vocation. It is due to their constancy and fidelity that the Order in this country has been kept true to its original purpose and is loyal to the spirit and rule of St. Paul of the Cross.

At the present time there are two provinces in the United States. The Eastern Province, with headquarters at West Hoboken, N. J., has other monasteries in Pittsburgh, Pa.; Dunkirk, N. Y.; Baltimore, Md.; Scranton, Pa., and Boston, Mass. Last December a new foundation was made in the Bronx, New York City; and in the previous September Holy Cross Preparatory College at Dunkirk was opened. The Western Province has its headquarters at Chicago, Illinois, with other monasteries located in Cincinnati, O.; Louisville, Ky.; St. Louis, Mo.; St. Paul, Kans., and Des Moines, Ia.

In 1885 some American Fathers, under the leadership of Father Fidelis Kent Stone, founded a monastery at Buenos Aires in the Argentine Republic. This monastery has since become the head of a province. Other Passionist houses in

Central and South America are located in Cuba, Brazil, and Chile. In 1880 the Spanish Province was founded, and today numbers eighteen establishments. The Passionists also have a house in Constantinople, the superior of which is the Apostolic Delegate. A recent foundation has been made at Bethany, near Jerusalem.

What might be called the Second Order of the Passion is a community of Passionist Nuns, founded by St. Paul of the Cross, in 1771. The co-founder was Mother Mary of Jesus Crucified (Faustina Gertrude Constantini). The community is strictly cloistered, and its distinctive spirit is devotion to the Sacred Passion to which the Sisters bind themselves by vow. On May 5, 1910, five of these Sisters came from Italy and made a foundation at Pittsburgh. Their success here is particularly manifested in the large number of vocations with which the community has been blessed.

The principle of the Passionist Order is a union of the contemplative with the active life. The contemplative life as lived by the Passionists consists mainly in the *Laus Dei in choro* (the chanting of the Divine Office) and the *Spiritus jugis Poenitentiae* (the spirit of habitual penance, and austerity), as becomes a body of men who are devoted to the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ. Their active life (*Zelus Animarum*) is practically limited by the constitution to the preaching of missions and retreats.

The idea of a balanced life of monastic observance with an active apostolate was not original with St. Paul of the Cross. It was the realized ideal of St. Dominic in the thirteenth century, and, before him, of St. Norbert in the twelfth. It remained for St. Paul to revive this ideal; and it is worthy of note that the Passionist is the only Order with this dual principle that has arisen and been approved of by the Church since the Council of Trent.

St. Paul wrote his rule within the short space of five days. In a statement written at the command of his spiritual director he says: "I began to write this holy rule on the second day of December, 1720, and finished it on the seventh day of the same month. And be it known that when I was writing, I went on as quickly as if somebody in a professor's chair were there dictating to me. I felt the words come from my heart." When he wrote this rule, St. Paul was in his twenty-sixth year, and

still a layman. His education was limited to the primary instruction he had received as a boy. He wrote his rule in the solitude of an abandoned hermitage at Castellazzo, unassisted with advice from anyone and without the help of books. He was unacquainted with the religious life as lived in a canonical institute, and we have his own testimony to the effect that he had never read the rule of any Religious Order.

Generally, the history of Religious Orders show that their rules were written after the Order had been established and was actually functioning. They were the fruit of long deliberation, and of much discussion between the founder and his first associates. In their final form, they were the result of assiduous prayer, of serious meditation and practical experiment. Or else they were the adaptation of some other rule, already accepted and approved by the Church, usually the very elastic rule of St. Augustine, and so modified as to suit the individual requirements and specific purpose of the new organization.

In striking contrast with either of these two courses, the Passionist rule was written before the establishment of the Order. In fact, it had been written eight years previous to the time when St. Paul assembled his first community on Monte Argentario. Hence it might be said that here we have the very exceptional case of the Order being built upon the rule, instead of the rule being the product of the Order.

This fact explains the permanency of the Passionist purpose. Some Orders have what might be termed, from the merely human viewpoint, an accidental or even haphazard origin. They started without any fixed purpose or definite design. By the sequence of events and the pressure of circumstances they were gradually and methodically fashioned into distinct organic societies. Other Orders have been founded to meet the immediate, and often transient, needs of a time or place. In founding his Order, St. Paul planned a clear-cut campaign that was to be neither local nor temporary. His idea was to gather together a body of men, informed with the spirit of self-renunciation, whose only weapon was to be the crucifix, and who were to extend, according to their opportunities and abilities, the saving knowledge of Christ Crucified. Probably, it was the recognition of the world's constant need of the preaching of the Cross that prompted the remark-

able words of the illustrious Benedict XIV. on the occasion of his approving the rule: "This Congregation of the Passion which is the last to come into the world, should have been the first."

The form of government prescribed for the Order may be described as democratic, in the best sense of that word. The monasteries are the units that coalesce into the provinces, and these are bound together under the supreme jurisdiction of the superior-general. No superior can hold office for more than two successive terms, without papal dispensation; and no office, from that of the general down to the local rectorship, is held by any other title than that of suffrage.

For the election of the general and his consultants, who with him constitute the *Generalitia*, a general chapter is held every six years. Triennial provincial chapters are held for the elections of provincials, provincial consultants, local rectors, and masters of novices. The general chapter legislates for the needs of the Order at large; while the provincial chapters legislate for the particular needs of the individual provinces. The general and provincial chapters must legislate within the evident meaning of the constitution; and both the general and the provincial must carry out the enactments of their respective chapters.

St. Paul's rule is a tribute to his ability for government which hardly falls short of moral genius. His constitution was a rather decisive departure from those that commonly obtained in Religious Orders up to his day. It anticipated many of the better elements of present-day popular government. Personally, it makes but little, if any, difference to the individual religious what may be the government-form of his institute, as under any form approved by the Church he can attain to the perfection of his state. Through association, however, the American cannot fail to be struck by the close and detailed resemblance between the Passionist rule and the Constitution of the United States. But he will not forget that the writing of the rule antedates by a period of fifty-four years the meeting of the first Continental Congress.

While the rule clearly defines the specific objective purpose of the Passionist vocation, it contemplates other ministerial activities that may be demanded by the exigencies of time and place, or requested by the authorities of the Church.

The call to foreign missions has been heard and answered from the days of St. Paul. In fact, the first colony of Passionists to leave Italy went to the Balkans, where they have labored for the last one hundred and thirty-nine years under the direction of an unbroken line of Passionist missionary bishops. The second colony went to the antipodes to evangelize the aborigines of Australia. At the general chapter held last May in Rome the capitulars expressed their desire to extend the limits of their foreign mission field, and offered to Propaganda the services of the Order for the evangelization of any country it might designate. A few months later the provincial chapter, held in Pittsburgh, decided to send a band of American Passionists to China.

Direct efforts for the enlightenment and conversion of non-Catholics, so imperative in a country like ours, are not only recommended, but strongly urged by the rule. It was the custom of the first Fathers in the United States to deliver several doctrinal discourses, to which non-Catholics were especially invited, in the course of their missions; and some even used the question-and-answer method. When the regular non-Catholic mission proved a helpful means to attract and appeal to non-Catholics, the Passionists at once recognized it as a part of their work, which they encourage and prosecute.

Retreats for laymen, which happily are becoming so frequent, are provided for by explicit direction of the rule. In every monastery quarters are to be reserved for clerics and laics who desire to spend some days in prayer and religious quiet. The Monastery of SS. John and Paul in Rome is one of the oldest and most famous retreat houses in the Catholic world. St. Gabriel's Monastery, Boston, is the centre of the Laymen's Retreat Guild of New England. The Guild is under the immediate patronage of Cardinal O'Connell, whose consistent interest in it has been an inspiration to its members. The rapid growth of the Guild has necessitated the construction of a separate building. Attached to St. Paul's Monastery, Pittsburgh, is a splendid retreat building, designed by John T. Comes. It was dedicated last November 21st by Bishop Canevin, who realized the need of such a building for the accommodation of the Catholic laymen of Western Pennsylvania. In the Western province, the Chicago monastery has been most active in furthering the retreat movement.

The main purpose of the Passionist Order is the preaching of missions. This form of preaching has existed in the Church since the day of Pentecost. And as long as men sin it will be a most effective instrument in their repentance. There are times when divine grace is poured more abundantly than usual; a mission is such a time. Catholic instinct makes clergy and people alike acknowledge and appreciate this. All of which is proven by the ever-increasing demand for missions.

A mission is a period of earnest spiritual enthusiasm and intensive spiritual activity which looks for immediate results in garnering souls to Christ. The character of its preaching, therefore, must be, at once, simple, spontaneous and emotional. Such preaching does not, by any means, imply a lack of intellectual ability and application, nor does it exclude the cultivated graces of public speaking. Hence it would be deplorable to think that the work of giving missions is to be left to men of inferior mental attainments whose religious zeal makes up for scanty intellectual equipment. The wider his experience and more Catholic his culture, the more successful the missionary will be; provided his experience and culture do not hamper him in the expression of his emotional powers. Staid intellectualism, tolerable in the scholarly professor, would make of the missionary a mere "vocal essayist."

Mere intellectual preaching is usually barren of salvific result. It generally has all the weakness and disadvantages of Cardinal Newman's "smart syllogism." Mission preaching takes into account the pertinent fact that man is essentially an emotional creature. In his distinctive mode of preaching the missionary sets forth the tremendous truths of eternity and addresses the whole man. He uses the same appeal to the feelings and senses that furnishes the reason for the Church's use of symbol and ceremony. By emotional preaching, therefore, is not meant the sonorous phonographic recital of labored discourses; much less does it mean the fantastic and fanatical melodrama of much popular Protestant revivalism.

The permeating theme of the Passionist mission is Christ Crucified. This is demanded by virtue of the Passionist missionary's fourth vow to promote devotion to the Sacred Passion. Fidelity to this feature of his work is the never-failing test and measure of his success. As with the individual, so with the

Order. When it ceases to exalt Christ Crucified by definite and energetic efforts, it shall have lost the reason for its existence as a distinct organization in the Church.

The preaching of the Passion is the continuation of Christ's Own compelling and result-guaranteed motive. For around the Cross are gathered the huge facts of salvation, death, sin, repentance and judgment. And these facts are never so clearly apprehended as when presented in the light of the Passion. As Father Faber splendidly puts it: "It is the simple preaching of Christ Crucified that crowds the confessional and throngs the altar-rail."

Never was this preaching so needed as in our day and country, when the opportunities and means of self-indulgence are so many and so readily accessible; when, outside the Church, the Cross is no longer a symbol, but only a decoration; when religious leaders are debasing Christ's Death to the ignoble level of a human triumph; when, within the Church, so many are apt to substitute a comfortable piety for the stern Gospel of the Cross.

The Passionist rule has never been altered with the exception of the elimination of some very rigorous penances which the Holy See considered beyond the endurance of less heroic souls than St. Paul and some of his first companions. The saint himself very cheerfully accepted these alterations. The canonization of St. Gabriel of the Sorrowful Virgin, a saint of our own day, whose brother was at his canonization, is a witness to the vitality of the Order and a proof that the simple keeping of the rule, as it is observed at the present, suffices to meet the tests of heroic sanctity which the Church requires in those whom she raises to the honors of the altar. As the Holy Father says: "We know that he arrived at the highest pitch of sanctity in no other way than by the observance of regular discipline, a proof that in the manner of life you lead, you have a perfect school of the virtues. And it is also a proof that the good spirit, left by your Founder, still exists among you, an evident fact upon which we heartily congratulate you."

SOME NOVELS OF THE PAST YEAR.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

II.



ONE of the very best of recent novels is *Basil Everman*.¹ Anything else that Elsie Singmaster writes ought to be noted with a red letter. The scene of her tale is laid in a thoroughly American small town, not far from Baltimore, where we find real persons in an appropriate atmosphere. Perhaps some of our readers, accustomed to hyper-hysterical emotion in novels, may find the atmosphere somewhat gray; but this effect is due to the reticence of one of the most artistic of American authors. For delicate character work Richard Lister's mother has not of late been equaled.

An exquisite idyl is Harrison S. Morris' *Hannah Bye*.² The setting is a fruitful corner of the imperial State of Pennsylvania. It is a story of life among the Quakers—a community whose ideals and methods deserve closer study than they have yet received. One can not help believing that the founders of the Society of Friends had read very carefully the constitution of the Order of St. Francis, when one compares the two documents. At any rate, that is not the question now. Mr. Harrison Morris is a poet, and his novel contains all the elements, including that of a limpid and musical prose that belong to a poet of imagination rather than fancy; and the atmosphere of the quiet and placid neighborhood, the very smell of the clover in the June time is with us when Mr. Morris wills it. Here is a little sketch, which must appeal to all who know the ways of Friends:

The old Meeting House was sprinkled with sun and shadow from the overhanging buttonwoods and poplars, in which a choir of robins and song-sparrows was making a mockery of the orthodox approval of music. The dusty carriages were slowly climbing the hill and turning in at the gate, and elderly Friends of serious countenance were

¹ Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

² Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Co.

alighting at the carriage block and gravely passing in. The gayer young men and women, who took Meeting as a rather sober holiday-making, had gathered in knots about the yard and talked in subdued tones until the last carriage conveyed the last elder to the door. Then they filed in, and the rustling was stilled and Siah, in his broad beaver, and Deborah, in her silver-gray bonnet in the low gallery, looked with unseeing eyes at the congregation and the congregation returned the solemn stare.

There was a long, breathing silence, as always, and then the visiting Friend from Milestown Meeting laid his hat on the bench behind him and rose in grim dignity. He repeated a text and discoursed in sentences made familiar to his hearers by tradition. He sat down and then another long period of self-communion ensued, broken now and then by a cough, or a whisper to a naughty child whose patience was fast "petering out."

It would be a great addition to our knowledge of American life if Mr. Harrison Morris should follow this charming novel with others in the atmosphere of the Society of Friends in Pennsylvania. They would help toward that kind of Americanization which nearly all of us need—an Americanization which implies at least some sympathetic knowledge of the various groups that influence the social life of our country.

Mr. Basil King has earned the right to be considered seriously. There is a prejudice abroad to the effect that only English writers are masters of style, when in fact we have a great majority of American novelists who write better than the English, but who have not so much to say and are entirely incapable of making proper use of their backgrounds. Basil King has much to say and he knows how to say it well. His latest novel, *The Thread of Flame*,³ deals with the adventures of a young man who has lost his identity; these adventures are so skillfully managed by the author that they have every appearance of reality. Mr. Basil King has brought the art of description to such a point that even he who runs and reads will not be tempted to read and run. He has the power of reducing the essentials of every-day scenes on Fifth Avenue to little pictures which make us see New York from a new point of view.

³ New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Other Woman,⁴ by Norah Davis, is a melodrama founded on a similar theme, the loss of identity; or, rather the interchangeability of one identity for another. It is not an imitation of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*; it is sufficiently original, but the style is often as cumbersome as the management of three very difficult themes. It is evident that the author is not afraid of entanglements, and she has succeeded in giving us a novel of the older school, whose defects themselves show that she has fine imagination. The morality of the ending may be questioned; but which was the real husband?

To *The Other Woman* and *The Thread of Flame*, there should be joined the very best of Oppenheim's, *The Great Impersonation*.⁵ As a study in the technique of producing surprise, it can be very seriously recommended to the student in the art of narration. Comparatively, it may be used with the two first mentioned books to which, in the matter of mere technique, it is greatly superior, though as a work of art it cannot compare with the *Thread of Flame*.

Zona Gale, in *Miss Lulu Bett*,⁶ writes a novel in a new *genre*. She has thrown aside the usual conventions of style and also that habit of self-consciousness which seems to be almost a tradition with American novels; it is a little room detached with its inhabitants and furniture from the many mansions of our life. To use a worn-out term, which formerly meant a very different thing, it is "realistic," and yet not repellent or hopeless. Zona Gale, in *Miss Lulu Bett*, gives a concrete answer to those critics who are constantly demanding an absolutely American novel. Here it is, and it is a work of art which cannot be imitated.

Nearly all the novels taken from the life of the colored people in this country are either burlesques or sentimental apologies. *The Children in the Mist*,⁷ by George Madden Martin, is entirely different, and it is a book of excellent short stories. Mr. Martin, in his "foreword," gives the reason for the writing of this book:

The black man in the United States has two worst enemies; the over-zealous advocate who claims too much for him, and the execrable creature wearing a white skin who says: "I hate a Nigger!"

⁴ New York: The Century Co.

⁵ Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

⁶ New York: D. Appleton & Co.

⁷ New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Sweet and loveable, mystified, baffled and exploited, discouraged and embittered, these hapless people, children who, after fifty-six years of freedom, still see as in a glass darkly! It is to those who, regardless of them, see them as they are that the welfare of the race can best be trusted.

Turning for a moment to novels of English life it would be agreeable to recommend *Beck of Beckford*,⁸ by Mrs. M. E. Francis; it has all the qualities for which Mrs. Francis is celebrated; it is well written, it has a due sense of proportion, and it is a story always interesting to American Catholics of the folk in Lancashire attached to the Faith. It seems unnecessary to say that it would be a mistake for anybody choosing a library for young girls to leave out the books of Mrs. Francis, Katharine Tynan and Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, whose *Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square* is almost a classic. But in *Beck of Beckford* Mrs. Francis has made the mistake—a mistake very detrimental to the circulation of this present book on this side of the ocean—of introducing an impossible American, supposed to be typical of his race. This is a pity; if Mrs. Francis must have an American character or two, it would be well for her to study some living specimens even of “the Yankee.” “Yankees” do not all speak a dialect.

We come now to an entirely satisfactory novel by George Stevenson. It is called *Benjy*.⁹ George Stevenson preserves the best traditions of the English novel. There are many pages in this book worthy to have been written by Miss Austen, with, shining through them, an essential spirituality which may have been part of Miss Austen’s interior life, but which never gleamed in her novels. Book I. is prefaced with these words from “M. Sinclair:” “Those early Victorian virtues—self-repression, humility, and patience under affliction;” and Dr. John Ainsworth and his wife, Priscilla, exemplify these virtues simply and spontaneously. It is with the life and the fates of their children that we are most concerned; and the story is told with truth, with charm, with a reasonable reticence and a sense of proportion which stamps George Stevenson as a novelist of a very high order. It would be a pity to spoil the reader’s interest in this book by saying too much about it. The stories of Jo and of Benjy himself are admirably

⁸ New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

⁹ New York: John Lane Co.

told; and the episode of Adelaide is a very good example of graphic yet restrained painting in letters.

Read this:

The Rolfes were essentially old Catholics. Both came of stock that had suffered fines, spoliation, the loss of wealth and estate rather than forego their faith. Kitty Rolfe herself belonged to a family that had once possessed the whole of Beckdale; though nothing now remained to them of their former possessions except the old house—noted in the neighborhood for its priest's hiding-place—and a poor field or two. And Kitty was proud of her family traditions. She held her head high upon the soil that has been robbed from her forefathers; and she made little account of certain neighbors who had found the choice between the spiritual and the material too hard for them.

But neither Kitty nor her husband had any interest whatever in Jo as a possible proselyte. To Kitty, especially, the ordinary Anglican, as well as the possible convert was a subject of hidden, half-amused contempt. Kitty—and it may fairly be excused her—had little liking for Protestants. It was a physical hurt to her, she once told Jo—though that was afterwards—to see Beckdale Church, once the Mother Church of the district, the centre not only of its religious but of its civic life—its fairs, its feasts, its markets—shorn of its former glories, cold, deserted, become in Kitty's eyes a tomb rifled if not actually defiled. When Jo came to them with the unmistakable stamp upon him—for all his slovenliness—of the theological student, neither Rolfe nor his wife troubled to inquire why he had not blossomed forth into the orthodox English curate? But Kitty was never attracted to him; she never sought his confidence; and when the first evening—a wet Sunday had prevented his going home—he had followed them timidly and rather late into the chantry, she had asked him pointedly and with malice:

“I wonder what it is you Protestants find in Benediction that makes it the one of our services so many of you come to?”

And so little was she really interested in the poor youth that, though she gloried at his confusion, she hardly heard his stammered answer:

“I used to go at Leeds.”

Just as their fellow-Protestants in a Catholic country—whether Ireland or Brazil—are inclined to carry themselves

as the only spiritually elect; so, too, the Catholic laity, it must be owned, have not a little of the arrogance of the elder brother, the rightful heir. They have suffered too much from the vagaries of converts—and clerical converts at that period seemed especially apt to tack and veer round again—to welcome the shrinking Nicodemus with open arms. It is only here and there that some simple, pious souls will, in all humility and charity, display the treasures of their faith, like little children who call to one another: "Come and see."

In George Stevenson there appears a new novelist of great sympathy, charming humor, knowledge of life and a style which is a worthy medium for all these qualities. She is a woman, Mrs. G. Horsfall Stevenson, author of *Topham's Folly*, *Jennie Cartwright* and *A Little World Apart*.

In *The Portygee*¹⁰ Joseph C. Lincoln has added to his continued successes in novels of modern New England life. Constant readers of his stories will find nothing new in his latest book except the character of the "Portygee," really a young Spaniard and the son of a famous opera singer, who clandestinely married the daughter of a typical Cape Cod Captain, Zelotes Snow. The young Spaniard, born in America, inherits certain of the ostentatious vanities of his father, who has had him brought up without any regard to the religion of his ancestors. Mr. Lincoln knows his part of New England very well, and his devoted readers are quite satisfied with him as he is. He is safe morally; he knows that most of the questions of sex were settled long ago, and he has no interest in reviving the ideas of the Cave Men or of the females of their species. Perhaps it would spoil Mr. Lincoln for his constantly increasing groups of readers, if he were to look a little deeper into the essential conflicts and differences which are arising in his own chosen State through the disappearance of the remains of rigid Puritanism and the rising of a deep conviction of the supernatural through the incoming of the foreigners who, like the "Portygee," are the new Americans.

If one of the qualities which count for the valid existence of novels is that of making us forget the little worries and some of the big trials of life and another is that of offering us new windows in our little world for wider observation, there is 9

¹⁰ New York: D. Appleton & Co.

large group of novels before us which possess especially the first merit.

Here, for example, is *The Gold Girl*,¹¹ by James B. Hendryx. (The Putnam's have specialized in novels recently.) It is a story of the wilderness and a sheep camp—Patty Sinclair is like a good many other girls in these books of adventure—just what you would want a nice girl to be, only perhaps a little more untrammelled, and the hero is from life; the writing is smooth, clear and easy. *The Fur Bringers*,¹² by Hulbert Footner, has a very different kind of a hero. "Colina" is a Canadian girl, with a temper of her own, and a father from whom she has inherited it; the hero, who goes about matrimony in a very business-like way, finds that it is a rather difficult business; he has many adventures, and the course of true love is as rocky as it possibly could be under any circumstances; but you know the end.

In *Trailin'*, by Max Brand (another Putnam book), we have a fit companion volume for *The Fur Bringers* and *The Gold Girl*. The hero is one of those aristocratic New Yorkers who feel that their position in Society will be compromised if they attempt anything so unconventional as to break an almost unbreakable mustang in Madison Square Garden! One cannot help thinking that this young aristocrat was entirely too sensitive, and that he did not know the real opinions of the Racquet Club, for instance. When Anthony Woodbury gets on the trail, however, you feel safe. You can trust his eye and his muscle. You are as sure as when you run breathlessly through the pages of *Swiss Family Robinson* that everything will come out all right.

But when you turn to the *Fruit of the Desert*,¹³ by Richard Barry, you are not so sure, though Ranor Gaul is dying of tuberculosis in the beginning, and so Mr. Barry makes him interesting. *Fruit of the Desert* would be very well, if Mr. Ridgwell Cullum had not offered a more entrancing book in *The Heart of Unaga*. Here you are introduced to the "Sleeping Indians" and to a new world in the Far West very well imagined; the strange drug, "adresol," is even more weirdly important than the semi-precious "sunnites" which these remote Indians regard as sacred. In fact, *The Heart of Unaga* is one

¹¹ New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

¹² New York: The James A. McCann Co.

¹³ Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co.

of the best written, most interest-gripping romances of our deserts or of our wilderness.

Another romance of the wilds is by Mr. T. Morris Longstreth. It is called *Mac of Placid*.¹⁴ Mr. Longstreth knows the Adirondack country very well. His people live near the glitter of the lakes and real Northern winds sweep by them. This is a nature book and a very natural one.

Mr. Longstreth shows great power in managing his characters—managing is hardly the word—"creating" would be better. In the art of depicting character relentlessly he ranks very high. No novelist now writing has done a better piece of work than the painting of Ed. Touch. This equals, in rugged truth, any of the masterpieces of that artist, Evan Phillips; and one cannot help feeling the truth of the mental processes of his very manly hero, MacIntyre—"Mac" for short; but what will the devotees of eugenics say to the virtues of "Mac?" According to the teachings of their philosopher, "Mac" ought to have been killed at his birth or at least seriously disabled, for his "Pop" and "Ma" were detrimentals of the worst kind. Robert Louis Stevenson is sketched with the deft and sympathetic hand, a task which is as delicate as it is dangerous. There is a curious contradiction—or perhaps it is only an apparent contradiction in Mr. Longstreth's philosophy of life. While it is quite evident, that as the guardian angel of his hero, he loves purity for its own sake, he, at the same time, seems to agree with Mr. Stevenson's opinion, as expressed in this rather depressed speech:

"It is this, Mac. I resolve to do no more carrion. I have done too much in this carrion epoch. I will now be clean, and by clean I don't mean any folly about purity, but such things as a healthy man shall find fit to see and speak about without a pang of nausea."

It must be admitted that *Mac of Placid* is a fine piece of work. As a picture of life, as a very loving nature study, it must appeal to every discriminating reader. But the absence of religion, the lack of any appeal to the verities of Christianity or to Christianity as a rule of life makes it a sad book; and the pagan ending, by which the hero and the heroine unnecessarily make themselves outlaws, is a disappointment.

¹⁴ New York: The Century Co

If these out-of-door books did not so sedulously avoid reference to the supernatural, one would be more convinced of the reality of the merits of their characters. It must be said, however, that if the heroes and heroines of these romances have no taste for religion they at least have a reverence for it; and there is none of that *esprit gaulois*, which disguises a more brutal term that we regret to find in a neurotic, neurasthenic novel, called *The Romantic Woman*,¹⁵ by Mary Borden, which reminds one of some old-fashioned authors' descriptions of certain savage nobles of the Court of Peter the Great—"all diamonds and furs without, and all squalor and vermin within." But let that pass.

If some of the novels of the year are delightfully like *Swiss Family Robinson*, drenched with sentiment, there are others like *Paul and Virginia* drenched with sentimentalism. *Leerie*,¹⁶ by Ruth Sawyer, is one of these. We are told in the indispensable "jacket" that all the men were in love with Leerie, and consequently you wade in saccharine, until the cold breeze of matrimony make life more solid. Besides, you learn how free and easy and agreeable and full of sweetness a sanatorium may be when there are nurses like Leerie practically in command.

In *The Cresting Wave*,¹⁷ Edwin Bateman Morris attempts to show how immoral a successful business man may be in principle, and how foolish is he who gains a big pot of money and fails to marry the girl evidently intended for him by Providence. It has a sound moral, however, in spite of some rather sentimental exaggerations. Ruth, who saves the man in the end from himself, is almost hopeless before this announcement of his principles:

"My father is a discouraged man, with a record of nothing accomplished," said William Spade.

"But if he did what was right?"

"He did what he thought was right," Spade corrected.

"A person's conscience is a strange thing—it must be regulated like a watch. A time comes when it has to be set forward twenty-five or thirty years."

"The honesty," he went on, "of the old-fashioned man who sold a cake of soap over the counter was a simple mat-

¹⁵ New York: Alfred Knopf.

¹⁶ New York: Harper & Brothers.

¹⁷ Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Co.

ter. Not so very long ago most of our commercial transactions were like that. Now our world is unbelievably complex. When a dollar comes to us we cannot say from whose hand it comes. In the case of the cake of soap, the purchaser was the ultimate individual concerned in the transaction. It was possible to know whether he was wronged or not. But in the maze of our business, no human power could guess all the ultimate individuals of each transaction, and consider whether they would be wronged. Such honesty could only accompany the omniscience of God Himself."

It was not merely plausible glibness. It was conviction. The insidious part of the influence that worked upon him was that as each moral prop was withdrawn, there was substituted in its place a self-convincing reason for its withdrawal. Each step backward was accompanied by a conviction that it was a step forward. The absorbing of each principle that made for the decadence of the nation was felt to be the absorbing of a principle made necessary by the expanding and reaching up of the nation.

Poor Ruth! As she looked at this earnest figure with his broad shoulders turned to her, conviction was far from her. She was helpless before his words, but they could not extinguish the faith within her that right was always right and wrong was always wrong.

"And because of what you say," she asked him, gently, "do we abolish honesty altogether?"

His jaw closed firmly. "We certainly amend it," he replied, "to fit the conditions that exist."

How Ruth changed his point of view it would be the business of the interested reader to find out.

Mr. L. Frank Tooker is one of our two best novelists of the sea; and *The Middle Passage*¹⁸ is quite as good as his very successful book, *Under Rocking Skies*. When it comes to adventures, he forces our old friend, Captain Marryatt into the shadows. Moreover, he has a better style than Captain Marryatt, and he is free from that ignorant bigotry which spoils some of the most interesting pages of *Midshipman Easy*. Mr. Tooker is a master of the technique of the sea, and he knows how to visualize adventures and characters. *The Middle Passage* is decidedly the best sea book of the year. In fact, no author at

¹⁸ New York: The Century Co.

present writing has a more graphic style or a better sense of proportion and reality than Mr. Tooker. In *The Middle Passage* there is one explanation that has not been made. We are not informed how Whittaker, the young Englishman, in making his escape with his friend from an unpleasant predicament, found enough Latin, to answer to the inquiring friars—"In penitentia et tribulatione ambulamus?"

One of the latest books is Mr. Don Cameron Shafer's romance, *Barent Creighton*.¹⁹ Mr. Shafer has chosen an historical period yet untouched by American novelists—the time of the Anti-Rent War in New York, and he has the magic touch. He knows how to wave his wand and to take us back into that time when top boots and tight buckskin trousers were just going out of fashion. It is a very instructive and agreeable study of a little-known period; and it would be well for Mr. Shafer to offer some more of these memoirs to serve as introductions to history.

Barent Creighton reminds one of some of Miss Sadlier's stories of early New York. They are full of color, picturesque and well documented. There is great need of historical novels written not merely from a Catholic point of view, which is sometimes prejudiced, but written by Catholics, after the manner of the late Monsignor Benson, vivaciously, with human interest, and founded on authentic historical sources.

¹⁹ New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

New Books.

DEMOCRATIC INDUSTRY. By Joseph Husslein, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.50.

The Middle Ages are still an unknown realm to most people. A conspiracy of long standing, still fostered by many who have no malevolent intentions has blinded most of us to the intense Christian activity of those centuries, especially in the development of sound relations between man and his work, and man and society. One of the evils that has arisen from this contempt for the Middle Ages is the comforting opinion that our economic system is better than anything that has gone before. Paganism meant slavery, and the Middle Ages meant serfdom, it is said. The modern world has rid itself of those two crimes, and so we live in a world in which social institutions are sounder than ever before. The conclusion is implied that we need not worry. The Renaissance and the Reformation helped to bring the Middle Ages into disrepute, and Capitalism, growing out of the Renaissance and the Reformation, has profited by the false information which scholars, imbued with hatred of the Middle Ages, have dispensed. Then there arose a peculiarly pleasant belief that the new times are the best times and that what is latest is best. Father Husslein's book is good medicine for this anemic attitude. For he tells the facts about the economic system of the Middle Ages.

Prefaced by a brief account of the pagan days of slavery and followed by an account of certain newer applications of a halting guild spirit and certain suggestions for its fuller development, the body of his book deals with the guilds of the Middle Ages. By telling what men centuries ago were able to do, by showing the wonders of the guilds of Europe, and by outlining how common men once controlled their working lives and produced goods without being life-long employees, Father Husslein deals a number of blows at a number of enemies. He deals a blow at those who think the Catholic Church is a gigantic conspiracy against all that is good and noble and all that is of real benefit to men in their daily lives. He deals a blow at those who hate Christians, for the standards of the Middle Ages were Christian standards, regardless of the frequent failure of men to live up to them. He deals a blow at the self-satisfied philosophy of the last fifty years and its pitiful reliance upon evolution. Still further, he deals a blow at those who cynically despise ideals and

religion as motives for social change. And he indicates that the present autocracy and plutocracy in economic relations are not necessary. Pagan slavery was born of the contempt men had for manhood.

Father Husslein's book should be read by Catholics, if for no other reason than to learn what the guilds were. We live in a capitalistic society, and along with others we are ready to look upon our society as approximately sound in its social relations. The possibility of comparing Capitalism with the guild system will strengthen our hold on the Church and will urge us to restore all things in Christ. Father Husslein also adds a Social Platform for the present day which merits wider circulation.

VITALISM AND SCHOLASTICISM. By Sir Bertram C. A. Windle.

St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$3.00 net.

Vitalism and Scholasticism has for its theme the existence of a vital principle in living beings, distinct from, and superior to, physical and chemical forces. There is much need of such a volume. Henry Frank's *Modern Light on Immortality* is only one of many popularizations of Haeckel's monism. In these books biochemistry and bio-physics and other modern sciences have been made to bolster up an evolutionary materialism; and since physical science and not sound reasoning is the key to popular confidence, the enemies of spiritualism have been able to gain and hold much ground.

Sir Bertram Windle's attack on this pseudo-science is trenchant and decisive. His own scientific ability and standing are unquestioned, and the authority of his name is, in itself, an argument in favor of vitalism. But, in addition, he presents a wealth of the very latest scientific data, which, though couched in popular terms, is exact, complete and cogently ordered. There can be no doubting of his thesis, that science is unalterably opposed to the modern physico-chemical explanations of life.

The book opens with a history of the vitalistic belief, and the rise of the modern denials. This is followed by a brief popular statement of the Scholastic position. The rest of the book is devoted to an examination of the data of science—the constitution and nature of cell-life, its growth and development. Only one conclusion is drawn—that science teaches today, as in the days of Aquinas, that life is different from non-life, that vitalism is the only true explanation of the phenomena we observe in plants and animals and men.

The reader closes the last page, charmed by the simple, yet eloquent and forceful style, delighted with the wealth of his-

torical and scientific information, convinced of the truth of the vitalistic thesis. There is only one tiny regret—that the work was not carried further. We have need not only of this negative apologetical treatment of the subject—the refutation of the sophistical claims of Haeckel and his school—but a need also of a treatment, in the same readable style, of the positive conclusions which may be drawn from this same data, in regard to the real nature and constitution of the vital principle.

EUROPE AND THE FAITH. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: The Paulist Press. \$2.25 net.

This intensely interesting book is one of deep import as a *vade-mecum* and a guide in the reading and study of history, and as a source of inspiration for truly Catholic thought and action in the present critical years. The Christian soul says: "If only the world would return to the faith of Christ." Mr. Belloc says, with the logic of the facts of history in his hands: "The world must return to the faith of Christ or it will perish."

To call this a Catholic philosophy of history would give a wrong impression. Yet it is a most remarkable and valuable contribution toward a Catholic philosophy of history. It traces out the main line of historical development from the time of Our Lord to the present crisis. And its method is that of strict historical induction.

The historical argument is unique; it is not simply another appeal to history along familiar lines; it is a new key to unlock the whole of Christian history, and it reveals some rather astonishing things. The author proposes to set things right, to give the reader what "no modern book in the English tongue" gives, namely a correct conspectus of the past: "There are innumerable text-books in which a man may read the whole history of . . . a country from, say, the fifth to the sixteenth century, and never hear of the Blessed Sacrament: which is as though a man were to write of England in the nineteenth century without daring to speak of newspapers and limited companies."

The civilization of Europe, and America, which is now at stake, is essentially Christian civilization. It is the civilization of ancient Rome made Christian by the Catholic Church, perfected in the Middle Ages, wrecked by the Reformation, and now in danger of utter ruin.

It is not true that the Roman Empire "fell" and that Roman civilization was "destroyed," by the coming of "numerous and vigorous barbarians possessing all manner of splendid pagan qualities—which usually turn out to be nineteenth century Protestant

qualities." The ancient Roman Empire declined chiefly because of internal conditions, and the ancient civilization was saved by the Catholic Church.

The Dark Ages, from the fifth to the eleventh century, were alive with heroic military action which saved Europe from invasions on all sides. Meanwhile the ancient heritage lay dormant, its outward development ceasing, but its content deepened and enriched in its repose. The Middle Ages, from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, produced, on the foundation of ancient civilization and after the repose of the Dark Ages, "a civilization which was undoubtedly the highest and the best that our race has known." "While it flourished, all that is specially characteristic of our European descent and nature stood visibly present in the daily life, in the large, as in the small, institutions of Europe." But this splendid, united Christendom of the Middle Ages never reached its full development, it did not become permanent, for its power was broken in that great disaster of history which is often called "The Reformation."

The Reformation was not simply the lamentable work of certain proud-minded and willful individuals. It was partly the breaking out of a general, irrepressible and largely justified discontent. It was due also to a very rapid increase in technical power and physical knowledge and to a mad desire for wealth. And it was due, furthermore, largely to the peculiar idolatry of state absolutism in the beginning of modern times. Particularly was this true in England. And the decisive thing, that which made the Reformation a permanent wound in the social body, was the defection of England. For England lent "the strength of a great civilized tradition to forces whose original initiative was directed against European civilization and its tradition." This great disaster, the rupture of Christendom and the dissolution of the forces that should make for Christian civilization, has determined all subsequent historical development. The consequent processes have not yet come to judgment: but perhaps their judgment is near. As they mature it becomes more and more evident that the very structure of European society is threatened with chaos and ruin. "Europe must return to the Faith, or she will perish."

The author's primary purpose in this book is not to investigate new fields of historical research; it is rather to weigh given evidence and to set facts in their true light and correct proportion, and thus to bring out the general trend of historical development and to give the reader a right conspectus of the past. If many points of detail are not new, the explanation of their import and

bearing is original. In some cases the author's critical examination of sources is particular and minute. If the text were accompanied by source-references it would be a valuable guide to historical analysis, as it certainly is a remarkable work of historical synthesis.

The book appeared in September and is already in its second edition.

PEOPLE OF DESTINY. By Philip Gibbs. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.00 net.

The "people of destiny" are Americans, the United States; in our hands lies the future of the world—that is the theme of this book by the most widely read of the late War correspondents. Unlike most foreign critics, Sir Philip has a friendly approach, and the note of praise struck in the title is predominant throughout. This is a welcome variation, and yet his first few chapters are so insistently laudatory that one feels his praise issues more from his will than from his judgment, that he is simply determined to see good, and one longs—perversely, no doubt—for more shading in the picture. In the closing chapters, however, he comes to grips with his subject and gives a more balanced verdict.

In the chapter, "America's New Place in the World," after showing that America, whether she wishes it or not, must abandon her former position of aloofness from European affairs, the author concludes with the belief that "America's destiny will be glorious for mankind, not because I think that the individual American is a better, nobler, more spiritual being than the individual Englishman, Frenchman, or Russian, but because I see, or think I see, that this great country is inspired more than any other nation among the big powers by the united, organized qualities of simple, commonplace people, with kindness of heart, independence of spirit, and sincerity of ideas, free from the old heritage of caste, snobbishness, militarism, and fetish-worship which still lingers among the Junkers of Europe. . . . It is a nation of nobodies, great with the power of the common man and the plain sense that governs his way of life. Other nations are still ruled by their 'somebodies'—by their pomposities and High Panjandrums. But it is the nobodies whose turn is coming in history, and America is on their side."

"What England Thinks of America" is the most valuable chapter in the book. In it the author makes clear that democratic rule does not mean individual liberty, why there is less toleration of individualism in America than in England, and how it

comes that the British system of government and its social structure rising by caste gradations are capable of tremendous reforms without violent convulsions, as contrasted with America, where "the clash between Capital and Labor will be more direct and more ruthless in its methods of conflict on both sides." Certain observers, he says, forecast two possible ways of development in the future history of the American people, one a social revolution on Bolshevik lines, the other the way of militarism. Sir Philip disagrees altogether with the second prophecy, and partly with the first, though he does believe that there will be some sort of revolution, not less radical because not violent.

In the final chapter, "Americans in Europe," Sir Philip shows Americans in relief work before and after the War and as combatants during it, and pays them high and heartfelt tribute. Concerning our soldiers he was struck, he says, "by the exceptionally high level of individual intelligence among the rank and file, and by the general gravity among them. The American private soldier seemed to me less repressed by discipline than our men. He had more original points of view, expressed himself with more independence of thought, and had a greater sense of his personal value and dignity. . . They were harder, less sympathetic; in a way, I think, less imaginative and spiritual than English or French. They had no tolerance with foreign habits or people."

On the whole, the fault of this book lies in the fact that the author in his first few weeks in the United States was so impressed by the friendly spirit and warm hospitality of Americans that his perceptive powers became impaired, though later, when he got into the interior of the country, he remedied this defect; its merit—and an uncommon merit it is in these days of discontent and disillusion—lies in the fact that it is the product of an unwavering idealist, possessing a keen sense of world politics and offering a noble solution for world problems.

THE RIGHT REV. EDWARD DOMINICK FENWICK, O.P.,
Founder of the Dominicans in the United States and First
Bishop of Cincinnati. By Very Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O.P.,
S.T.M. New York: Frederick Pustet Co., Inc. \$3.50.

Father O'Daniel's well-done *Life* of the first American Superior of his Order, and Ohio's first Bishop, is noteworthy from several points of view. It is a valuable work historically, and also for the sidelights it throws upon contemporaneous politico-religious conditions in Europe, where practically all of the future friar's training was received and whence he turned, later, for help.

It is scarcely less valuable as a laboratory demonstration, so to speak, in pastoral theology.

We are here shown a man who, not because of extraordinary mental gifts—though these were not inconsiderable; nor yet because of strong physique, for as a matter of fact his health was never rugged; but because of a supreme devotion to the Spouse to Whom he had given himself in his youth, was enabled to serve both God and man in a way to compel the admiration of his own and succeeding generations. A missionary Bishop so zealous for those whom he loved to call his “stray sheep” as to ride nearly one hundred miles out of his way to look up one Catholic, and who, in an almost dying condition, traveled more than two thousand miles by stage and boat to visit his spiritual children for the last time, may be fittingly compared with Francis Xavier. Like that great Saint, Edward Dominic Fenwick died unattended save by the watching angels and their Queen.

Father O'Daniel has performed his task well. The narrative is colorful and interesting, without sacrifice of accuracy. Notes and references are carefully indicated; illustrations are of the best; and at the end of the volume there is an excellent bibliography and index.

A HANDBOOK OF PATROLOGY. By Rev. J. Tixeront, D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50 net.

In the three volumes of his *History of Dogma* the Abbé Tixeront of the University of Toulouse has written an excellent summary of the teaching of the Fathers. In his *Précis de Patrologie*, which has just been translated into English, he confines himself to Patrology strictly so called, *i. e.*, the study of the life and works of the Fathers of the Church. The volume is divided into three periods: 1. The Fathers of the first three centuries; 2. The Golden Age of patristic literature (313-461); 3. The decline and end of patristic literature (461-750).

This Handbook is remarkable for its brief, but clear-cut, estimates of the place of the different Fathers in the history of the development of dogma. For example: “The main purpose of St. Ignatius, martyr, in all his letters is to warn the faithful against the errors and divisions which certain agents of heresy and schism endeavored to sow among them.” . . . “But although Hermas is not a learned man, he is a shrewd observer and has a sane and just mind, a tender heart, and a good practical judgment—qualities which unite in making him an excellent moralist.” . . . “Origen is essentially a Biblical theologian, who formulated almost his entire theology in writing his commentaries on the Scriptures. His

theology is not without faults, and its defects have drawn upon the author many contradictions and even condemnations." . . . "St. Augustine is the greatest genius the Church has ever possessed. His ready and comprehensive mind was capable of grasping the most divergent subjects and of adapting itself to them all. He was a metaphysician and a psychologist, a theologian and an orator, a moralist and an historian. He dealt with controversy and exegesis, mathematics and æsthetics, music and grammar, and even wrote poetry." . . . "The intellectual quality which stands out preëminently in St. Gregory seems to be sound common sense, tantamount in his case to genius, always suggesting to him the best course to follow, and enabling him to keep the right measure in everything."

LES LETTRES PROVINCIALLES DE BLAISE PASCAL. Edited by H. F. Stewart, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.60.

This volume of the French series of the Modern Language Texts published by the University of Manchester has been edited by Dr. H. F. Stewart, prelector in French studies at Trinity College, Cambridge. In his preface he acknowledges his indebtedness to the many editors who have preceded him—Maynard, Michel, De Soyres, Havet, Molinier, Brunschvig, Boutroux and Gazier. In his introduction he discusses in a rather inaccurate and superficial fashion the many problems suggested by Pascal, viz.: the Catholic doctrine of free will and grace, the teachings of St. Augustine, Jansen, Arnauld and Molina, the so-called lax morality of the Jesuits, etc. His mistakes may easily be corrected by reading carefully any seminary text-book on dogma and morals.

Dr. Stewart admits that Pascal withdrew from the Jansenists before his death, and ceased writing in their favor once Rome gave its final decision condemning them; but he is wrong in asserting that Pascal by his *Provincial Letters* "stiffened the moral conscience and armed it against the misuse of casuistry." He did nothing of the kind.

Pascal was most unfair in speaking of the Jesuits, as if they were the only casuists in the Church, or, as if they were the only ones worthy of censure. Of the many thousands of cases in the Jesuit treatises on moral theology he selects only one hundred and thirty-two decisions, which in reality amount to but eighty-nine if we exclude repetitions. An analysis of these cases leaves little for a non-Catholic—if he be honest—to cavil at. Some of them are common sense decisions, which could only be

denounced out of crass ignorance or blind prejudice. For instance: that a starving man may take food without being guilty of theft; that one may eat and drink things because one likes them, not merely to sustain life; that a man is not guilty of abduction if his companion freely consents to run away with him; that a bankrupt may be left enough of his fortune to live decently; that ecclesiastical laws lose their force when they become obsolete. Some decisions are travestied by the omission of a saving clause or definition which altogether changes their meaning. Everyone, for example, would admit that it is immoral for a servant to coöperate in his master's wrongdoing. But his indignation will vanish once he finds that the case in question supposes the servant an innocent party to the wrongdoing. The servant is posting his master's letter advising a friend to steal from the State, but he is guiltless, inasmuch as he does not know the contents of the letter.

Scholars have pointed out in Pascal two hundred errors of detail, one hundred more of suppression of context, and at least three of absolutely false citations. Out of the entire list of one hundred and thirty-two decisions, eight only have been condemned at Rome (on dueling), three on occult compensation and equivocation are so arranged out of their context as to appear immoral, and three others on simony, the passing of money between judge and client, and usury are to say the least of doubtful interpretation.

We are certain that the non-Catholics who constantly allude to Pascal's "fearful onslaught" upon the immoral teachings of the Jesuits have for the most part never read his book. If by a chance they have read it, they certainly are not competent judges owing to their utter ignorance of moral theology.

From a literary standpoint, the *Letters of Pascal* are the first prose masterpieces in the French language. Voltaire even called them "the first book of genius written in France." The contents of the letters are negligible because of Pascal's unfairness, but they live because of their inimitable style—full of wit, eloquence, humor, irony, dramatic power, and clearness of expression.

METHODS AND MATERIALS OF LITERARY CRITICISM. By Gayley and Kurtz. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$3.00.

This book is the second of a series, entitled *Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism*, the volumes of which, though contributing to a common aim, are severally independent. The first volume published in 1899 was an introduction to the bases in

æsthetics and poetics, theoretical and historical. The present volume applies the methods there developed to the comparative study of the lyric, the epic and some allied forms of poetry. A third volume which, we are informed, is approaching completion, will present tragedy, comedy and cognate forms.

The volume is the work of Professors Gayley and Kurtz of the University of California Department of English, and is designed especially for the use of scholars and investigators more or less advanced, ". . . in short, for those who make of criticism a discipline, an aim, or a profession." The work here accomplished is an honor to American literary scholarship and is of great and enduring value. It is by such exact and patient surveys as this that the foundations of the house of American scholarship are being well and truly laid. (We have noticed, in a casual glance through the pages, two misprints: page 184 and in the Index—F. G. Tucker for T. G. Tucker. And on page 826, Monohan for Monahan. Under "Greek Anthology" might well have been mentioned G. B. Grundy's fine collection of translations, *Ancient Gems in Modern Settings*.)

HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY. Collected and arranged by Thomas Walsh, Ph.D., Litt.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.00.

Dr. Thomas Walsh has earned the gratitude of all lovers of good literature by the enterprise, industry, scholarship, and taste he has displayed in the preparation of this fine anthology. Nothing like it has hitherto been attempted, and it is sure to hold the field for many years to come, and to render itself increasingly indispensable to all students and lovers of Spanish poetry. Dr. Walsh offers his compilation "as a spontaneous tribute of affectionate admiration to the contemporaneous Spanish poet—both Peninsular and American—from his English-speaking brethren of the North." No praise can be too high for the painstaking thoroughness and the exhaustive editorial research of which so many of these pages give evidence. It will, perhaps, be a surprise to some readers to observe in the list of translators, which is prefixed to the volume, some of the most distinguished names in modern English and American poetry: Byron, Southey, and Edward Fitzgerald, for example; and Longfellow and Bryant. Arthur Symons' delicately beautiful translations are here; and the learned editor, himself an American poet of indubitable distinction, has contributed many versions of no little grace and charm. Catholic readers will especially rejoice to possess, in this delightful form, some of the most impressive work of the great Spanish mystical poets, Fray Luis de León, St. John of the Cross,

and St. Teresa. Certainly the *Hispanic Anthology* is a book to buy, to treasure, and to read again and again. As a book of reference it will prove invaluable.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH AND CHRISTIAN REUNION.

By Rev. Arthur C. Headlam, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.00 net.

The Bampton lectures for 1920 were given by Rev. Arthur C. Headlam, the Regis professor of divinity in the University of Oxford. They discuss an historical problem, the origin of the Christian ministry, and a practical problem, the problem of reunion.

The writer, condemning himself, well says: "Only too often the professed adoption of the historical method appears to be but a device for concealing one's bias;" for on page after page he misrepresents and misinterprets the evidence that lies plainly before him.

At the very outset, for example, he asserts that Our Lord "did not directly found the Church," that no particular theory of the Church and no form of Church government can find any support, direct or indirect, in His teaching." This prepares the way for his denial of the Papacy, which he detests, and for his rejection of episcopacy, which he declares "is not in the Bible, but a later, sub-apostolic development." Neither in the Scriptures nor the Fathers can he find any warrant for Apostolic succession, sacerdotalism, or sacramentalism. To his mind the Catholic Church's teaching on the sacrament of Orders is begotten of a magical theology which she borrowed from St. Augustine.

Dr. Headlam's idea of the Church is very Protestant: "It consists of all those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and are baptized." The marks of the Church are not real distinguishing notes by which we can tell the true Church from the false, but merely ideals to be aimed at. No Church can in reality claim to be One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic. Schism we are told means "a division of the body. When, therefore, such a division has occurred both sides are schismatics"—a very novel form of Anglican logic, which proves conclusively that the Roman Church is schismatic, and responsible for the Eastern Schism and the Protestant Reformation.

The abuse of the Papacy with which this volume abounds *ad nauseam*, reminds one of an old controversial tract of the sixteenth century. It is certainly unworthy of any University lecturer. The Jesuits, too, as defenders of the Papacy come in for their share of dispraise. Reunion with Rome is impossible, be-



cause she claims to be the infallible mouthpiece of the revelation of Jesus and the Twelve; because she condemns the Established Church as heretical and schismatical; because she claims universal jurisdiction; because she condemns Anglican Orders as utterly invalid; because she teaches Apostolic succession, seven sacraments, transubstantiation, an infallible Pope.

Dr. Headlam turns then to the other Churches "which are prepared to approach one another on equal terms." The Bible and the Nicene Creed interpreted at will are to be the doctrinal basis of "unity in variety." The orders of every Protestant church are to be recognized as valid, with episcopacy not of divine origin the common basis of church order.

In a final chapter Dr. Headlam says he is pained because whenever any proposal for Reunion is made, certain High Churchmen begin to assert their principles in a very noisy manner. He assures them that they are sectarian and Protestant unless they are willing to hearken to the voice of the Church. That is the very crux of the problem: Established Church does not dare voice the Gospel in clear infallible voice. Can we blame an honest Protestant for rejecting a scheme for reunion which empties the Gospel of the greater part of its divine content? It is mere hypocrisy to pretend to unite in a creed which admits no certain interpretation, and in a worship, or Eucharist, the meaning of which no one is able to define.

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT. By Zephine Humphrey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

Miss Humphrey's latest novel is a return to the field of religious interests, with which her *Grail Fire* dealt far more successfully than does the present work. It is a singular production which, at times, might be taken for a satire directed against the "High Church" branch of the Anglican Church, did not her obvious sincerity preclude this interpretation. Blank bewilderment will be the probable effect upon any Catholic-bred reader, who is unacquainted with the lack of uniformity obtaining in that communion. For that matter, it might be interesting to know just how far its "advanced" members will feel their school of thought to be represented in the author's astonishing creation, Father Hartley. He is the rector of a Protestant Episcopal church, in which he has installed an elaborate ritual, being an ardent apostle of the "Catholic revival;" yet he says of confession that it is "one of the things about which I have not yet fully made up my mind," adding other remarks which reveal total ignorance of the nature and value of the sacrament of Penance.

Despite the absence of this great experience, he nevertheless exercises an irresponsible, individualistic judgment that is startling all the more because the author so plainly believes that he is in solid possession of the real thing, in contrast with his curate, a young man of the dangerously emotional type.

Too much space is given to the airing of Father Hartley's spiritual views, especially as these do not influence the course of the heroine, one of his admiring and trusting parishioners, who alienates her young husband by tactless preoccupation with religious externals. A few crisp words of common sense, spoken at the right time, would have preserved her domestic happiness and averted the unpleasant episode in which she and the curate are involved toward the close of the story.

Miss Humphrey has shown no lack of temerity and assurance in handling the things of the spirit; but in so doing she has merely revolved around her subject without ever really grappling it. The novel, as a whole, is neither pleasing nor convincing.

THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. By Pere Suan, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.15.

This is a clear and non-controversial exposition of the teaching of the Church. As Father Martindale says in his preface: "This book will find a welcome because it is not controversial: it asserts; it does not argue. Men are tired of controversy. They want us to allow the Faith to shine. They are anxious to know what Catholic doctrine is—just to have it presented simply and coherently." It is an excellent book to put in the hands of an earnest inquirer.

NO DEFENCE. By Gilbert Parker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00 net.

In his latest book Sir Gilbert Parker gives us a stirring romance of the swashbuckler type, in which the reader is treated to a full measure of duels, murders, mutinies, revolts, and rescues. The scenes are laid in Ireland, England and the West Indies in the days following the French Revolution.

Dyck Calhoun, Irish gambler and ne'er-do-well, is falsely accused of the murder of his sweetheart's father. To save her good name he pleads "No Defence," and is sentenced to a long prison term for manslaughter. On his release he joins the English navy, and forthwith becomes the leader of a mutiny which again brings him face to face with the gallows. He escapes death by seizing a ship which he takes to the West Indies, and being a loyal imperialist, he saves the English fleet from defeat in a critical action with

the French near Jamaica. This wins him a pardon, and he is paroled by the Governor of Jamaica, who is about to win the hand of his old sweetheart. Just in the nick of time the real murderer appears, and by a death-bed confession makes it possible for the hero to marry the girl of his choice.

The author seems well able to depict the English soldier and sailor of the day, but he knows nothing of the Irish soul or character. His hero is English to the core, although dressed in Irish clothes.

THE LIBRARY OF PHOTIUS. Vol. I. By J. H. Freese, S.P.C.K. New York: The Macmillan Co.

There is no complete version of the *Bibliotheca* of Photius in English or in any other modern language. Students, therefore will welcome the translation in five volumes promised by J. H. Freese. The translator's task was an arduous one, as the text unfortunately is in many places uncertain, and no critical edition has appeared since Bekker's in 1824. The translation is well done, the notes most copious and accurate.

THE OTHER LIFE. By Rt. Rev. William Schneider, S.T.D., Bishop of Paderborn. Revised and Edited by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. New York: Joseph Wagner.

The first edition of this *Divina Commedia* in prose, as Bishop von Keppler called it, appeared in 1879. It is very popular in Germany, where it has gone through eleven editions. It outlines in a score of chapters the Catholic teaching on the immortality of the soul, heaven, hell, purgatory, and at the same time it takes the sting out of death by its consoling words to the afflicted.

NAPOLEON, A PLAY. By Herbert Trench. New York: Oxford University Press. \$2.00.

Mr. Trench has been long and honorably known as a poet, indeed one of the half-dozen most authentic artists in verse of our generation; and the recent publication in America of his collected poems in two volumes has widely extended the range of his fame. In *Napoleon* he comes forward for the first time as a dramatist. This fine play has already enjoyed successful stage representation in England, and it is to be hoped that an enterprising American manager will produce it on this side of the Atlantic. As a piece of literature it is of the highest quality, and abounds in passages of magnificent and moving eloquence. The characterization is admirable throughout and the situations and settings are engrossingly interesting. The period of the play is that of the imminent

invasion of England by Napoleon in the summer of 1805; the main characters are Geoffrey Wickham, a noble young idealist and scientist, whose dream it is to unite the people of the world in one: Geoffrey's father and mother and his brothers; and the great Emperor himself. Not since his widely different appearance in the pages of Lever's great novel has Napoleon been so intimately and understandingly treated in a work of imaginative literature. *Napoleon* is a remarkable play, and a noteworthy addition to our extremely small store of really distinguished contemporary dramatic writing.

LOVE AND MR. LEWISHAM. By H. G. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.90.

This is a new edition of what purports to be the author's own favorite among his works. It is told in the most graceful of styles, full of deft touches. It is, indeed, clever enough to be the work of a woman, but no woman could have treated her hero with such delicate banter as that with which Mr. Wells treats the callow Mr. Lewisham, who possesses high ambitions, a determination to regulate his life by a "*schema*," a budding mustache, and a defective sense of the ridiculous. We first meet Mr. Lewisham at eighteen, tutor in a boys' school at forty pounds a year. He studies hard and regulates his dates by a *schema*, whose inexorability is that of a railroad time-table. Enter love in the person of a damsel of seventeen and the story is on. Some cynic has maintained that when Poverty comes in at the window Love flies out at the door. But in the case of Mr. Lewisham and Ethel it was not love, but Mr. Lewisham's *schema* which was given such a summary exit. Thus ended the dual between the two, Love the victor as usual, and Mr. Lewisham, after a twelvemonth marriage, feels a thrill never experienced before in the realization that paternity will give him new responsibilities replete with a genuine dignity. The empty dreams of life have had their day; he is a boy no longer. Love has fired his heart, but gives stern burdens in requital. "This is life," murmurs Mr. Lewisham, acquiescently, and he tears his *schema* into bits and flings them into the waste basket.

MAUREEN. By Patrick MacGill. New York: Robert M. McBride Co. \$2.00 net.

This is the tale of Maureen O'Malley, a peasant girl of Donegal, whose unmarried mother leaves her a heritage of beauty and poverty. After wandering far from her native village, Dungarrow, Maureen secures employment as a servant, returning after two

years to find herself still beloved by Cathal Cassidy, her admirer of old days. They become engaged, but incur the hatred of Columb Ruagh Keeran, their senior by many years and the richest and most miserly man of the village. One night as Maureen awaits her lover's return from the fair, she seeks refuge from the cold and darkness in Keeran's cottage. The shadow of tragedy broods over the final chapters. Cathal, long delayed, reaches Keeran's cabin past midnight. Next morning the village is horrified, for dawn has uncovered a triple tragedy of the night, Maureen dead, Keeran upon the floor, his head battered in, and Cathal upon the threshold with a bullet through his heart. The minor characters are admirably drawn; the chief ones are less vivid and convincing. The weaknesses of the story are glaring: it is poor both in structure and in motivation. Keeran, in the final chapters, is drawn on the lines of Dickens at his worst, and the tragic conclusion brings the reader up with the jolt of an express train coming to a violent halt. Mr. MacGill has undoubted gifts and admirable material. His admirers trust that *Maureen* does not represent the full possibilities of either.

MOODS AND MEMORIES. By Edmund Leamy. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$2.00 net.

In spite of the protestations of Mr. Don Marquis' foreword we are not persuaded that Mr. Leamy is a poet. Surely Mr. Marquis' feeling for Leamy, the man, has hopelessly befogged his critical judgment of Leamy, the writer of verses! Having carefully examined the evidence presented in this volume we find no trace of genuine inspiration, no magic of phrase, no imaginative insight, nothing even remotely suggestive of poetry. Oh, yes! It is much better than anything Edgar Guest does; but then Mr. Marquis was speaking of *poetry*!

URSULA FINCH. By Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.25 net.

Miss Clarke has again produced a book which is both interesting and entertaining; yet appreciation is mingled with constant regret over the vehemence of her characterizations. It is improbable that such utter contrasts as Ursula and Daphne Finch exist in any family. What would seem to the American mind almost exaggerated submission to parental authority is not unusual in the English household, while absorbing pride in the eldest born is almost habitual, as is, all too often, its natural sequence of selfishness. Despite these well known facts the extreme difference between the two sisters is almost certainly overdrawn. They

suffer from the same glaring emphasis which we detect in the account of the Garroni family, Ursula's employers in Italy. The entire story resembles a painting which is interesting enough, yet from which we turn away; the color is too vivid, the eye turns for relief to a more reposeful scene, appreciating anew the subtlety of suggestion.

Miss Clarke's description of Rome is alive to the city's inner meaning. It is one of the book's most interesting aspects, yet it is not sufficiently stimulating to make one eager for intimate knowledge of her work. Depth cries to depth, and here one remains all too unmoved.

THE STANDARD OPERA GLASS. By Charles Annesley. New York: Brentano's. \$3.00.

This is a new and revised edition of an excellent and standard work. It contains the detailed plots of two hundred and thirty-five operas, well told, with the chief points brought out with admirable directness. The arrangement is simple and the indices ample. Old favorites appear here, as well as such modern operatic hits as *Madame Sans Gêne* and *Mona* by the recently deceased American composer, Horatio Parker. Operatic plots are notoriously hard to remember, especially if one ventures beyond the range of a dozen favorites. This compact and handsome volume of eight hundred pages serves to refresh the memory and acquaint one with operas which he has still to see. The efficient editor has made the opera-loving public his debtor, while the publishers deserve thanks for a handsome and compact volume which fits comfortably in reticule or pocket.

QUEEN LUCIA. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

E. F. Benson's *Queen Lucia* is a clever and amusing satire on the fads and superstitions of the idle rich, Christian Science, Spiritism, and Esoteric Buddhism. "Queen Lucia" is the self-satisfied arbiter of fashion and culture in the sleepy English village of Riseholme, but she queens it over her subservient vassals only because they are more stupid and ignorant than herself.

How this irreligious and unmoral group of modern English men and women are fooled by Indian cooks and cheap adventuresses masquerading as wise Gurus from Benares and cultured princesses from Russia, is told in a most sprightly and entertaining manner. The book is not a novel, but a comedy of manners, bordering at times upon farce. Queen Lucia is dethroned for a

time, when her followers discover that she cannot tell good music from bad, and that the lions of her pink teas are all impostors or criminals. But because all these silly people of fashion must have somewhere to go, and because insincerity is the badge of all their tribe, Queen Lucia comes to her own again.

RED TERROR AND GREEN, *The Sinn Fein-Bolshevist Movement.*

By Richard Dawson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

This is another of the books, several of which have been published by the company issuing the volume under consideration, which is so evidently prepared from the standpoint of reactionary British interests as to become propaganda in its most palpable and, therefore, most useless form. Only those whose prejudices are already so highly inflamed in behalf of Ulster toryism that they need no further convincing, will find *Red Terror and Green* anything more than fantastic in its assumption that Sinn Fein has entered into an active alliance with Bolshevism.

BECK OF BECKFORD. By M. E. Francis. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.00.

All that comes to us from this author is acceptable; but to say that her latest novel fairly represents her would indicate depreciation of some of its predecessors, such as *Dark Rosaleen*. The present work, a tale of English country life, has considerable story, involving a test of fidelity to the Faith; yet the plot fails to score, for lack of skillful handling. Many points go for nothing; yet better construction could have made them effective. The book is wholesome and pleasant enough, but seems best suited to readers who are still at the naïve and unexacting age.

IN THE ONYX LOBBY. By Carolyn Wells. New York: George H. Doran Co.

There is probably no more certain escape from the commonplace of everyday life or its anxieties than a really clever detective story. On the other hand, one knows no surer form of exasperation than a tale which promises interest—and fails. Miss Wells attempts to whet our curiosity over the origin of a singularly harrowing detective feminine feud, forgetting to gratify it in her interest over an ill-conducted murder investigation. But, if technically the story is feeble, artistically it is mediocre to the last degree. The conversations between Miss Prall and Mrs. Everett are distasteful by reason of their sheer vulgarity.

THE BLACK CARDINAL, by Rev. John Talbot Smith (New York: Blase Benziger & Co.). We are glad to welcome a second edition of Father Talbot Smith's charming story, which we reviewed in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* on its first appearance some years ago. It tells of the struggle between Elizabeth Patterson-Bonaparte, the Baltimore girl who married Prince Jerome, and the domineering Napoleon, who denied her admission to his court, and refused to recognize the marriage. It was a valid marriage, nevertheless, and was so declared by Pius VII. in the face of all Europe. The scenes of the story are laid in Baltimore, Paris, Rheims, and Fontainebleau, and the characters drawn to the life are Pius VII., Cardinals Fesch and Consalvi, Napoleon, Prince Jerome, Fouché, and the delightful heroine, Elizabeth Paterson.

BLESSED OLIVER PLUNKET, by a Sister of Notre Dame (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.00 net). Here we have a brief but complete account of the life of the Venerable Servant of God, Oliver Plunket, who was Archbishop of Armagh from 1669 to 1681, when he suffered for the faith on Tyburn Hill; he was beatified at Rome last May. Ordained at Rome in his twenty-fifth year, he was the representative of the Irish bishops at the Vatican and professor of theology at the Propaganda until his elevation to the primacy of all Ireland. The scope of the book does not allow for great development of any part; but the story of Oliver's life before the episcopate, occupying but twenty pages, is perhaps unduly compressed. Still, we cannot regret that by far the greatest space is allotted to his years at Armagh. His untiring labors inspired by a truly apostolic zeal, his problems of administration, his interest in education, his courage and resignation under persecution, all this makes truly edifying reading. To listen again to the oft-repeated story of what our fathers in God did and suffered to preserve for us the precious heritage of the Faith, will arouse in us a salutary sense of shame that we think so little of their sacrifice. It is a pity that the book is priced so high; neither binding nor paper is of the quality one would expect from the price.

THE SHAPING OF JEPHSON'S, by Kent Carr (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.). The childless Lady Alicia, won by the pretty baby face of Miky James, provides in her will for his education in an English public school. Her only heir, the famous General Fowkws, Governor of an Indian province, leaves all the details of the child's future to his agent, who dishonestly keeps the boy on a most meagre allowance. The story tells how the honest lad, who was not at all ashamed of his poverty, wins his way to the leadership of his companions despite the persecution and snobbery of his rich rivals. The book will hardly attract an American boy, because it takes for granted school conditions he would not tolerate for an instant, and speaks enthusiastically of games like cricket which do not interest him in the slightest degree.

WINGS OF THE WIND, by Credo Harris, is another of the post-War novels. (New York: Small, Maynard & Co.) The author endeavors to soothe the shattered nerves of a young soldier just returned by introducing a cruise to the romantic regions of Florida and the West Indies. Accompanied by a comrade with overseas experience, he goes aboard his father's yacht and sails off to seek diversion. And he is diverted! In no time he finds himself in the meshes of an international intrigue which centres about a charming young woman. Needless to say, the cure is accomplished.

The story teems with thrilling incidents. The plot, however, is trite.

EN ROUTE, by J. K. Huysmans (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50) is a new edition of the English translation of the first novel in J. K. Huysmans' famous trilogy, comprising *En Route*, *La Cathédral*, and *L'Oblat*, in which he traced the conversion and spiritual development of a certain Durtal, a novelist and art critic in whom Huysmans himself is to be recognized, with certain reservations. *En Route* stands very well that most searching test of literary merit, a careful rereading. Few modern novels can pass through this ordeal successfully. To Huysmans is granted by modern literary criticism a high place as a stylist; a very original, at times difficult, and perhaps also rather incorrect stylist, yet nevertheless a stylist who has set his individual seal upon French prose, and has been an influence of major consequence in the development of modern fiction. To Huysmans, as to many other of the really big novelists, the novel is an instrument of culture, a branch of literary fine art, concerning itself with ideas and psychological interests of the highest concern to humanity. His work, therefore, will never find more than a restricted circle of readers, but in that restricted circle *En Route* will be recognized as one of the principal fictions of our times, and a fresh proof of the power of Catholicity to inspire great art.

THE BELLS OF OLD QUEBEC, by James B. Dollard, Litt.D. (Toronto: The Extension Press). This attractive booklet will appeal to lovers of the pious French tradition in Canada. Dr. Dollard's verses are devotional and historical in theme, celebrating such heroic stories as those of Etienne Brulé, Brébeuf, Lalement and other priests, nuns and pioneers who stamped upon "New France" the seal of glory and of sanctity.

ERSKINE DALE, PIONEER, by John Fox, Jr. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00). John Fox's posthumous novel, *Erskine Dale*, deals with the pioneer days of Kentucky and Virginia. The hero, a romantic figure of the Cooper type, is a white boy raised among the Shawnee Indians, and serves as a connecting link between them and the settlers of Colonial days. He accompanies George Rogers Clark on his famous expedition, takes part in the continual border warfare and

fight against the English in the Revolutionary War. It is a good book to give to the American boy, for it abounds in stirring adventures, and at the same time gives a good insight into the everyday life of the pioneers.

MMARGARET, OR WAS IT MAGNETISM? by Gilbert Guest (Omaha, Neb.: Burkley Printing Co. 60 cents). Sister M. Angela, of the Convent of Mercy, Omaha, has written a charming story for children. Her little heroine, Margaret, travels alone from New York to San Francisco, winning the hearts of all her fellow-travelers by her simplicity and piety.

THE EVE OF PASCUA, by Richard Dehan (New York: George H. Doran Co.), is a collection of this popular author's short stories, of which the first gives its title to the volume. On the whole, the book well sustains her reputation. There are sixteen tales, widely different in character, ranging from the tragic to the farcical, and exhibiting considerable fancy and invention. They are well told; and, while none is of unusual importance, the combined result offers a very fair quality of entertainment.

LADY LILITH, by Stephen McKenna (New York: George H. Doran Co.). Lady Barbara Neave, the Lady Lilith of Stephen McKenna's latest novel, is an unmoral society butterfly, utterly unrestrained in her heartless egotism and conceit, and utterly contemptuous of the ordinary standards of decency and decorum. Why the author should picture her as a Catholic is hard to discover, for from first to last she gives not the slightest evidence of her faith. She is about to be tamed into submission by an unprincipled lover, who is received into the Church without accepting any of its teachings. His Oxford training must have been very defective from the standpoint of ethics, for he defends himself on the plea that the end justifies the means. The Great War fortunately disposes of this ardent tamer of shrews, and Lady Barbara makes little scruple about accepting the next comer, who once was kindly to her on a train journey.

The author gives us a picture of present day social and political life in London, but we sincerely trust that his heroine is not typical of the modern English woman.

INTIMATE LETTERS FROM PETROGRAD, by Pauline Crosley (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) were written in 1917 and 1918 by the wife of an American officer, temporarily attached to the State Department as an attaché to our Embassy at Petrograd. They begin with the writer's arrival in Russia, and extend to her rather dramatic escape through Finland after the outbreak of the Bolshevik Revolution. The book is remarkable for its unbiased opinions and its clear estimate of the political situation, as well as for its realistic account of the chaotic conditions of Russia in the first days of its downfall.

A POOR WISE MAN, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (New York: George H. Doran Co.) Mrs. Rinehart has taken as the theme of her latest novel the conflict between Capital and Labor in the United States. The hard-hearted, domineering steel magnate, Andrew Cardew, despising the worker as a mere machine, is drawn in striking contrast with the crafty Bolshevik, Jim Doyle, who despises the capitalist and preaches the destruction of Capitalism root and branch. With Doyle is allied Louis Akers, an immoral, unscrupulous lawyer-politician, who is responsible for many a coarse scene which our author might well have omitted. By a cruel nemesis the two daughters of the Steel King come to marry the two scoundrels of the story—a rather improbable happening in real life. Luckily, in a final chapter, the drug-clerk hero, Willy Cameron, succeeds in rescuing the heroine after the villain has been killed for treason by his radical friends. The story is well told, but our hearts are not touched by the romance of the impossible hero and heroine.

THE GIRL, HORSE, AND A DOG, by Francis Lynde (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00). Plenty of dash in this story, and genuinely interesting from beginning to end. Stannie Braughton's grandfather leaves him a mine in the West, but not without making him search for it, this because he was an idler. Between one hundred and five and one hundred and ten degrees of longitude west from Greenwich, and thirty-five and forty degrees of north latitude, this established the location. It could be identified by the presence of a girl with brown hair and blue eyes and a small mole on her left shoulder, a piebald horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Imagine the fun in following out these clues. The author has furnished this in his pages, making a most delightful book for reading.

EVERYDAY CHEMISTRY, by Alfred Vivian. New York: American Book Co.). The simplicity of teaching and of apparatus in this up-to-date text-book, will hold the attention of the pupil. Its author, Dean of the Ohio State College of Agriculture, has presented his subject in its practical relation to agriculture and home economics. The chemistry of food, plants, textiles, the soil, etc., are treated with illuminating clearness.

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY, by John L. Tormey, B.S.A., and Rolla C. Lawry, B.S.A. (New York: American Book Co.). A valuable series of agricultural texts dealing with the "art of breeding, feeding, and caring for live stock, and the fundamental laws of science upon which these practices are based." A comprehensive volume, well illustrated, and most useful to the intelligent student of modern farming, by a professor of Animal Husbandry, at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Recent Events.

Geneva.

The Assembly of the League of Nations meeting at Geneva continued throughout the month and is still in session. Hopes are entertained that by holding two meetings a day the Assembly may adjourn before Christmas. The most important constructive act in the work of the League was accomplished on December 13th, when the Assembly adopted a statute for a permanent international court of justice. The plan must be signed and ratified by a majority, or twenty-two members, of the League before it becomes effective. Provision is made for ratification by the United States. The court will sit at The Hague, will have eleven judges, but will not have compulsory jurisdiction. This lack of power in the court is considered the great weakness of the plan, and although thirty-six nations in the Assembly favored compulsory jurisdiction, France, Britain, Italy and Japan successfully opposed it.

Another important act of the Assembly was the adoption of the report of the Commission on Blockade, which outlined the economic measures to be used by the League against covenant-breaking nations. Here, too, however, the original plan was weakened by the decision of the Assembly leaving to each individual nation to decide whether a breach of the covenant, requiring the laying of the blockade, has occurred or not. The smaller nations refused to leave to the Supreme Council, controlled by the big Powers, the right to say when the blockade shall be applied.

The proposal of the Commission on Disarmament that during the next two years no member of the League should possess more armament than it had in 1920, met with strong opposition from Japan, which held that it was not fair for the League to impose conditions on its members while other nations, not members, such as the United States, were free from those restrictions. Eventually, the proposal was passed on the understanding that it was a mere recommendation, was not binding, and did not constitute a pledge on the part of the League. President Wilson declined the invitation of the Council of the League to name a representative on the Disarmament Commission, on the ground that the United States is not a member of the League.

Rejection by the Assembly of proposals by the Argentine delegation in favor of the immediate admission of all countries to the League and certain other fundamental amendments to the covenant, has resulted in the withdrawal of Argentina from the Assembly. The League decided to consider no amendments to

the present covenant till its next meeting in September, 1921. Rather than submit to this postponement the members for Argentina resigned. To balance this loss, Austria has been unanimously voted a member of the League by the commission for the admission of new nations, and the Assembly will almost certainly ratify this action. The commission has also reported in favor of the admission of Bulgaria, France alone opposing it.

At one of its first meetings the Assembly decided on a military force to insure execution of its orders. An army made up of French, British, Belgian, Spanish, Swedish, and Danish troops is to march into Lithuania to maintain order and supervise the plebiscite which the League Council has decided shall be held in Vilna and the surrounding territory to determine whether it shall be assigned to the Poles or the Lithuanians. The insurgent forces under the Polish general, Zellgouski, are to withdraw from Vilna as soon as the international army arrives. The Lithuanian Government has entered a protest against this plan and, while agreeing to the area suggested for the plebiscite, has asked for a delay of eight months before it is taken. The Lithuanian protest is caused by the attitude of Soviet Russia, with which Lithuania is officially at peace and which objects to the presence of foreign troops on Lithuanian soil. It is expected, however, that the international army will soon move into Vilna, and the plebiscite will probably be held in February.

A subject of much discussion in the Assembly has been the situation in Armenia. This country has suffered frightfully from the attacks of Turkish Nationalist forces under Mustapha Kemal. On the invitation of the Assembly, President Wilson has agreed to mediate between the Kemalists and Armenia in order to save the latter. Meanwhile, however, Armenia has been forced to sign a Peace Treaty with the Nationalists, under which Armenia's territory is reduced to only the region of Erivan, the capital, and Lake Gokcha, excluding Kars and Alexandropol. The Treaty also stipulates that practically all of Armenia's armament must be delivered to the Turks. A Soviet administration has been organized in Erivan, according to reports, and a complete accord exists between Soviet Russia, Azerbaijan, Armenia, and the Turkish Nationalists. This latest development in Far Eastern affairs has been brought about by pressure on Armenia from the north and south by Russian Bolsheviki and the Nationalists under Kemal, and also by the changed situation in Greece.

Greece.

As a result of a plebiscite held throughout Greece on December 5th to decide whether the Greek people would recall ex-King Constantine to the throne made vacant by the death of his son,

King Alexander, an overwhelming majority voted in favor of Constantine resuming power. Constantine was forced from the throne by the Allies because of his alleged pro-German sympathies during the War, and has been living in Switzerland for the last three and a half years. All preparations have been made for his return. The chief events leading up to Constantine's recall and the general circumstances surrounding the Greek situation are as follows.

When Constantine was forced from the throne under Allied pressure in 1916, his chief antagonist, Venizelos, was elected Premier and Constantine's second son, Alexander, made King. Venizelos entered into a strong agreement with the Allied Governments, and since the armistice one of the main points of his policy has been the maintenance of a large army in Asia Minor and the Near East to enforce the Turkish Treaty and hold the Nationalists in check. Recent events have largely nullified this programme—in October the accidental death of Alexander, and early in November the defeat of Venizelos at the polls. George Rhallis was declared the new Premier, and the Queen Mother Olga named Regent pending the result of the election just held. Before this last election Great Britain and France endeavored to prevent the choice of Constantine by threatening to withdraw their financial support from Greece, and since then both Governments have presented notes demanding the payment of outstanding loans and forbidding the issuance by Greece of paper money already printed against a loan of 400,000,000 drachmas, which was arranged during the régime of Venizelos. Attempts are now being made to induce Constantine to abdicate in favor of his third son, the Duke of Sparta, but apparently without success, and he is soon expected to arrive in Athens and reassume the crown.

As a consequence of Venizelos' fall from power it appears certain that the area occupied by the Greek Army in Asia Minor will be very greatly reduced in the near future, with a consequent access of Nationalist influence, and this in turn will mean a readjustment of the Allied programme—the probable abrogation of the Turkish Treaty and direct negotiation by the Allies with the Nationalists as the *de facto* power in Turkey. The result of Constantine's return will probably mean, besides the withdrawal of Allied financial assistance, the revision of the Treaty of Sèvres, which concerns chiefly the disposition of Smyrna, which, it is now expected, will be given back to the Turks. It is intimated that the Allies do not intend to put further obstacles in the way of Constantine's return to Greece. Mustapha Kemal, leader of the Turkish Nationalists, who are in revolt because of the harsh provisions of the Turkish Treaty, has achieved new importance in Near Eastern affairs, and it seems likely that both the British and

French intend to placate him by the restoration of Smyrna, despite the fact that he made savage war on Armenia and has succeeded in setting up a Soviet administration in that country.

Russia.

There has been no military movement of magnitude in Russia throughout the month. The time has chiefly been one of successive small revolts, which have successively been put down by the Bolsheviki. Of these the most important was the abortive campaign of General Bulak Balakhovitch and his army of White Russians, former allies of the Poles. This young general, who had 12,000 men when he fought with the Poles, but was reported to have gathered 20,000 when he began the campaign that has now gone against him, planned to make a dash upon Moscow after arousing millions of peasants against the Soviets while *en route*. The Bolsheviki succeeded in smashing all his detachments, and the remnants have fled toward Poland, some crossing the frontier near David Grodek, north of the Pinsk marshes, where they have been disarmed. The General himself is reported to have disappeared, but is believed to have reached Poland, where he will be interned, if found, in accordance with the terms of the Riga agreement between Poland and the Soviets. The furthest point the crusaders reached in their advance on Moscow was Mozyr.

The Bolsheviki have also virtually destroyed General Permykin's Russian army, which had attempted to coöperate with the Ukrainian forces under General Simon Petlura, and are holding the eastern bank of the Zbrucz River along its entire length. Reports also indicate that Petlura's army, commanded by General Pavlenko, has been wiped out. More than 25,000 fugitives from these armies have recently crossed the Polish frontier and have been disarmed and sent to various internment camps. Petlura and his close followers have fled into Eastern Galicia.

Anti-Bolshevik troops, formerly under General Semenoff in Siberia, who have made their way, after immense hardships, to the Manchurian border, under Bolshevik pressure from Dauria in Transbaikalia, have surrendered their arms to the Chinese for the passage through Manchuria. The surrender was made on condition that the arms be returned when the men leave Chinese territory again on their way eastward. Other units of General Semenoff's army have surrendered to the Bolsheviki, whom they are said to have joined after killing their officers. Semenoff himself is reported to have sought asylum at Port Arthur and to have given up the struggle against the Bolsheviki.

General Wrangel's fleet, which abandoned Crimean waters after the defeat of the Wrangel forces by the Russian Soviet

armies, has sailed from Constantinople for Bizerta, Tunis. The fleet comprises one dreadnought, two cruisers, four submarines, seven destroyers, four sloops, four icebreakers, three school-ships, and three tugs. General Wrangel himself remains at Constantinople, and has recently notified the French Government that he is ready to come to Paris to discuss using his army once more against the Bolsheviks. This army, which has been reorganized since its disastrous defeat on the Crimean Peninsula, is said to number about 70,000 men, but there is no indication that it will receive further support from France or the other Allies. Meanwhile measures to bring relief to the vast numbers of Russian refugees from the Crimea who are crowded in and about Constantinople have been undertaken by Allied representatives. The number of these refugees has been placed as high as 140,000, and their destitution is extreme.

Early in December the Finnish Parliament ratified the Peace Treaty with Soviet Russia by a large majority. Negotiations at Riga, however, between the Bolsheviks and the Poles have not yet reached a successful term. The Polish Government has sent a note of protest to the Soviet Government at Moscow, objecting to the tactics of obstruction which it declares are being pursued by the Soviet peace delegation at Riga, who have been accusing the Poles of violation of the armistice and of aiding revolt against Moscow. These accusations, with their consequent delay, are taken by observers as a diplomatic subterfuge to show Poland that the Soviets have strengthened their position since the defeat of General Wrangel.

After numerous conflicts during November between the Lithuanians and the insurgent Polish forces under General Zellgouski, who are holding Vilna, a protocol of peace was signed on December 1st by both parties. The protocol, which was signed as the result of the efforts of the special commission of the League of Nations, provides for a neutral strip between the two armies and the return of all prisoners. Early in the new year a plebiscite is planned under the auspices of the League to determine the allocation of the disputed territory. Meanwhile concentrations of Soviet troops are taking place in the direction of Vilna because of the imminent occupation of that city by the League's international army. This army, which will be under command of Colonel Chardigny, Chairman of the Control Commission, is now being assembled, but the date for its departure to Vilna has not yet been determined on.

The negotiations which have been carried on for months between Great Britain and the Soviet Government for a resumption of trade relations and which were apparently on the verge of a

successful conclusion, have received another check by new demands from Moscow. These new proposals appear to be a complete departure from the conditions laid down in the previous exchange of notes last summer. The Russian Government contends that three guarantees which from the first have been insisted on by the British should not be included in the agreement. These are: first, that there shall be no Bolshevik propaganda; second, that the release of all British prisoners must be effected, and third, recognition of private debts for goods supplied or services rendered.

On the other hand, Premier Leygues of France has reversed the French policy towards Russia by coming out in favor of the lifting of the Russian blockade. He has declared that inasmuch as the Soviet Government is actually in operation, it has been decided to permit French traders and manufacturers to do all the business they can with Russia. France, in this respect, has brought its policy respecting trade with Russia into exact line with the American policy under which some months ago announcement was made that all American restrictions against trading with Russia were lifted, but that Americans so trading would do so at their own risk in the absence of recognition of the Soviet Government by the United States. France apparently has no intention of following the example of Great Britain and negotiating a treaty with Soviet Russia, but, on the contrary, maintains that diplomatic intercourse cannot be carried on with a Government which neither represents the Russian people nor keeps its promises.

At a recent election in Petrograd in which the workmen in seventy-eight factories participated, only fifteen Bolsheviks were elected as against seventy Mensheviks, representing the moderate element. According to the Constitution of Soviet Russia, workmen in all large factories every year are to elect the controlling authority in all Soviet institutions. These elections had not taken place until recently, when the growing dissatisfaction of the people forced the Soviet rulers to comply with the Constitution.

Preliminary returns of the Russian census show decreases in the population of more than ten per cent compared with 1914, due to epidemics and war losses. Moscow's population has dropped forty-five per cent, and that of Petrograd seventy-one per cent.

Italy.

D'Annunzio still continues his intransigent attitude at Fiume, and has resolutely refused to recognize the Treaty of Rapallo, concluded last month between Jugo-Slavia and Italy. Regular Italian forces under General Caviglia have surrounded Fiume, but

with instructions to refrain from attacks on d'Annunzio's legions. Four armored cars with their crews from the blockading army and two destroyers and a submarine chaser from the Italian blockading fleet have gone over to the poet's forces. Attempts by a delegation of Italian Deputies to reach an understanding with d'Annunzio have been unavailing. Although the question of recognition of the Regency of Quarnero, upon which d'Annunzio insisted, has been acceded to by the Italian Government, d'Annunzio now asks that this should merely be the first step towards Fiume's annexation to Italy. In the Treaty with Jugo-Slavia Rome conceived Fiume as a government absolutely autonomous and independent of Italy, while the poet considers himself as a temporary regent or governor awaiting the act which definitely joins Fiume to Italy. The Italian Government is now trying to find a formula which, while respecting the obligations of the Treaty of Rapallo in international rights, would lead to the recognition of the regency after another decision of the people of Fiume. To reach this object a compromise is absolutely necessary, but so far the unyielding stand and violent language of d'Annunzio have opposed an insuperable barrier. Meanwhile, in accordance with the Treaty provisions, Italian troops have begun the evacuation of Dalmatia, turning over their posts to Jugo-Slav *gendarmes*.

The Socialist meeting which was held in Florence towards the end of November was the second stage in the laborious preparations for the National Congress which has been convoked for the end of the year. The third stage will be a Socialist meeting at Imola, where the two champions of the Maximalist doctrine, Bombacci and Graziadei, have called together all the faithful followers of Lenine. After this the three groups, into which the party is divided, will prepare for the last debate in which they will contend for the mastery of the proletariat movement. The deep dissension, which now exists between the gradualist faction and the communists, threatens an irreparable break in the unity of the party.

Bologna, the headquarters of the Italian Socialists, was the scene of a serious outbreak at the inauguration of the new Bolshevik Town Council late in November. Seven men and a girl of eighteen years were killed and seventy persons, including eight soldiers of the Royal Guards, were dangerously wounded by bullets and bombs. The trouble resulted from a counter-demonstration, organized by a Nationalist group of the ex-Soldiers' League, against the Bolsheviki. Many arrests of suspects have since been made. The right of public meetings was suspended and every kind of motor traffic forbidden.

All the villages in the Tepeleni district, southern Albania, have been destroyed by a violent earthquake, according to a recent dispatch. Two hundred persons are reported killed, while 15,000 have been made homeless. The town of Tepeleni was razed.

An improvement in the foreign trade situation in Italy is shown by a statement of the Italian Finance Department, lately issued. Imports for the first nine months of this year decreased 576,000,000 lire, as compared with those of the same period the year before, while exports increased 1,762,000,000 lire. The total of imports was 11,911,000,000 lire and exports 5,517,000,000, leaving an unfavorable balance against Italy of 6,495,000,000 lire.

France.

The Chamber of Deputies has adopted the Government's bill for a resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican and has voted confidence in the Government. Premier Leygues raised the question of confidence on an amendment, moved by Deputy Avril, providing that while France should have an Ambassador at the Vatican, the Vatican should not send a Nuncio to Paris, on the ground that it was likely to interfere with French internal affairs. The Premier refused to accept the amendment, which was then rejected and the bill voted. Premier Leygues stated in the Chamber that the Government's decision to ask authority from Parliament to send an Ambassador to the Vatican was simply a question of foreign policy and that it was in the interest of France. "The Vatican," he declared, "is a moral force which France cannot afford to neglect." He reminded the Chamber that Great Britain was maintaining its envoy at the Vatican, and that the Swiss Government was resuming diplomatic relations with the Vatican, broken in 1873. Former Premier Briand voted in support of the Government.

The French delegation to the Brussels Reparations Conference are going there without any exact figures as to the damages France suffered by reason of the War, according to the newspapers. Various organs, however, declare that they recognize that the Brussels Conference will be only the preliminary stage and serve a useful purpose, even if definite propositions are not evolved. Estimates made by the various French ministries of France's damages are said to total two hundred and thirty billion francs, but Louis Dubois, President of the Reparations Commission, is reported to be dissatisfied with the form in which the documents were prepared, and has refused to present them to the Reparations Commission. Therefore, it is said, a new set of figures are being prepared in accordance with the ideas of M. Dubois, but they will not be ready till the end of the year.

French business men take a gloomy view of the present deadlock between importers and producers on the one hand and buyers—from wholesalers to public—on the other, which has produced a state of business stagnation, daily growing more serious. Buyers decline to purchase until prices fall, and importers and manufacturers declare that they cannot lower prices until they have disposed of the stocks on hand. These stocks in all the principal industries, having cost so much to import and manufacture as to be now unsalable, are the dam that is blocking the commercial activities of the country. Orders are being canceled in every direction, and factories are shutting down or working short time. Several failures of large concerns have already occurred, and more are expected.

The general strike of the clothing buyers of France is seriously embarrassing the textile industry of the Lille region and is causing partial unemployment to about 140,000 persons. The mills, instead of reducing the number of employees, are operating from thirty-two to thirty-six hours weekly, in place of the customary forty-eight. Official figures for the Department du Nord, including Lille, Tourcoing, Roubaix, Maubeuge and Valenciennes, show roughly twenty per cent less than full operating time in the woolen, cotton, linen, fabric, lace, clothing and related industries. Prices have fallen enormously, and certain good grades of carded wool which sold three months ago for one hundred francs per kilo sell today for thirty-seven francs. Other industries are affected, but are in a better situation. Hours are from ten to eighteen per cent shorter in various other lines, such as the wood-working, rubber, metal-working and chemical industries. The dockers are working five days a week on the canals. The total reduction in hours affects about 200,000 persons.

Despite the business depression through which France is passing, the French national loan has succeeded beyond the highest expectation. Although the official figures are not yet ready for publication, the estimates in the best informed financial circles vary from 32,000,000,000 to 35,000,000,000 francs. Further proof of national vitality is afforded by the fact that despite business stagnation the export figures for the month of October totaled ninety per cent of the imports. The average pre-War percentage was rarely higher than eighty. However burdensome and painful the process of price accommodation may be, it is expected that by next spring the nation's trade balance will be brought to a level, with a consequent favorable effect in French exchange.

According to various indications, the present Ministry under Premier Leygues is about to face a series of severe attacks in the Chamber of Deputies with a strong probability of overthrow.

Three important debates are foreshadowed in the brief period before the end of the year—discussion of foreign affairs and the Greco-Turkish problem, the new army law, and, last but not least, the budget of 1921. If, as is expected, a meeting of the experts of the Reparations Commission is held next week at Brussels, the still more prickly subject of reparations may come to complicate the French political situation. On any one of these matters the struggle is likely to be bitter and furious, and the Government might fall over any. When during the Parliamentary recess M. Leygues assumed the Premier's mantle from Millerand, it was generally thought his tenure of office would be nothing more than a temporary makeshift until Parliament met in November, when Briand was expected to succeed him. Briand, however, is experiencing much more difficulty in forming a government than he had anticipated and, in addition, he has two rivals for the Premiership in MM. Poincaré and Viviani, both ex-Premiers also, and no less desirous than Briand to be head of a new combination. In this rivalry consists M. Leygues' main strength, but it is hardly expected that he will be able to continue in office beyond the first of the year, if till then.

Germany.

Several interchanges of notes have occurred between Germany and the Allied Governments on the question of German defence organizations. There are two chief forms of these organizations, which have acquired their greatest strength in Bavaria—the *Einwohnerwehr*, or civil guards, and the *Orgesch*, an abbreviation of the word "organization" and the name of its founder, Escherich, the Bavarian Master Forester and a doctor of laws. While the *Einwohnerwehr* is confined to the Bavarian frontier, the *Orgesch*, in which some observers see a monarchist military instrument pure and simple, has been spreading to other parts of Germany. To the Allied demand for immediate disbandment and disarming of these bodies, Germany replied with the statement that she has never recognized any obligations to disband defence organizations which have no military purpose, and that they are only temporary and are necessary. The Inter-Allied Military Commission has repeated its demand, and requested immediate information as to what steps Germany intends to take towards its fulfillment.

The Reparations Commissions has announced that Germany must deliver to France and Belgium a total of 1,750,000 fowls within four years, 26,165 goats within three years, and 15,250 pigs within one year. The German representatives have agreed to this programme. The Commission has also announced that Germany

has almost completed delivery of the live stock advances required under the Peace Treaty. Germany has been instructed by the Commission to deliver within six months 30,000 horses, 125,000 sheep, and 90,000 cattle. The total number of horses, sheep and cattle to be delivered eventually will be fixed later.

Imminent changes in the plans for a plebiscite in Upper Silesia which Germany believes are being forced by the Allies to assure a majority for Poland and effect the annexation of that region to the Polish state at Germany's expense, are arousing a storm of opposition. The preparation period of eighteen months allowed by the Treaty of Versailles expires on January 15, 1921. In order to prevent colonization of the plebiscite area by recently domiciled Germans, the plebiscite officials will be instructed to let the known citizens vote on one day, those who have only a birth claim on another, and the recently domiciled on a third. More weight will be given to the judgment of the first class than to that of the other two classes. Against this proposed plan the Germans have raised a strong protest.

Germany has decided that the resumption of trade relations with Russia is impossible before diplomatic relations are restored. Victor Koff, the Soviet's representative in Berlin, had been granted permission by the German authorities to take up the matter of trade questions direct with Germany, but he has recently been informed that this concession could only be maintained if Germany were permitted to delegate a commercial attaché to the Moscow Commission which has care of German war prisoners. No fear is felt in Germany that she will be outdistanced by her competitors for Russian trade, such as England and the United States, inasmuch as German industry is much more favorably situated for trading with Russia. It is felt that neither England nor the United States could dispense with German assistance in the economic reconstruction of Russia.

A serious food crisis is threatening Germany. The prospects are reported to be worse now than they have been at any period during or since the War. There is a deficit of nearly 1,000,000 tons of wheat, which is the supply necessary for at least six months. One million tons have been already imported, but the remainder of the deficit is uncovered. If it can be obtained from abroad it will cost 15,000,000,000 marks, and it is admitted that this will mean that the price of bread will rise three hundred per cent during the next few months. The price of meat is high, and the price of potatoes, which are becoming ever scarcer, tends to rise and will rise considerably higher in the next few weeks.

December 17, 1920.

With Our Readers.

THE character of mankind's festivals is reënforced by the season in which they occur. Winter is cold: and Christmas reëchoes the enduring attitude of many towards Christ. It comes as the first messenger of the dawn of the new year. It is the morning star showing, while the day is yet unborn, all the promise, the life and the fulfillment of the year to come.

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IN quietness was it all accomplished. The cave was lonely and alone. So were the Blessed Mother Mary and St. Joseph. A maiden, a carpenter, some cattle and the silent night were the audience that saw the human advent of the Divine Son of God. Yet that Fact of Christmas has transformed the world and in its light all our institutions were founded and live. The year that was about to dawn was the year of the world's renewed life. The Principle of life, yea the Life Himself revealed, witnessed by His Own human birth—by the emptying of Himself—to the truth that man has no life save that which he seeks in quiet, in aloneness and in loneliness. This is not to be interpreted in a merely external sense. We may not be lonely when we are alone: nor social when we are with a crowd. There is the personal, the self in every man. He may be taken up with externals. He may be possessed by an impersonal, unindependent self. If he allows the externals to master him and the corporate to deprive him of the personal, the darkness of last year will confound him in the year to come. He may have seen, but he has not believed in, the star of Christmas. For him it has sunk into the night.

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MEN realize the great Fact; but few there are who appreciate and follow it. The price is too great. The shadow of the overtowering *ego* keeps from the soul the light of the star. The quiet, the unknown self is the very thing against which self rebels. The assertion of self seems a necessity of life. To be true, not to one's own standards, but to the standards of Christ seems unwise. We may sing the crib and the cave, but few there are who embrace and believe in its obscurity. Its meanness gives no promise of Easter glory.

We rehearse no merely religious or theoretical saying. The most confirmed pragmatist could learn wisdom therefrom. The practical man will pursue an unpractical course unless he observe

it. The worth of a man is measured by his fidelity to the truth of Christmas day. What is he worth in the quiet of his own soul? Has he confounded self and self-interest so that the latter is supreme master of the universe, or has he, bending down to the weak, unknown Babe, allowed self to be lifted up to the dignity and power of the Victorious Christ? He that exalteth *himself* shall be humbled.

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HUMAN society is made up of individuals and the whole cannot be greater, nor better, nor different from the parts that compose it. There is no such thing as social morality of itself. Individual, personal morality must not only precede, but must create it. To treat humankind as a herd is to forget its humanity which, after all, is the determining factor in the problem.

And the united body of individuals, the State, the Nation will be, and is, in its standards, its laws, in its advance or its retrogression what the majority of the individuals are. The seeds of its national corporate life are the individuals. The harvest can grow from no other. Individual life depends upon the ability to conquer, to lose self: to see that self is taken up in a higher, divine purpose. It is lived in the quiet, hidden faith of the individual in standards that are beyond—not in attainment, but in universality—himself. It is fidelity to principles even though armies move against him. The conviction, even against the majority, the mob, the business circle or the union, that right makes might: and that the only might worthy to claim the service of a man is right.

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NCESSARILY this is personal: hidden: independent: real liberty, as it is real privilege and dignity. Its seat of power is in the interior soul. The rush of external currents, of undefined yet powerful forces may easily crowd it out. They may sweep the man along on waves of corporate action where all self-assertion is denied, and the individual is submerged. The noise of the day and the passion of the mart make it impossible for him to hear: the urge of material, external life robs him of deeper sight. The inner light that not only obscures, but rightly defines, the value of earth by revealing the glory of heaven, fits his vision more perfectly and spiritually. Apart from men, in his own thoughts, thinking upon himself as a man, stripped of the world's riches and the world's employ, perhaps forsaken, he is far more likely to find himself. For a star shines upon the cave wherein each soul lives, and there does Christ come to be born again as the soul's Saviour, the soul's Life.

TO the simple songs of shepherds Christ chose to come. It is noise, advertisement, self-advancement that the world mistakes for harmony and peace. We have not so much forgotten Christ, as we have forgotten what Christ means. The obscurity of self is, to most, foolishness. Self-denial, self-sacrifice are not welcome subjects of praise in present day literature. Of course, we do not confessedly exalt self. So deep are the principles of Christ that any violation of them merits an apology. It is not for ourselves, we argue, that we are not self-sacrificing; it is for some cause with which humanity's welfare is essentially connected. The cause is greater than we are; we must champion it, else it will never prevail.

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THE great struggle between Capital and Labor is viewed as a struggle in which both must defend their rights and in the defence of them corporate action is necessary, nor must ethical principles play too scrupulous a part. The one side is banded together as capitalists and ruled by the corporate sense, the corporate action which is defined, not as selfishness, but as the right protection of self interests, personal possessions and rightful increase of invested capital. And the other side, in its defence of its rights, has borrowed of the prevalent spirit and not only defended, but demanded, all that it can get.

The personal sense of integrity: of direct responsibility has gone out. Fidelity to any such sense would be ludicrously impracticable today: the individual would find himself in a pitifully weak and helpless condition. And the individual morality or lack of morality that has brought this about has created a social system that cannot stand. No one will say that the world is a peaceful, blessed world today: nor deny that our own country faces the greatest problems in her history.

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THE laxity of morals, the indiscriminate fighting for material betterment, the widespread indifference to Christian faith and principles are evident enough to make even the chronic optimist check himself and think.

Have we not forgotten ourselves: and so forgetting lost sight of men as our brothers and our responsibility of sacrifice and love for them? To remember our better self is to begin to realize that we are the children of God. It is to realize an independent personal power, responsibility, dignity. We must neglect the crowd and all that appears so inviting. We must depart from men if we are to know what it means to be a man. And it is only when

we go away from the inns of the world and come upon the cave that we find Christ—and our real, eternal self.

THE cause of Ireland's independence appeals more and more effectively to the civilized world. A few years ago, Belgium was outraged by the German invader. Ireland is today outraged by the invader. And even those who claim that England has the right to invade, because she has invaded for so many centuries, must still explain that right, and then explain why even a rightful invader can pillage and burn and kill and crush a people under its merciless heel.

The conduct of England cannot today be justified by any true American. We say this advisedly and deliberately. For any American to condone the action of England in Ireland today, to keep silence concerning it, to say that we ought to be mere onlookers, because we fought on the same side as England in the late War, is to be false to the higher American principles of humanitarianism, of liberty, of self-government, of the right of a people to govern themselves. To say that it is purely an Irish question and that "if I were an Irishman I would be in active sympathy with Ireland, but as an American I must keep hands off"—is to deny the larger, greater fundamental principles of our American Republic. It would be equivalent to saying in 1914: "If I were a Belgian I would fight against the Germans; but as it is I must be neutral: say nothing: do nothing." As history proved, this was not true Americanism.

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WHAT we state is the doctrine of our fathers, which is too easily forgotten today. Decades ago and in the time of those who had American traditions direct from our founders, Greece fought for its freedom, for its self-government. The words used then by leading Americans, whose names are cherished as the most loyal of patriots, might be used today if we substitute the name of Ireland for that of Greece. The freedom of Greece was thought then to be an American question. In the discussion of it, as a purely American question, Daniel Webster said in the Senate: "As far as I am concerned, I hope it will be purely an American discussion; but let it embrace, nevertheless, everything that fairly concerns America. Let it comprehend not merely her present advantage, but her permanent interest, her elevated character as one of the free States of the world, and her duty towards those great principles which have hitherto maintained the relative independence of nations and which have more especially made her what she is." President Monroe, in a message to Congress, which called

forth this speech by Daniel Webster, stated: "A strong hope has been long entertained, founded on the heroic struggle of the Greeks that they would succeed in their contest, and resume their equal station among the nations of the earth. It is believed that the whole civilized world takes a deep interest in their welfare. . . The ordinary calculations of interest and of acquisition with a view to aggrandizement which mingle so much in the transactions of nations seem to have had no effect in regard to them. From the facts which have come to our knowledge, there is good cause to believe that their enemy has lost forever all dominion over them; that Greece will become an independent nation."

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THIS was undoubtedly the American opinion of the day. If an American then had said the struggle of Greece was none of his business nor of America's business; that the stories of Turkish atrocities should not be printed in the American press; that meetings should not be held to voice protests against Turkey, nor funds collected for the purpose; that no pulpit in the country should voice an appeal for the suffering Greeks—he would not have been the highest type of American patriot. America's larger duty towards the great principles, as Webster put it, that made her and keep her what she is, would have escaped his vision, as it escapes those who today are swayed by fear of offending the great Power that was lately our ally: fear of disturbing the peace of America: fear of arousing a religious war. "It is not America's business," they say; "it is a matter to be settled between England and Ireland: a case of the North and South here in 1861;" and anybody who does not take this view is, they claim, un-American. In 1823 there were some Americans who spoke in similar terms on America's position with regard to the Greeks' struggle for national liberty. Daniel Webster, whose Americanism surely no one will question, answered that it was the duty of the United States to express its sympathy with Greece, and to protest against the governments that were striving to keep Greece a subject nation. One of them was Great Britain, and John Quincy Adams referred to the excessive anxiety of the British Government to keep Greece under its own control, and added that this anxiety arose from its fear of losing the Ionian Islands. Daniel Webster, speaking on our obligation to extend sympathy and to send a commissioner, declared: "As little reason is there for fearing its consequences upon the conduct of the Allied Powers. They may very naturally dislike our sentiments upon the subject of the Greek revolution. They might, indeed, prefer that we should express no dissent from the doctrines which they have avowed and the ap-

plication which they have made of those doctrines to the case of Greece. But I trust we are not disposed to leave them in any doubt as to our sentiments upon these important subjects."

Edward Everett, whose name as representative and interpreter of true Americanism stands very high, said that Webster's speech on the Greek revolution was "the ablest and most effective remonstrance against the principles of the Allied Powers of continental Europe." The United States Government sent shiploads of provisions for the aid and relief of the Greeks.

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THE charge made frequently in the press and by many individuals that the attitude of sympathy for Ireland in its struggle for liberty, the active propaganda to arouse sympathy, are un-American, is not only unwarranted: it is itself un-American. And yet it is a charge that is made particularly against Catholics who are in sympathy with Ireland, a Catholic country. It is an attempt to jockey the Catholic body of the country into a false position: to add life to the easily resurrected cry: "Catholics are unpatriotic." "They are uninterested in America and would sacrifice America for Ireland." They who urge this revival are actuated either by religious prejudice: or by indifference: or by the fear that serious trouble with England may result. They do not look straight and fixedly at the basic principles of American patriotism. Constructively, at least, they are willing to have it written into the history of civilization that America stood by silent, while a whole people were crushed by a superior military force: their land overrun by assassins, urged officially to execute "reprisals:" their cities burned: their priests murdered: their mothers and children abandoned to starvation—America saw this and turned her eyes away, lest her instinctive, angry glance might offend a nation who lately stood with us in the fight for liberty, for the rights of all people, for the safety of democracy throughout the world.

"Devoid of principle," declares Sir Horace Plunkett, "lacking even such an elementary condition as the consent of the governed, the British policy relies on force and on force alone." . . . "The tragic demonstration that England cannot govern Ireland is complete." And the noted labor leader, Mr. Arthur Henderson, after a recent tour through Ireland, stated that the English conduct therein was as barbarous as the German treatment of Belgium.

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IT is not the Catholic sympathizers with Ireland who are un-American and unpatriotic. Catholic, Protestant, Jew or non-believer who sympathizes with Ireland today sympathizes because

he is the better American. Something more of the blood of the founders of this Republic, created to be a light to the world, rushes through his veins. He is more truly a brother to those who fought for independence; who heard Cuba's appeal; who went across seas at the civilized world's appeal—and fought that liberty might live not alone for themselves but for others.

They have the larger heart and it is to them that America may trust her larger, her full destiny. And they keep alive the love of liberty in America, for if America ever grows callous to the welfare of other nations, ever looks with indifference on the struggle for liberty of other people, then it is certain that her own liberty is about to perish.

OUR readers will be pleased to read the following tribute to Father Hecker, founder of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, contributed to the October quarterly of *The Dublin Review* by the well-known writer, Monsignor William Barry, in an article entitled, "Roman Memories:"

"A contrast bordering on the absolute we found in Isaac Hecker, the German-American, convert, missionary, and mystic, who showed his striking figure on the platform of Sant' Andrea, while he poured out a passionate strain, curiously foreign to our hearing, on the spirit of the age. Who could be more removed than he from Gallican or Febronian provincialism? But his new world was not the old. Am I fanciful in detecting between this Catholic priest devoted to his Church and the poet of the people, Walt Whitman, a resemblance as of brothers? He seemed a bird of passage from seas afar off, Western, and announcing the dawn of tomorrow beyond the sunset. America was attending a General Council for the first time—America, the destined heir of us all. His sermon, valiantly delivered in an accent we could not mistake, was aimed at Immanuel Kant; with intense conviction he pleaded for the ever-living influence of the Holy Spirit in the Church—briefly, against what men called thirty-five years later Modernism. Admirable Father Hecker, some of whose writings I knew, and whom I compared to that inspiring Dominican, Lacordaire! But the preacher did not dream of troubles destined to arise about his life and doctrine. Nor did I, listening to him in the crowd, forecast that to me would fall the honorable task of writing a sketch in this *Dublin Review* of that Life which would enjoy a wide circulation among Americans. Almost a quarter of a century afterwards I became the guest of his brother-Paulists in New York, where I preached from the pulpit he had occupied. There was no heresy in the soul of Isaac Hecker, con-

cerning whom Cardinal Newman wrote to Father Hewit in February, 1889, on receiving intelligence of his death, 'I have ever felt that there was this sort of unity in our lives, that we had both begun a work of the same kind, he in America and I in England; and I know how zealous he was in promoting it.' His intimate friend and disciple, J. J. Keane, who was Rector of Washington University when I stayed there—and I came to be well acquainted with him by and by in Rome,—whence he removed to be Archbishop of Dubuque—was frequent in pointing out Hecker's central principle; the synthesis, namely, of letter and spirit, of authority with inward grace and divine light, which constituted as in a sacrament of unity the Catholic Church. This was the spiritual freedom he rejoiced in; his message to America was its application along all the lines of the coming age."

CATHOLIC higher education is one of the supreme necessities of the Catholic body of the country. With our very culpable neglect of the intellectual needs of the Church, we are prone to be indifferent to what many deem the "luxuries" of mental development.

But if we only stop to consider we will see that the world, the nation, our social movements are ruled by thought. The leaders of the world are intelligent men. Positions of influence are obtained for the most part by men and women mentally well trained. So much for the purely natural point of view. On a far higher plane Catholic doctrine and Catholic philosophy need their expounders and defenders. Both require those who know the language of ancient thought and modern learning—if the Church is to progress and civilization is to be guided aright.

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OUR Catholic colleges merit, therefore, in a special way the support of our Catholic people. Their way has been hard enough. With the decrease in money value, the increase of salary and equipment it has been made much more difficult. Our colleges spend comparatively little on salaries. The majority of them, manned by religious, ask nothing for themselves or their personnel save the means of livelihood. They are in a position, therefore, to invest all the monies they receive in actual equipment, in the direct education of the student. Money given to them is most directly productive in educational work. We bespeak for them at this critical hour the generous support of our Catholic people. One of the oldest Catholic colleges of the country, Fordham University, New York City, is now making an earnest appeal for a fund of \$2,000,000.

The work of this college in the education of Catholic youth is too well known to need emphasis here. In all the years of its history and even today it is educating, without charge, many a Catholic student. Its fees for tuition are remarkably low.

We trust that it will receive from the Catholics of the country, and particularly from the Catholics of New York, the generous support it surely deserves.

THE glorious record of Catholic missionary effort in Japan, the heroic response in the days of persecution by the Japanese martyrs, should lead us to answer generously to the appeal now being made for funds to maintain the Catholic University of Tokyo, Japan. According to Japanese law, this University must secure an endowment of three hundred thousand dollars or else it will have to close its doors. "Catholic higher education," declares Cardinal Gibbons, "is the most active need of the Catholic Church in Japan today. And that is the need which the Jesuits, through the Catholic University at Tokyo, are trying to fill."

The United States should certainly lead all other countries in contributing the financial means which are necessary for the permanent success of missionary effort. We are indebted and will be forever indebted to the earlier missionaries who from other countries came to plant the seeds of the Faith here: and our institutions in their infant helpless days were sustained by funds from the peoples of other lands. Moreover, it is essentially a mark of Catholic Faith never to be indifferent to the needs of the Church in other places and in other lands.

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JAPAN is a country ambitious for intellectualism, almost servile to it. Its leaders, and consequently its people, have been much affected by the false philosophy of Western civilization. For the permanent wellbeing of its parochial schools, of all the missionary effort, for the training of Catholic Japanese leaders, a Catholic University is vitally necessary.

Communications on the subject may be addressed to the Reverend Mark J. McNeal, S.J., 59 West 86th Street, who is officially authorized to collect funds for this University.

A SCHOOL should be established for modern reviewers on the fundamental canons of criticism. Therein would be elementary instruction on the meaning of such words as life and death: of truth and error: of natural: of preternatural and supernatural: of sin and virtue: of mind and will: of man and animal.

And when a common understanding of at least the basic meaning of these things was established, modern criticism might be of some value. As it stands today in our literary journals, it is of no value at all as a permanent contribution to human thought. Thought today has no common foundations: it is divorced from humanity: it admits of no universal processes. It is opinion: emotion: feeling: individual idiosyncrasy. The anarchy which governs it has robbed us of a common language. The building of the tower of progress is halted because of the Babel of tongues.

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READ any one of our literary reviews, all well-written as far as the use of words is concerned, and at the end you will feel that you have been listening to a crowd of foreigners, none of whose language you quite fully understood. What you did realize was that simplicity and unity were not there. Both are viewed today as evidences of narrowness.

But the Master of all life said that the way to heaven is narrow. Any gift of earth is a portion of heaven and the way to it also is simple and straight and narrow.

THE Library of Congress has undertaken to collect and forward any books given in the United States for the University of Louvain. It has already collected and forwarded twenty thousand volumes. The Librarian, Mr. Herbert Putnam, requests that the packages containing the books be strongly wrapped or cased, plainly marked, "The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., for the University of Louvain," and sent prepaid, as the Library has no fund applicable to the purpose.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

The Foundations of Spiritualism. By W. W. Smith. \$2.00 net. *Letters from a Living Dead Man; Last Letters from the Living Dead Man.* By E. Barker. \$2.00 net each. *Uncle Moses.* By S. Asch. \$2.50 net. *A Century of Persecution Under Tudor and Stuart Sovereigns from Contemporary Records.* By Rev. St. George K. Hyland, D.D. \$8.00 net. *The Sons of O' Carmac.* By A. Dunbar. \$2.50 net. *Snowdrop and Other Tales.* By the Brothers Grimm.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

Early Effects of the War Upon the Finance, Commerce and Industry of Peru. By L. S. Rowe, LL.D. *Divorce.* By C. Williams. *The United States of America: A Study in International Organization.* By J. B. Scott, LL.D.

JAMES T. WHITE & Co., New York:

The Aesthetic Nature of Tennyson. By J. P. Smith.

NICHOLAS L. BROWN, New York:

Romance of the Rabbit. By Francis Jammes. \$1.50 net.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

Irish Fairy Tales. By James Stephens.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

The Imperial Orgy. By E. Saltus. *Queerful Widget.* By W. B. Hawkins. *Ancient Man.* By H. W. Van Loon. \$3.00 net. *Men and Steel.* By H. Vorse.

B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:

The Evolution of Sinn Fein. By R. Henry, M.A. \$2.00.

- G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
American Liberty Enlightening the World. By H. C. Semple, S.J. \$2.00.
- P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Eucharistic Hour. By Dom A. G. Green, O.S.B. \$1.20.
- GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:
The Poems of Robert Burns. Edited by J. L. Hughes.
- LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
England in Transition, 1789-1832. By W. L. Mathieson. \$6.00. *The Life and Letters of George Alfred Lefroy, D.D., Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan.* By H. H. Montgomery, D.D. \$5.00. *The Meaning of Christianity According to Luther and His Followers in Germany.* By Very Rev. M. J. Lagrange, O.P. \$2.25 net.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
A Child's Life of St. Joan of Arc. By M. E. Mannix. \$1.50 net. *Sermons.* By P. A. Canon Sheehan, D.D. \$3.00. *Life of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque.* By Rt. Rev. E. Bougaud, D.D. \$2.75 net.
- CHILD HEALTH ORGANIZATION OF AMERICA, New York:
The Story of Rosy Cheeks and Strong Heart. By J. M. Andress, Ph.D., and A. T. Andress.
- THE PAGE CO., Boston:
She Stands Alone. By M. Ashton. *Our Little Czecho-Slovak Cousin.* By C. V. Winlow. 90 cents. *The Boy Scouts of the Wolf Patrol.* By B. Corcoran. *Famous Leaders of Industry.* By E. Wildman. \$2.00.
- LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
Religion and Health. By J. J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.
- THE CATHOLIC EDUCATION PRESS, Washington:
A General History of the Christian Era. Vol. I. By N. A. Weber, S.M., S.T.D.
- GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:
Alsea Texts and Myths. By L. J. Frachtenberg. *The Eyesight of School Children.* By J. H. Berkowitz. *The National Crisis in Education: An Appeal to the People.* Edited by W. T. Bowden. *Requirements for the Bachelor's Degree.* By W. C. John.
- CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE, Washington:
The Project of a Permanent Court of International Justice and Resolutions of the Advisory Committee of Jurists. By J. B. Scott.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
The Book of Job. By M. Jastrow, Jr., LL.D. \$4.00 net.
- BIBLIOTHECA SACRA Co., Oberlin, O.:
The Problem of the Pentateuch. By M. G. Kyle, D.D., LL.D.
- B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:
Mary's Praise on Every Tongue. By P. J. Chandlery, S.J. \$2.25 net. *Twenty Cures at Lourdes.* By Dr. F. de Grandmaison de Bruno. \$2.60 net. *The Divine Office.* By Rev. E. J. Quigley. \$3.00 net.
- THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Ind.:
An Awakening and What Followed. By J. K. Stone, S.T.D., LL.D. \$1.50.
- THE SUNDAY VISITOR, Huntington, Ind.:
Order of St. Veronica. 25 cents.
- BURKLEY PRINTING Co., Omaha, Neb.:
Snapshots by the Way. By Gilbert Guest.
- CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD, Oxford, Eng.:
The Christian Family. By Margaret Fletcher. 1 s. 6 d.
- HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge, Eng.:
Living Again. By C. R. Brown. \$1.00 net.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:
The Road to Damascus. By W. A. D. *Answers to a Jewish Inquirer.* By Father T. Ratisbonne. *The Lambeth Conference. Woman in the Church.* By Rev. H. F. Hall. Pamphlets.
- THE TALBOT PRESS, Dublin:
Ireland and the Early Church. By J. M. Flood. 3 s. 6 d. net. *Essays on Poetry.* By G. O'Neill, S.J., M.A. 5 s. net. *St. Columba.* By A. B. O. Ferguson. 2 s. 6 d. net. *Irish Unionism.* By J. W. Good. 6s. net.
- PIERRE Téqui, Paris:
René Bériot. Par P. Paulin. 3 fr. 50. *Directoire Pratique Pour le Clergé.* 5 fr. *Les Causeries de Lucien Roland.* Par J. Riche. 5 fr.
- LIBRAIRIE VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:
Le Catholicisme de Saint Augustin. Par P. Batiffol. 2 vols. 14 fr. *Saint Grégoire VII.* Par A. Fliche. *Mélanges de Patrologie et d'Histoire des Dogmes.* Par J. Tixeront. 7 fr. *Étude de Critique et de Philologie du Nouveau Testament.* Par E. Jaquier. 10 fr.
- GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:
Une Educatrice au XVIIe Siècle. Par A. de Nitray.
- NOUVELLE LIBRAIRIE NATIONALE, Paris:
G. K. Chesterton. Par J. de Tonquédec. 5 fr.

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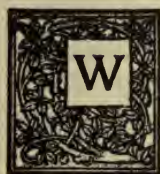
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**BREAKING AND RENEWING DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS
BETWEEN FRANCE AND THE HOLY SEE.**

BY ABBÉ FÉLIX KLEIN.



WE are convinced in France that our fellow-Catholics in America have welcomed with the same joy as ourselves the important decision of the Chamber of Deputies for the reëstablishment of a French Embassy to the Vatican. The vote in favor was 391 to 179.

When I was sent to America by the French Government in October, 1918, with the Bishop of Arras, Monseigneur Baudrillart, and Abbé Flynn to bring the compliments of France to Cardinal Gibbons on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee, the question asked of us most frequently was whether, after the War, relations would be resumed between France and the Holy See. We did not hesitate to answer that they would. Events have proved that our confidence was not unfounded. It is true the question is not yet definitely settled, and there will be a strong opposition of the anti-clericals in the Senate where they have more influence than in the Chamber of Deputies—the Upper House not having been entirely renewed by elections since the War. But it would be an exceedingly great surprise if the Senate were bold enough to resist, not only the wishes of the people, but the resolution and will of the President and the Cabinet, who consider diplomatic relations with the Holy

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See as absolutely necessary for the pacification of parties in France and for French diplomatic interests all over the world. Whether the question is still pending before the Senate or will have been settled when these lines appear, it will be of interest, nevertheless, to Catholics to review how relations were broken between France and the Holy See about fifteen years ago.

It is not necessary to remind readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD of all the difficulties which arose between the Church and the French Government from about 1880 up to the beginning of the War. They will remember how some Conservatives, by opposing the Republic, compromised the cause of the Church to which they were sincerely attached, and how the Radicals not only profited by this error to keep their party in power, but abused that political supremacy to make war upon the rights of conscience. I do not intend to enumerate here all the measures by which our Government during too long a period, has striven to drive religion from our national life—the most portentous of these being the persecution of the Religious Orders and the so-called “laicisation,” *i. e.*, the complete exclusion of every Christian idea from public teaching. These measures are but too well known, having scandalized the entire Christian world and aroused indignation everywhere. But the final incidents which precipitated the march of events and served as a pretext for the inevitable conclusion of these quarrels—namely the rupture of every diplomatic relation between the Holy See and the Anti-clerical Government of the French Republic, are still ignored by many people, and I think it would not be inopportune to recount these briefly.

Probably the first of these incidents will seem to American readers rather fine spun and somewhat unworthy of attention; but we must not forget that in the Old World form is apparently of much greater consequence than in America.

Article V. of the Concordat between Napoleon and Pius VII. is as follows: “The *nomination* to the bishoprics shall belong to the Chief Consul, and canonical institution shall be administered by the Holy See.” It appears as if this article, properly interpreted, safeguarded the rights of the two powers. The Government presented candidates to the Pope; their qualifications were considered and discussed if there was occasion to do so; and when an agreement was reached between the two powers, their names appeared in the Official Journal

of France. Afterwards the Pope conferred spiritual authority upon the candidates who were so nominated. Nothing on the face of it could be simpler than this. But, in fact, the Latin word, *nominavit*, means more than the French word, *nommer*, and the English word, *nominate*, and seems to indicate the conferring of real power.

For this reason Rome tried, after 1871, to change the Latin wording of its official letters instituting bishops, and which had to be registered by the Council of State; M. Thiers, then head of the Government, opposed that contention. Rome kept the word *nominavit*, but added *nobis*, that is *to us*, and declared in the letters: "We institute as bishop such a one whom the French Government has nominated to us." M. Thiers agreed that he was satisfied and things went along in that way until 1895, when M. Combes, then Minister of Worship, again demanded, but without success, the suppression of the word "*nobis*." In 1901 M. Waldeck-Rousseau announced that the Council of State would register for the last time Papal letters containing the word "*nobis*." Nevertheless, in May, 1902, two new bishops, the last under the Concordat, received similar letters containing the "*nobis*." M. Combes, then Prime Minister, refused to register them until they were corrected so as to contain the word "*nominavit*" alone. Rome tried to negotiate and proposed divers formulas acceptable to both parties. The Government did not respond, and Leo XIII. died before the matter was adjusted. His successor, Pius X., yielded and altered the letters to the two bishops, which were then registered in the form demanded by M. Combes.

The Minister, it seems, might have been content with that great victory. He wished, however, to go further and declared that, in future, the candidates chosen as bishops by the Government would be nominated in the Official Journal of the Republic without waiting to inquire whether the Holy See would accept them or not, or whether it would consent to confer upon them canonical institution. It will be conceded that it was difficult to justify such conduct, even if it were true, as they said, that the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Lorenzelli, did not always do his utmost to render the negotiations easy. That suppression of the preliminary understanding was without doubt contrary to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the Concordat, and it would have placed in a strange position

such candidates for bishoprics as the Government might thus nominate, and the Holy See subsequently refuse to accept.

Then happened what might have been foreseen. Priests worthy of the honor refused to be nominated under these conditions, and none of the vacancies which subsequently arose were filled. It came to pass in that way that fifteen dioceses were deprived of bishops. The Government was unwilling to yield. The Pope could not do so. In one of its essential features the machinery of the Concordat was no longer working. Nevertheless, the Concordat was still in force. Two incidents more and we shall see it broken. These two incidents were the protest of the Vatican against the visit of President Loubet to Rome and the removal of the Bishops of Dijon and Laval by the Pope.

I do not mean to insist here on the question of the temporal power of the Pope. But this point is clear: the Holy See does not wish to recognize by any formal act of renunciation the spoliation which it suffered in 1870, and until a recent Encyclical of Pope Benedict's, it required absolutely that the heads of Catholic countries should not come to Rome officially and thus apparently condone such spoliation. All Catholic sovereigns have thus far conformed to this request. For example, the Emperor of Austria, although bound to Italy by the Triple Alliance, always refused to return the visit made to him by the King of that country in Vienna. The French Government did not think it its duty to conform to the demand; and having received in Paris in October, 1903, a visit from the Italian sovereigns, it was thought that courtesy and the interests of France demanded of the President to return the visit in Rome. So M. Loubet was sent there for that purpose in April, 1904.

Neither with Leo XIII., who died during the negotiations, nor with his successor was it possible to arrange the matter amicably. In the name of Leo XIII., Cardinal Rampolla had informed M. Delcassé that "the presence in Rome of the head of a Catholic State disregarded the imprescriptible rights of the Holy See," but our Minister of Foreign Affairs declined to enter into any discussion on the subject. Pius X. and Cardinal Merry de Val were equally ignored in 1904. M. Delcassé confined himself to declaring in the Senate, at the moment of the vote for funds necessary to defray the expenses of M. Loubet's

journey: "The proposed visit is not an affront to anybody. Our actions are no more offensive than our intentions. To perform an obvious duty, to return a visit, to carry to Italy in the person of its sovereign the respects of France, and thus strengthen for the common good of the two countries the bonds of friendship based not only on sentiment but on interest—who can fairly take offence at a step so natural?"

Rome did take offence, and after the visit of M. Loubet, a confidential protest, dated April 28, 1904, was sent by the Cardinal Secretary of State to all the Powers with which the Holy See is in diplomatic relations. The official coming of the President of the Republic to Rome was considered there as a grave offence against the rights and the dignity of the Holy See, and the position was taken that the Holy See, upon which devolved the duty of protecting such rights and dignity in the common interest of Catholics throughout the world, was in duty bound to make the most formal protest against that visit in order that such an occurrence might not constitute a precedent. In response the Ambassador of France remitted to the Vatican on the part of M. Delcassé this note of acknowledgment: "The Minister of Foreign Affairs directs me to say that having himself taken care to state clearly in Parliament the character and purpose of the voyage of the President to Italy, he can only repudiate the suggestions contained in the note of April 28th."

Things rested there, as long as the protest of Rome remained secret; but at the end of about a month M. Jaurès, the leader of the Socialists in the French Parliament, having obtained a copy of it, published it in his newspaper, *L'Humanité*, and the storm burst. The newspapers friendly to the Government declared that France had been grossly insulted, and the Cabinet of M. Combes ordered the immediate recall of the Ambassador at the Vatican. The Prime Minister declared in the Chamber of Deputies, in the session of May 27th: "This recall indicates that we are not willing to tolerate the interference of the Pontifical Court in our international relations, and that we wish to finish once for all with the superannuated fiction of a temporal power which disappeared more than thirty years ago."

Was that the final rupture between the Pope and the Republic? Not quite, although very nearly. The Papal Nuncio

still remained in Paris; and the French Government, while recalling its ambassador, had nevertheless left a secretary as *chargé d'affaires*. Relations were not, therefore, entirely broken. A slight bond still remained between the two powers: the affairs of the Bishops of Dijon and Laval were to cut the last remaining knot.

Monseigneur Geay, Bishop of Laval, and Monseigneur Le Nordez, Bishop of Dijon, had long before been denounced to Rome, and openly attacked in certain newspapers controlled by the party of Conservatives as utterly unfit to govern dioceses. It is very difficult to know the truth of the matter, for political passions were much involved in the opposition to the two bishops, especially as regards the Bishop of Laval. For my part, I would willingly believe that he was weak and unwary, rather than guilty, and it is certain that the people of his diocese, who are much attached to the monarchical régime, attacked him violently on account of his Republican opinions, long before they thought of blaming his moral conduct. As for the Bishop of Dijon, it must be admitted that opinions were unanimously against him, and without declaring him guilty of all the misdemeanors which have been laid to his account, I think that he had done enough to deserve his disgrace.

At any rate, the question which arose was not that of knowing whether those prelates were innocent or guilty, but whether the Pope could, without prior agreement with the French Government, compel the resignation of the prelates. From the viewpoint of religion and common sense, it would look as if the religious authority alone had the right to judge the worthiness or unworthiness of ecclesiastical ministers, especially in a system so strongly hierarchical as Catholicism. From the Concordat strictly interpreted, it may be maintained that the bishops, having been nominated by mutual consent, could only be deposed by mutual consent; and even Rome seemed to recognize this principle, since it requested the resignation of the Bishops, instead of issuing an order for their deposition. Whatever be the view taken, the following are the facts.

Already in 1900, under Leo XIII., the resignation of Monseigneur Geay, Bishop of Laval, had been requested; he resigned, but withdrew his resignation. Leo XIII., who believed

him guilty, but who felt all the difficulties and possible results of such a complicated affair, withheld action in the matter, and no more was said about it for four years. But in May, 1904, Rome once more requested the Bishop's resignation. Monseigneur Geay having informed the Minister of Public Worship of this fact, the Cabinet instructed the French *chargé d'affaires* at the Vatican to hand a note to Cardinal Merry del Val, in which it was maintained that, according to the Concordat, a bishop's powers could not be taken from him any more than they could be conferred on him, without a decision of the Republican Government. The note ended with the following threatening sentence: "If the letter of May 17th be not annulled, the Government will be forced to take such measures as are demanded by such a derogation from the pact which binds France to the Holy See." Cardinal Merry del Val, having answered the Cabinet in a note, and the latter not even deigning to examine the communication, Monseigneur Geay, on July 10th, was ordered by the Cardinal to come to Rome within ten days under penalty of being suspended from the exercise of his powers.

Matters took a similar trend at Dijon. The disorder of that diocese was at its height; the Bishop was insulted in his Cathedral by the Catholics, and the seminarists refused to be ordained by him. Pius X., saddened by these events and convinced, not without cause, that the Bishop was unworthy, notified him through the Nuncio on March 11, 1904, to cease all ordinations in his diocese until further orders. M. Delcassé, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, informed the Cardinal State Secretary of the Vatican that he considered such orders as null and of no effect; at the same time he protested both against the measure itself, which he declared to be opposed to the Concordat and a violation of form, because, according to him and to all former Governments, the Nuncio, being simply a diplomatic agent, had no right to intervene directly with bishops.

Nevertheless on July 9th, Cardinal Merry del Val again ordered Monseigneur Le Nordez to come to Rome within fifteen days under penalty of suspension from all his spiritual powers. The Minister, on his side, forbade the Bishops of Dijon and Laval to leave France, and sent an ultimatum to Rome, declaring that if the letters of July 9th and 10th were not with-

drawn, or if the threats therein were put into execution, "the French Government would be compelled to look upon the Holy See as having no longer respect for its relations with a power, which, whilst it fulfilled its conditions under the Concordat, had a right to the prerogatives which the Concordat conferred on it. The Government of the Republic was leaving to the Holy See all responsibility for the resolutions which should become necessary."

Cardinal Merry del Val replied by conciliatory explanations to that ultimatum, which was handed to him on July 23, 1904; but he maintained, in principle, the right of the Pope to deprive unworthy bishops of spiritual power. Without any discussion, M. Delcassé telegraphed to the French *chargé d'affaires* to hand the following note to the Vatican: "Forced, in view of the reply made by his Eminence, the Cardinal Secretary of State, dated July 26th, to recognize that the Holy See maintains acts accomplished without the knowledge of the power with which it has signed the Concordat, the Government of the Republic has decided to put an end to the official relations which, by the will of the Holy See, have become superfluous." And the *chargé d'affaires* having read that note was to add that the mission of the Papal Nuncio was considered to have come to an end.

This note was read and handed in without delay, and on July 30, 1904, the *chargé d'affaires* of France to the Vatican left Rome while the Nuncio received orders from the Pope to quit Paris. Thus ended sadly the relations which had existed for fourteen centuries between France and the Holy See.

Shall I tell in a few words what became of the two unfortunate bishops who had served as a pretext for a rupture which had long been inevitable? They both sent in the resignation which the Pope required; the Bishop of Laval did so with much humility, the Bishop of Dijon resisted longer and did not yield until he obtained from Cardinal Merry del Val a letter stating that his resignation was spontaneous, and congratulating him on the generous action which he was accomplishing for the greater welfare of his diocese. Both lived afterwards in retirement, forgotten both by friends and foes alike. Their personalities were lost sight of in the tragic course of those events which they had in part helped to bring about.

While they were bidding an eternal farewell to their

dioceses, the Chamber of Deputies was voting, with a very large majority, the following order of the day, introduced by M. Larrien, president of the Left delegation, that is to say, nominal leader of the anti-clerical army of the Bloc: "The Chamber, realizing that the attitude adopted by the Vatican has rendered the Separation of Church and State inevitable, and counting on the Government to bring the vote to effect immediately after the budget and military law are settled, passes on to the order of the day."

The French Government which had only resorted to these extremities in order to bring about the suppression of the Concordat, did not wait long before it sought to have this carried into effect. The rupture had taken place at the end of July, 1904; at the next session of Parliament, in the autumn of the same year, M. Combes proposed to the Chamber of Deputies a project of law on the separation of Church and State. A commission was immediately nominated and the discussion commenced in the spring of 1905. On July 3, 1905, the Chamber voted the law, the Senate continued the discussion at its autumn session, and voted it also, without changing a single word. On December 11, 1905, it was promulgated and declared to be in force after one year.

It is not our object today to comment upon this law, but readers knowing the regrettable conditions under which it was introduced and voted upon, will not be surprised that it contained articles which obliged the Holy See to condemn it and to forbid its acceptance. As happens in the greater number of divorces, the Church and State, an ill-assorted pair, were violently irritated against each other, and none dared to hope that they would consent to settle their dispute by an amicable division of interests. But, whereas in other separations there are law courts to decide what shall be the shares of husband and wife, in the present case there existed no arbiter between the two, and the only thing which could happen was that the stronger of the two, namely the State, should take the lion's share and decide everything according to its own will, without once deigning to consult the weaker, namely the Church. Conversation was all the more difficult between them, inasmuch as the French ambassador had been recalled from Rome and the Papal Nuncio withdrawn from Paris.

After recounting these distressing incidents of our pre-war politics, what a comfort it is now to hear the manner in which the highest representatives of the Church and of the State in France are speaking of each other! I do not want to protract this already long article, but cannot better conclude than by quoting, on the one side the last speech of Prime Minister Leygues asking the Chamber to reestablish the Embassy to the Vatican, and on the other side an extract from the first letter addressed to his diocese by Cardinal Dubois, the new Archbishop of Paris.

"The thirtieth of July, 1904," said M. Leygues, "the Government of the Republic broke its relations with the Vatican; the fourteenth of March, 1920, the Government of the Republic proposed to reestablish them.

"What occurred between these two dates?

"There was the War which shook the world to its foundations; and Victory which brought about a new way of thinking among all people. Combined with the results of social and spiritual order, Victory gave us peace at home as well as abroad, and renewed our confidence in the future. After the trial we must be ready to solve with equity and dignity problems which formerly divided us . . . The long struggle of ideas between France and Rome are over. Other cares absorb us. . . Among the moral forces there is one which, being strongly and hierarchically organized, acts on the mind and the conscience of three hundred millions of men: that is the power of the Catholic Church. . . ." To be officially represented at the Vatican "is for our interest, for our security, for our dignity."

Then the Cardinal:

"Circumstances favor us. The War, with its sufferings, its dangers and sorrows, with its heroism also and glory, has tempered again the soul of France. It has brought it nearer to God. It taught again, to many who had forgotten them, ideas of justice and right. It has inspired in the hearts of soldiers, united in the same sacrifices, sentiments of a fraternity which, we hope, shall be henceforth inviolable . . .

"The political atmosphere is purified. The spirit of justice and sympathy of which the present Government has given many proofs has replaced ill-will and suspicion. The sacred union, which was one of the conditions of victory, is considered

one of the surest guarantees of peace. The highest authorities proclaim the necessity of it, and have sworn to maintain it, while the good citizens, who are the majority, applaud. The clergy is no longer excluded from public ceremonies; its influence is acknowledged and, in certain circumstances, they call for it, they praise it, and sometimes, even, they reward it.

"The diplomatic relations with the Holy See are about to be renewed. Truly we are advancing towards more justice and liberty."

And now my American friends, with whom I so often had to speak of the sad conditions of the Church in France, must realize how happy I feel to be able to give them such good news. To express my personal joy, which I am sure they will share, I know of no better way than by quoting, in conclusion, these few words of our new Archbishop of Paris: "The Catholics, who have suffered so much for half a century, witness with joy these happy symptoms of national pacification. We are glad to look at the future with confidence. The sad realities, resulting from long religious struggles, are over, let us hope. May they give place definitely to a situation better for the Church and more worthy of France!"

RELATIVITY OR INTERDEPENDENCE.

BY JOHN T. BLANKART.



SCIENTIFIC activity and investigation are almost correlative terms, and both imply a prying into and a testing of physical phenomena. The farther this prying has been conducted, the more undreamed of the results arrived at, the better the scientific world is pleased. If that scientific world happens to be one materialistically inclined, as the present one is, the mere note of novelty is not alone responsible for the pleasurable sensation of discovery. Materialism knows and admits that it has not yet satisfactorily explained the great questions which revolve around the causation and the existence of the cosmos, and no doubt one of the chief reasons for joy over each new discovery is the hope that this new thing will help toward a solution, or perhaps completely solve, the riddle of the universe.

It is small wonder then that there has been a very agreeable stir in scientific circles ever since Einstein gave his findings and his theories to the world. The positive denial of the time-honored ether, the plausibly propounded theory of relativity, the new catch word "space-time," the indisputable and easily featured proof of the bending of the light ray were too much to be received with calm passivity. Here was a wonderful new thing, in fact a whole array of new things. And better, the new things were explained in relation to existing things, nay rather, if one only had the required genius and profundity, these new discoveries were actually the long sought redemption of materialistic thought. What matters if other German scientists whispered feebly, "plagiarism," or that there were vile rumorings of race propaganda. A prophet is never recognized in his own country, and persecution has ever been the fate of the world's great discoverers. Outside his own country Einstein has met little else but enthusiasm. Scientific journals clamor for Einstein articles, progressive universities are organizing Einstein clubs, and Einstein himself is proclaimed a greater even than Newton.

Much of this enthusiasm has been proffered unreservedly without much scientific and still less philosophic consideration of Einstein's tenets. Sir Oliver Lodge in his article, "The New Theory of Gravity," states: "The present writer holds it dangerous to base such far-reaching consequences, even if anything like them can legitimately be drawn—which is doubtful—on a predicted effect which may after all be accounted for and expressed in simpler fashion."¹

In his article, "The Physical Aspect of Einstein's Principle of Relativity," published in *The Dublin Review*, H. V. Gill writes: "Before the revolutionary assumptions of Einstein can be universally accepted, it has also to be shown that no simpler theory is sufficient to account for these phenomena, especially the bending of a ray of light."²

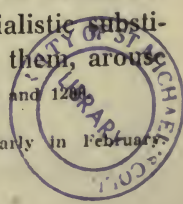
Before entering upon an examination of Einstein's tenets, I wish to introduce to the reader a new book by Arvid Reuterdaahl, entitled *Scientific Theism versus Materialism, the Space-Time Potential*.³ This book is perhaps the most ambitious and most profound scientific philosophic work that has appeared in years. It is not merely an unusual attack on Materialism, but it is itself an original and comprehensive investigation of the laws of the cosmos. We introduce it with reference to Einstein because in certain respects, especially in nomenclature, it has such marked resemblance to his work that in view of its independent production it should arouse surprise and suspicion, whereas in many respects it differs so radically from the German mathematician's theories as to call forth some very profound thought. The fact that Einstein has a theory of "Relativity" and Reuterdaahl a theory of "Interdependence" is in itself significant, though there is as wide a divergence in the meanings of these two terms as there is in the procedure and conclusions of the two men. We shall first of all consider the system of Reuterdaahl because it offers a good firm vantage ground from which to attack the system of Einstein.

From the very outset it impresses itself upon one that Reuterdaahl is a firm believer in the immanence of Divine Intelligence throughout the universe. The materialistic substitutes for God, "the gods of science," as he calls them, arouse

¹ *The Nineteenth Century and After*, December, 1919, pp. 1199 and 1200.

² *The Dublin Review*, July, August, September, 1920; p. 86.

³ Published by the Devin-Adair Co., New York. Ready early in February.



his indignation. He will have nothing to do with them. In the past it has been a frequent custom of Theistic writers to use the generally accepted theories of science for their own ends. The result has been that they convinced those who were already convinced. Materialistic scientists, if they read the theistic production at all, said: "No, no, you have misinterpreted us." Reuterdahl, well aware of this, grants them nothing but proven facts. He has a theory of his own, but before he propounds it he clears away the theoretical rubbish Materialism has left him. It is really amusing to go through the second, third and fourth chapters of his book, which contain the principal attack on Materialism. His procedure is almost epic. The word "dynamite" fitly suggests what happens to their most cherished idols. From the very definitions of materialists themselves, he shows conclusively that such scientific concepts as mass, force, energy, and work are conceptual links in a closed chain, out of which science cannot extricate itself. We should like to view the countenance of the eminent physicist, Thomson, after reading the criticism of his "tubes of force." Reuterdahl concludes this portion by giving Materialism its *coup-de-grâce* in the exploding of the long cherished ether hypothesis.

To the casual thinkers about these subjects a few words of explanation may here be helpful. Everyone admits physical change. Materialism holds that physical change is brought about by the action of one or more material groups upon another material group. But what is action? The materialist would say the result of force. You proceed to ask what is force? The materialist tells you it is mass multiplied by acceleration. Is then mass responsible for force, or force responsible for mass? This is the closed chain, the vicious circle of Materialism. You may ask further what is the significance of destroying the ether hypothesis. Return to the concept of physical change, which according to materialists is brought about by the action of one material group on another material group. Forget for a minute the above question as to what makes physical entities act, and consider the question as to how they act on another. How do they get in contact? Remember Materialism logically can posit no selective intelligence. The only way force can travel from one aggregate of matter to another is by means of some transmitting medium.

So Materialism gathered its conceptual instruments and material, and constructed a conceptual bridge. That bridge it called Ether. Take away the bridge and the whole materialistic edifice comes down like a card-house. Reuterdaahl has convincingly destroyed that bridge.

Having cleared away the materialistic fallacies he proceeds to construct his own system. By the usual process of deduction from the known to the unknown he postulates a creative, providential, imminent and transcendent God. The cosmos he regards as a unitary, interacting, rational, purposive and teleological system, a finite projection of the Infinite. Unless these basic truths are granted, he maintains no consistent model of the universe can be constructed.

The finite projection of God, manifest in space and time, he divides into three worlds: the World of Energy, Force, and Life; the World of Conscious Selves, and the World of Sub-consciousness. His Space-Time Potential deals only with the physical universe, and hence its problem is the interpretation of the manifestation of God as the ultimate source of the Potential charted in Space and Time.

The Space-Time Potential is for Reuterdaahl what the Space-Time Continuum is for Einstein, but it is only in name that the two conceptions are similar. Einstein's conception will be treated later in our discussion. Since Reuterdaahl's Space-Time Potential is fundamental to his entire system, we will endeavor to give the reader a simple illustration which will bring forth its principal features. We shall use the ordinary chessboard and its men as our illustration. The chessboard itself corresponds to a plane section located anywhere in space. The chessmen in our illustration represent action centres (ultimate material particles) and action groups (atoms, molecules, and planets), located at different points on the plane in space. Man has endowed the chessmen with certain well-defined powers of action. God the Creator of the physical universe has endowed the action centres and groups with definite deterministic, but interdependent powers of action. These powers, in the case of the action centres and groups, are not therefore exclusively independent, but they are interdependent powers. Here again our illustration conforms with Reuterdaahl's Space-Time Potential. The pawn on the chessboard has certain independent powers of action and

motion, but these powers are restrained and limited by the powers of the other men on the board. The chessboard and its men, taken in conjunction with the *time* required to effect a change in the location of these men, constitute an interdependent, interacting system.

Because of the individual and the combined powers of the chessmen and because of their relative location on the board, each chessman represents a certain possible future effect when any arrangement, due to the motion of one or more of the men, has been disturbed. The word, "future," at once suggests the element of time. In accomplishing the desired result in the game of chess, it is not only important that the men be marshaled into strategic locations, but it is of paramount importance that this be accomplished in the least possible time. Here again our illustration holds good, for in the Space-Time Potential of Reuterdaahl the action centres and groups move in such a manner and along such paths that the least amount of time is required for the motion. This necessarily means that the path of motion also is the shortest possible. By virtue of its location and interdependent powers, each action centre and group represents definite possibilities of future action. Every centre, because of its relative location in the plane, associates with itself a definite possible or potential action for every definite moment in time. These possible action values may, therefore, be charted in space. Every point in space will signify a definite potential or possible amount of action. Moreover, if a centre of action arrives at a definite point in space, it must assume that action magnitude which pertains to that precise location. It must not be inferred that space, in Reuterdaahl's system, is an action agent which dictates the value and magnitude of the action at each and all of its points. Without genuine interdependent interaction between the action centres, the possible action value at a point would be meaningless. On the contrary, physical or real space is a responsive chart which is constantly evolved by interdependent interaction. This is the reason why space is such an elusive and peculiar reality differing from all other types of physical reality. Space, therefore, is not a thing, but it is, as it were, manufactured or evolved by the interaction of things. Extension becomes, for Reuterdaahl, a phase of action. It is evident that the action possibility or potential may change, from moment

to moment, in complete responsiveness with the total involved interaction.

The element of time is, therefore, linked irrevocably with space in the system of Reuterdahl. This is the reason why he uses the hyphen between space and time in his concept, "Space-Time Potential." Time, however, is not, in Reuterdahl's system, fused with space as a single physical entity as it is in the theory of Einstein. Time is not, for Reuterdahl, an action agent capable of influencing physical phenomena. On the contrary, physical time is a durational chart which is evolved during physical interaction. This is the norm of its distinctive type of reality which is, in one sense, independent of space, yet in another sense, interdependent with it. An action centre is also both independent of and interdependent with other action centres, for the reason that an action centre has been endowed with certain well defined properties without therefore losing its responsiveness to interdependent interaction. In fact, the deterministic feature of the action centre makes interaction possible. In somewhat the same manner time is interdependent with space. In Reuterdahl's theory space and time never become a fused, single, thing-like composite as in the theory of Einstein. For Reuterdahl space and time are, as it were, by-products of interdependent interaction. In Einstein's system fused space-time becomes a permanently abiding physical entity or continuum. The complete world chart of physical action is, in the system of Reuterdahl, the Space-Time Potential.

This world chart of physical action differs in one respect from our illustration of the chessboard and its men. In the case of the chessboard the men are moved by the two contesting players, whereas in the case of the action world chart the movements and actions are automatically and deterministically co-responsive. The world chart and its action centres, after having been created by the Absolute Reality (God), functions automatically in precisely the same sense that a machine performs its work automatically. In the case of a machine power must be supplied from an external source. In the language of science, a difference of potential must be maintained if a machine is to continue to function. The same is true of the action world chart; the ultimate effective difference of potential cannot be found within the system. In vain we travel

along the endless chain of physical action, within the Space-Time Potential, in our search for the ultimate source of that difference of potential which we may consider as the cause of the continuous functioning of the cosmos. Reuterdaahl solves this problem by ascribing the source of this ultimate difference of potential to the Absolute Reality of God, thus consistently completing his cosmic system.

In the development of the physical aspect of his system, Reuterdaahl introduces a number of new conceptions such as the neutral energon composed of monons or action centres. The electron of modern science is the energon in its condition of maximum expansion, while the positon is this same energon in its state of maximum compression. The energon may, therefore spacially expand into an electron and contract into a positon within the deterministic limits of interaction. The ultimate particle, the monon, is also capable of this cyclic change. Reuterdaahl's atom is composed of energons rotating in circular orbits, and arranged in such a manner as to constitute, in their totality, a spherical material unit. Passing from the outside of his spherical atom toward the centre, we find these energons varying in extension from their maximum condition as electrons to their minimum size as positons. Reuterdaahl's atom is, therefore, composed of a series of concentric spherical surfaces containing energons in orbital motion, whose size conforms with the potential dictated by interaction for each and every particular surface. Consequently its interactional responsiveness is such that it can account for such phenomena as arise in spectroscopic analysis. It obviates the difficulties of fixedness inherent in the justly famous Bohr atom. R. A. Millikan, in his work, *The Electron*, has pointed out this serious imperfection in the Bohr atom.

From these fundamental action groups Reuterdaahl constructs his model of the physical universe. Any physical phenomenon whatsoever may be conveniently considered as a case of interaction between an excitant and a concurrent system. The phenomenon of light is so considered and in that case the electron is the excitant system. Every excitant system interacts with a concurrent energonic system. In the case of light its velocity is a result of this interaction. For Reuterdaahl the velocity of light is constant, because it is the ratio of the velocities of the excitant and the concurrent systems. All

physical constants are ratios obtained by the comparison of one change with another. Reuterdaahl holds that the velocity of light is no exception to the universal rule. In other words his system of Interdependence is, in this respect also, a system of complete relativity. Einstein maintains, as one of his principal tenets that the velocity of light is absolute, but in no way does he show us how this is possible in a relative system. Reuterdaahl clearly indicates that the constancy of velocity of light is possible because of the relative interaction out of which it arises as a ratio.

The mathematics and the records of scientific investigations contained in Reuterdaahl's work are not the province of this article. Suffice it to say that his system of Interdependence works beautifully whether we consider the action of falling bodies, the movement of a particle in a fluid, the motions of the planets, or the path of a light ray. In fact, Reuterdaahl's calculation of the amount of the bending of a ray of light is much closer to the actual observations made by the English Solar Eclipse Expedition of May 29, 1919, than the computation of Einstein.

In justice to the scientific accomplishments of Reuterdaahl a few words should be added in regard to his gravitational theory, because it differs so radically from the long accepted Newtonian theory. Leaving all mathematics aside we shall briefly indicate how he has corrected Newton. The latter held that gravitational attraction was universal. In a partial way this is a theory of Interdependence, but the interdependence was based purely on attraction, leaving out the equally necessary element of repulsion which plays such an important rôle in chemical and electrical phenomena. In Reuterdaahl's theory both attraction and repulsion are included in his greater generalization of interdependent interaction. Newton's most serious error, however, consisted in the fact that he abandoned his generalization when he developed the orbits of the planets. Newton considered only the sun and the earth in developing the elliptical orbit of the latter. He regarded the sun as a central force. In other words, Newton omitted the greater part of the universe in this investigation and, in so doing, he abandoned completely the basic tenets of his great generalization which included all bodies in the universe. Reuterdaahl's development is free from this serious error.

From what has been said one may gather some faint idea of the work of Reuterdahl. He has given us a clear and consistent model of the entire cosmos in a system whose ramifications and possibilities extend to all the great categories of knowledge, and it becomes rational because he has at the outset posited the existence of a Divine Being. It is this last that vitalizes his whole wonderful system of Interdependence. Now let us turn to Einstein.

Our present inquiry shall be a critical examination of the metaphysical tenets of Einstein. The average reader, no doubt, has an idea that the German mathematician made some startling scientific discoveries but, unless he has read some such book as *Relativity—the Special and General Theory*, he can know very little of Einstein's complete scheme. We have, therefore, considered it advisable to explain his "Relativity," to show how this Relativity applies to Space and Time, to sketch his process of constructing the entity "Space-Time," and to give some idea as to what he means by "Four Dimensional Space-Time." The mere statement of a case leaves it open for consideration, and the points of attack indicated at the close of the article may help the reader to develop his own criticism.

The word "relativity" may convey no definite idea to many readers. In the following we shall endeavor to make the meaning clear by a few simple illustrations. Let us consider an iron rod having a fine point punched into the metal near each end. Let us assume that the distance between these two points is exactly three feet. Suppose now that we heat this rod. It is a well known fact that an iron rod will expand with heat. Consequently, if we measure the distance between the two points on the heated rod we will observe a length slightly greater than three feet. If we cool the rod below the temperature at which the original measurement of three feet was made, then we will note a slight decrease in length. What then is the real length of the rod? We must answer that we can make no definite statement unless we also observe the exact temperature which existed at the *time* when the holes were punched. Let us further assume that the measuring rod which we used for locating the punch holes is of wood. Now it is a known fact that the amount of expansion and contraction of iron and wood for the same amount of increase or decrease in

temperature is not the same. The wooden measuring rod would be of only *relative* value to us in our attempts to measure the changes in length which occur in the iron rod when we increase or decrease its temperature. If we can maintain the temperature of the wooden measuring rod the same from the time that we punch the holes in the iron rod until we have completed the entire experiment, we would be able to record the changes in length of the iron rod *relatively* to the wooden measuring rod, and in *relation* to the changes in the temperature of the iron rod. How certain are we, however, that the wooden rod is exactly three feet in length? The length of the wooden measuring rod may have been determined by a third rod of material other than either wood or iron. That would still further complicate matters, and it would seem that an absolute length of exactly three feet cannot be found.

The above simple illustration is one *type* of *relativity*. All types of relativity deal with methods of precise measurement somewhat analogous to the above. The fundamental notion connected with the term "relativity" is that physical measurement of any kind whatsoever must take account of the conditions which exist at the *time* of the measurement, and that the measuring device itself is affected by these conditions. Hence our measurements of physical things, which are subject to continuous change because of changing conditions, can never be absolute but must always be of a relative nature. A body is of a certain length in relation to another body which is used for purposes of measurement, and the lengths of both depend upon other existing conditions. Since there is no end to the series of conditions which may affect our results we are caught in an infinite series of *relativities* or *relations*.

Suppose now that it should prove to be a fact that motion affects the length of a bar in such a manner that the bar becomes shorter when in motion. This shortening is considered by Lorentz to take place in the same direction as the path or direction of the motion. A ball moving from the left edge of this page to the right edge would, according to Lorentz, suffer a shortening of the diameter which is parallel to or coincident with this direction of motion. This shortening effect depends upon the speed at which the ball is moving. For ordinary speeds the shortening is so small that it is negligible, but for

high speeds Lorentz considered that the amount of shortening is sufficiently great to be observed.

This inference of Lorentz became the keystone in that type of Relativity which has been advanced by Einstein. The Relativity of Einstein deals principally with motion and its measurement as a relative phenomenon. From the purely scientific standpoint, it is an attempt to formulate certain specific mathematical relations which will provide for the relative effects produced by and involved in the motion of the observer and the observed body. But the measurement of the speed of motion of any and every body must necessarily involve the use of light in order to make the observations visible. Einstein in his Theory of Relativity tried to make proper allowance for the fact that light itself is a moving something, and therefore the speed of light had to be taken into consideration in precise measurements of the speed or velocity of moving bodies. This fact still further complicates the theory of Einstein.

Before we proceed further with our discussion, we must try to clarify the above considerations by a few simple illustrations which are familiar to everyone. Let us imagine that we are in a railroad coach which is traveling at the rate of thirty miles per hour, and that another train is moving at the same rate, in the same direction, along a track which adjoins the one upon which our coach is moving, and this adjacent track is exactly parallel to our track. Then let us suppose that our coach is exactly abreast of a particular coach of the other train. In respect to a particular point of our coach, a point exactly opposite on the other coach will neither advance nor recede, provided that the speeds of the two trains do not change from the assumed thirty miles per hour. In fact, if the speeds decreased or increased the relative positions of the two points would remain the same, provided that the rate of decrease or increase of both trains is the same. In respect to each other the two points, one on one coach, the other on the other coach, would be at rest, despite the fact that both trains are in motion, in respect to a point on the platform.

This is an illustration of the common and well known type of relative motion. Now let us assume that our coach moves with a speed of twenty miles per hour, and that the other coach continues to move in the same direction with a speed of thirty miles per hour. Then it is evident that the speed of the

selected observation point on this coach in reference to the speed of the observation point on our coach will be the difference of the two speeds, that is 30-20 or ten miles per hour. Suppose now that we replace the other coach with a beam of light traveling with a velocity of 1,341,081,790,000 miles per hour; then, according to the old school of relativity, the velocity of the observation point on the beam of light in reference to the observation point on our coach is the difference of the two velocities, that is 1,341,081,790,000-20, or 1,341,081,789,980 miles per hour. Lorentz and Einstein and all the modern relativists state emphatically that the old school of relativity is wrong in this conclusion, for the specific reason that the velocity of light is not influenced or modified by the velocity of the observation point, nor does it depend upon the velocity of the body from which it emanates. These conclusions are only strictly true when light travels in a vacuum. Einstein refers to this constancy of the velocity of light as "the second principle on which the special relativity theory rests."⁴

In order that our observations of moving bodies shall do justice to this astounding inference concerning the velocity of light we must, according to Einstein, introduce a corrective mathematical expression into all our calculations pertaining to physical phenomena. This corrective mathematical expression allows for this peculiarity of the velocity of light, and it is known as the Lorentz Transformation.⁵

Upon the above as a foundation Einstein constructs his general theory of relativity, by degrees as it were, carefully preparing the reader's mind for a revision of the latter's notions concerning time and space as independent forms of observation of physical phenomena. Referring to the ordinary conception of time Einstein states: "As a matter of fact, according to classical mechanics, time is absolute, *i. e.*, it is independent of the position and the condition of motion of the system of coördinates."⁶ Einstein, in his theory of relativity, abandons this notion of classical mechanics. Time, for Einstein, is not absolute, but it is relative. To make clear this relativity of time we must again resort to a mechanical model. Suppose that at

⁴ "Time, Space, and Gravitation," by Albert Einstein, *Science* for January 2, 1920, p. 9.

⁵ *Relativity*, by Albert Einstein, p. 39.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 66.

any given place a railroad track has been constructed upon a trestle at any convenient height. Immediately above this track imagine another track exactly parallel, both horizontally and vertically to the one below. Upon each of these tracks place a flat car of absolutely the same dimensions. On one side of both cars arrange a perpendicular mirror, and precisely opposite each of these mirrors place an observer, in both cases equidistant from the mirror. Let us designate the observer on the trestle car as A and his mirror as a and the observer on the lower track as B and his mirror as b . Suppose both cars to be at rest. Then let both observers send a beam of light to their respective mirrors. These beams of light will be reflected back to both observers along lines which are perpendicular to the mirrors. Suppose that A finds that it requires five seconds for the beam of light to trace the return line from his mirror. Since the return line from b to B is of equal length and since the velocity of light is constant, it follows that B must also report five seconds for his experiment.

Now keep A 's car stationary and set B 's in motion, and let them repeat the experiment. Since A repeats the experiment under the identical conditions as before, he will naturally record the same five seconds. And since B and his mirror b move simultaneously, they will keep the same relation as they had when stationary and B will also record five seconds. Now suppose A adverts to the experiment below. He directs B to set his car in motion, and when he comes directly below A 's observation point to send a beam of light to his mirror b . Now the line Bb described by B 's light will, according to A 's observations, not be parallel to the line Aa , for the reason that by the time the light ray reaches b the car will have moved down the track. By the time the ray has been reflected back to B the car will be still farther down the track. In other words, from A 's observation point the line of light from B to his mirror and back again, $Bb-bB$, will describe a line which, of course, will be longer than the perpendicular line $Aa-aA$ and, since the velocity of light is constant, will require more than five seconds to travel according to A 's watch. Let us say it requires six seconds. In the meantime, however, B 's watch has registered only five seconds for the same operation. We may now suppose A and B in a violent discussion as to the correctness of their respective watches.

At this point Einstein, the scientific pacifist, steps in and tells them that according to his theory of relativity, both watches are relatively correct in their time records. He points out specifically that for *A*, the watch used by *B* relatively runs slower, and that six seconds recorded by *A*'s stationary watch is exactly equal to five seconds recorded by *B*'s moving watch. This is equivalent to saying that one second for *B* measured on his moving watch, is of precisely the same duration as one and two-tenths seconds for *A* measured on *A*'s stationary watch.

It is evident that, since the velocity of light is very great, the above illustration cannot actually be duplicated in practice. However, in principle the illustration is a correct representation of the manner in which Einstein derived his theory of the relativity of time. He concludes that temporal durations are dependent upon the relative conditions of motion of the event. For Einstein, then, measurements of time, as well as measurements of space, are merely relative measurements, and time is meaningless unless we specify the precise location and condition (rest or motion, etc.) of the event measured, as well as the precise location and condition of the duration-measuring clock.

If one admits the above conclusions, it will indeed be difficult to conceive how two separate events occurring in different places can be regarded as transpiring at the same time. How are we going to determine the time of either event when both events, if referred to a third clock located in a location foreign to both events, will appear to have happened at a new time which differs from the previously recorded time? This reasoning may be extended indefinitely without our ever being able to say that we have discovered a particular time which is absolute, and which would serve as a basis for maintaining that two events may happen at the same precise and absolute moment of time. Reasoning in this manner, Einstein concludes that simultaneous events are impossible at different locations. Space then, according to Einstein, exerts, as it were, an influence on time. We may almost say that space, in a manner, is a generator of time or, at least, time is the ever-present shadow of space from which space can never divorce itself. Every physical phenomenon involves both space and time. If space intervenes between two events, then the shadow of time also intervenes forever, making absolute simultaneity

impossible. For Einstein the fusion of space and time into a single entity, space-time, consequently follows as an intellectual necessity. Without further ado, and without any other and more sufficient reason than the above, Einstein constructs his intellectual alloy space-time for which he claims physical reality. Space and time as separate conceptions belong only to the observer who separates the single unitary physical reality space-time into two merely intellectual constituents, space and time. Eddington referring to this phase of Einstein's theory states: "He (Einstein) assigns space and time solely to the observer; in nature there is left something which for want of a better name we may call space-time."⁷

Let us now consider this intellectually fused alloy space-time. Einstein proceeds in his diagnosis of the "space-time continuum," as he calls his fused product, by an analysis of the geometrical properties of ordinary space. When this analysis is complete he introduces algebraic symbols to represent the essential elements of his geometrical space. The remaining portion of his development is comparatively easy, for one can accomplish almost anything with mathematics if the criterion of agreement with physical reality is not used in order to determine the precise nature and significance of the resulting mathematical relations. Space regarded separately from time is a three-dimensional continuum whereas, according to Einstein, "the world in which we live is a four-dimensional space-time continuum."⁸ To the average reader this matter of a three or four-dimensional something is nothing short of a mystery. Suppose then that we think first of directions and, for the time being, we forget the obnoxious term dimensional.

Draw any straight line *AB*, and you have *one direction* and *one length*. Perpendicular to this line draw another line *CB* intersecting *AB* at *B*, and you have your *second direction* and *one width*. Now drop a third line *DB* to the point *B*, so that it will be perpendicular to both *AB* and *CB*. You now have a *third direction* and *one height*. Any one of these three lines is perpendicular to both of the other lines. Now try either to imagine or to construct a fourth direction line which is perpendicular (making a right angle with) each and

⁷ "Einstein's Theory of Space and Time," by A. S. Eddington, *Contemporary Review*, December, 1919, p. 642.

⁸ *Relativity*, by Albert Einstein, p. 65.

all of the three lines AB , CB , and DB . The non-Euclidean geometers risk their entire conceptual structure on the success or failure of this attempt. One can readily see that the imposed condition is impossible of realization either conceptually or actually. The metageometers, with no regard for common sense consistency, claim complete success for this attempt. Another favorite, and equally impossible, trick of the pangeometers is to suggest that a cube be moved in a direction perpendicular to each and all of its three sides for a distance equal to the length of one of its sides, thus generating what they call a "tesseract." The word "tesseract" is all that this procedure ever can generate, because it is impossible to conceive or actually locate a line or direction which is perpendicular to all of the three axes with which we begin. As far as physical reality is concerned the attempt is pure nonsense. Such speculation may give delight to a few mathematical fanatics, but for sane people it is a ridiculous pastime.

The usual manœuvre of the mathematician, after he has given us a geometrical conception, is to represent the involved quantities by algebraic letters. In the present case, for three-dimensional space, all we require is three measurements in directions parallel respectively to the three axes of reference. Hence the letters x , y , z are used to represent these three measurements both in amount and in direction. In a four-dimensional world a point cannot be located, so it is claimed, by less than four directional measurements, hence, for such a world, we require the four algebraic quantities x , y , z and u . Hermann Minkowski made the transition which amalgamated space and time into a single unity space-time by merely substituting the algebraic symbol t to represent time values, thus giving us four quantities x , y , z and t for the single system space-time. For the mathematician that procedure is generally all that is necessary to transform a conceptual notion into reality. We have, then, a space-time world assured by these four letters, x , y , z and t . In this way, time no longer is an independent quantity; time is deprived of its absolute significance and becomes relative in every physical measurement. The final transformation required to perfect the new space-time four-dimensional world was to substitute the imaginary quantity $\sqrt{-1} Vt$, where V is the velocity of light, t is the time interval, and the $\sqrt{-1}$ is an imaginary quantity.

We could not conceive of Einstein's world system getting along without this imaginary quantity. The original space-time world, by this mathematical trick, is sufficiently camouflaged to pass in review before the most acute body of physico-mathematicians, without calling forth a single protest or challenge. Physico-mathematicians can now use their new creation with impunity as a four-dimensional system similar and practically equivalent to the parent notion which dealt with spacial relations only. In fact, Einstein and the relativists so regard this creation of Minkowski. No matter what protests may be offered by the relativists of the Einstein School, their new four-dimensional space-time creation is treated as a spacial affair throughout.

Einstein and his followers proceed to use this new creation with mathematical acumen, and it becomes the basis of Einstein's general theory of relativity. The more the relativists think of their alloy space-time the more certain they become of its physical reality. It assumes tangibility, and becomes an occult mold responsive to the requirements of physical phenomena. Space-time becomes a physically omniscient and omnipotent governing being which guides unerringly all particles in their paths through the universe, and controls their future destiny. The almost tangible ether gives way to this new Frankenstein of modern physics. The occult space-time continuum supersedes the more realistic, though equally inconsistent, ether. In this new space-time continuum particles travel by the shortest path. Space-time is like an inflexible though infinitely responsive mold which eternally creates and determines the path of particles.

The old Newtonian generalization pertaining to the universality of gravitation may now be forgotten. The notion of Newton that every particle in the universe attracts every other particle in a definite manner, is now obsolete since the Minkowski-Einstein space-time continuum makes all this unnecessary. No longer must we regard the earth as traveling along an elliptical orbit about the sun; rather must we think of our planet as gliding along the thread of a machine screw of enormous pitch, circulating around the machine screw once every year while advancing in the direction of its length in a line which is almost straight. The entire phenomenon of gravitation, in the hands of Einstein, has become a matter of accel-

eration. The space-time continuum has become curved, and the curvature has been so arranged that it accounts, according to Einstein, for the principal effects of gravitation. A ray of light will travel in the space-time mold in a manner which allows for the observed effect of gravitation. The cause of the uniform acceleration is, as held by Einstein, the gravitational field, whatever that is, in this new theory of relativity. The question here suggests itself to us, why introduce the term "gravitational field" at all unless direct use is made of the concept in the manner of Reuterdaahl and his field of interaction.⁹ The Space-Time Potential of Reuterdaahl does everything that Einstein's space-time continuum is supposed to do, but in a manner that is consistent and intelligible without resorting to impossible concepts like the Minkowski-Einstein space-time composite.

In connection with the above exposition of Einstein's substitute for the Newtonian theory of gravitation, it is interesting to recall a series of articles by "Kinertia," published by *Harper's Weekly* during the months of September, October and November of the year 1914. In these articles "Kinertia" speaks of the corkscrew path of the Earth and Moon in space, in fact there is an illustration depicting this type of motion.

In his first article "Kinertia" states: "Years before that (he refers to his later work) when in England, where some of our coal mines had vertical shafts about 1,500 feet deep, I had studied the cause of weight by having the hoisting engine drop me down with the full acceleration from about 500 feet. Then, by retardation during the lowest 500 feet, I could experience increase of weight all over me so marked that my legs could hardly support me. That taught me that acceleration was the proximate cause of weight, but at the time of these experiments I still thought the acceleration of the falling cage was really caused by the earth's attraction."

The following quotation from Einstein, in view of the above, is of peculiar interest: "The acceleration of the chest will be transmitted to him by the reaction of the floor of the chest. He must, therefore, take up this pressure by means of his legs if he does not wish to be laid out full length on the floor."¹⁰

⁹ *Scientific Theism Versus Materialism, the Space-Time Potential*, by Arvid Reuterdaahl, p. 124.

¹⁰ *Relativity*, by Albert Einstein, p. 79.

An unbiased perusal of Chapter XX. of Einstein's work, *Relativity*, when compared with "Kinertia's" articles, which appeared in the year 1914, will result in only one verdict; "Kinertia" may justly claim priority over Einstein in so far as the fundamental tenets of the *general* theory of relativity is concerned, which deals more particularly with the phenomenon of gravitation. Einstein's article, "*Die Grundlage der allgemeinen Relativitätstheorie*," which deals with the phenomenon of gravitation and which is the keystone to his general theory of relativity, was published March 20, 1916.¹¹ The "Kinertia" articles indicate that "Kinertia" discussed these problems as a student under Lord Kelvin in 1866. "Kinertia's" work is far superior to that of Einstein in the fact of its direct simplicity. "Kinertia" did not find it necessary to resort to the fictitious and impossible space-time four-dimensional continuum in order to develop the same theory which later was brought out by Einstein in the elaborate mathematical garb of invariants and covariants. In the year 1914 Reuterdaahl, at the request of the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, pointed out the consistent and inconsistent tenets of "Kinertia's" Theory. The same criticism applies, at the present time, with added force to the doctrines of Einstein. The "Kinertia" articles offer food for thought when considered in connection with the colossal claims made by Einstein's supporters concerning his almost super-human originality. In fact, one begins to doubt the justice of these claims and to wonder if the charges made, by a fast growing group of German scientists who, like E. Gehrcke, P. Lenard, and Paul Weyland, hold that Einstein is both a plagiarist and a sophist, are not, after all, true.

We have done little justice in the above to the rare dialectic skill with which Dr. Einstein has applied his intellectual anæsthesia to the minds of his readers. All intellectual obstructions have been removed, and the reader is prepared to venture forth boldly into the mysterious realm of "curved" space *whose geometrical properties depend upon the matter present*. This most curious inference of Einstein is the master stroke in his skillful massing of inconsistent sophistries. We find Einstein stating: "According to the general theory of relativity, the geometrical properties of space are not independent, but they are determined by matter." Thus we can

¹¹ *Annalen Der Physik*, Verlag Von Johann Ambrosius Barth, Leipzig, 1916.

draw conclusions about the geometrical structure of the universe only if we base our considerations on the state of the matter as being something that is known."¹² This assertion is a half-truth of high sophistic value, and on a par with the other half-truths upon which Einstein's system of colossal sophisms is founded.

In the following we shall endeavor to point out briefly some of the most evident fallacies of Einstein's Theory of Relativity outlined in the preceding discussion. For a more complete discussion of the Einsteinian inconsistencies the reader is referred to Reuterdahl's new work, entitled *The Fallacies of Einstein*, which soon will be published. In this connection the writer desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to this work for his exposition and criticism of Einstein's theories.

The reader is adroitly introduced to Einstein's system of physical metaphysics by a consideration of the relative merits of two types of truth, the conceptual and the physical or actual. Einstein, at the outset, proves himself a poor metaphysician. He does not properly distinguish between truth and fact. In fact, his entire system is founded upon this error which bursts forth in every one of his sophistries. Dr. Einstein might do well to read the work, *Truth on Trial*, by Dr. Paul Carus, from which we quote the following: "Truth is not of the senses but of the mind. The senses never produce either truth or untruth; it is our faculty of the purely formal (commonly called reason) that works out judgments that are either true or untrue, and we verify these judgments by exactness in the application of logic, arithmetic, geometry, etc.—facts are always particular, truths are always general; facts are verified by the senses, truths by the mind; facts change, truths (if they were ever real truths and not errors) remain true forever."¹³

Einstein's application of the word "truth" to the changing conditions in objects, is therefore a palpable misnomer of which he takes undue sophistical advantage. Such changes in the external world are merely facts. The mind formulates, classifies, and judges these facts conceptually, thus deriving what the philosopher means by truth. Consequently, these

¹² *Relativity*, by Albert Einstein, p. 135.

¹³ *Truth on Trial*, by Paul Carus, pp. 60, 61.

truths, whether mathematical or logical, are formal or *a priori*. Reason is not independent of the external world, but it is in complete harmony with it because, like a flame, it is fanned into its full vigor of activity by the winds of environment. The interaction between intellect and matter is grounded in the depths of reality. The harmony between both is *not an accidental development* growing out of experience. On the contrary it is rooted in the very cosmos as one of its greatest verities.

Einstein's entire system is built on the supposition that the world as given by the senses is, after all, the only world worthy of consideration. His system depends primarily upon *a posteriori* knowledge. Geometry must be made to conform with the behavior of things in the physical universe. We must correct all our mathematical notions to fit physical conditions. He supposes, of course, that a discrepancy exists. We deny this assertion most emphatically. While Einstein is demanding that we fit our geometry to reality, he stands prepared to foist upon us a conceptually and speculatively made geometry, the non-Euclidean, into agreement with which he tries to force our real universe. His very speculative product has no counterpart in reality. Nevertheless, he tries to compel reality to obey the mandates of this man-made concept. If a bar in motion is shortened, then our *geometry of space* must account for this effect and must be its cause. Real physical causation becomes ridiculous in the presence of the new intellectual monster *geometrical causation*.

Every sane scientist admits that allowances must be made for the particular conditions which exist for every individual experiment. No sane scientist demands that we must reconstruct our intellect in order to allow for these variations in experimental conditions. When Einstein asks us to think our world in four-dimensional terms he literally requests that we reconstruct our intellect. Possibly Einstein's intellect has inadvertently, and because of much consort with imaginary quantities, been able to attune itself to the weird disharmonies of a non-existent four-dimensional world. Our intellects are not so readily reconstructed. If changes occur in physical bodies when in motion this need not particularly alarm us. The very structure of a body may be easily changed by the application of heat, and hence the sane man does not try to cool

the body by changing his intellect, but uses his intellect in such a manner that a readjustment of physical conditions is brought about. The discovery that a ray of light requires more time to travel over a longer path than over a shorter one, need not disturb a well-balanced mind. What else can be expected if light travels at a constant rate under all conditions. It is remarkable that the astounding discovery that it takes light longer to travel over a longer path than over a shorter one, was made by an application of the much despised Euclidean geometry. Evidently this portion of Einstein's theory is exempt from the effects of his all-pervading space-time. Because of these things and others which have perturbed the mind of Einstein, we do not need to turn all our clocks into alarm clocks.

Is it reasonable to expect that a stationary observer will record the same results for a moving event as for a stationary event? A stationary observer can make allowance for the effects of motion, and reproduce the phenomenon for observation without resorting to moving clocks for his time record. Two people can look at each other at the *same time*, notwithstanding the fact that a certain distance separates them. Despite the fact that there is about three hours difference in physical time between New York and San Francisco, a man in New York can talk over the telephone to a man in San Francisco at precisely the same time. Simultaneous events are, therefore, possible. We need not be surprised that an intellect which has proved itself capable of such gross crimes against reason and common sense, feels no hesitancy in asserting that the geometrical properties of "curved" space depend upon the matter present. Let us remove the matter entirely from a portion of "curved" space and it follows, according to Einstein, that the geometrical properties disappear. Pour the water out of a glass and the geometrical properties of the enclosed space vanish. Remove the air by a vacuum pump in order to satisfy still further the condition prescribed. Unfortunately for Einstein the geometrical properties of the empty space in the glass cannot be removed by a vacuum pump.

The above brief criticism is intended to be suggestive rather than exhaustive. The scope of this article has permitted the presentation of only the mere outlines of the systems of Reuterdaahl and Einstein. The first article on the

Special Theory of Relativity was published by Einstein in 1905.¹⁴ Reuterdaahl first presented an outline of his Theory of Interdependence in 1902, thus antedating Einstein's first article by three years.¹⁵

Einstein has stated: "If any deduction from it (the theory of relativity) should prove untenable, it must be given up. A modification of it seems impossible without destruction of the whole."¹⁶

If this article has indicated to the reader that by that statement Einstein has, perhaps, signed the death warrant of his Theory of Relativity, the writer shall feel that part of his purpose has been accomplished.

IMMACULATA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

A FATHER's little children disobeyed
His household laws, and grieved him very sore;
And they, having grieved him, grieved, and so no more
Was the old joyaunce by the children made.

Because their hearts away from him had strayed,
(Never his heart from them), they did implore
One sister who was love to the heart's core
To ask their pardon, they ashamed, afraid.

She went, and love-like, looked up to his face,
Saying, *Forgive them!* And the father smiled
Upon his one love-perfect little child.

*I give thee thy sweet prayer, O full of grace:
I pardon them, My dove, My undefiled:
I set My children in their old dear place.*

¹⁴ *Annalen Der Physik*, September 27, 1905.

¹⁵ Transactions of the American Electrochemical Society, April 5, 1902.

¹⁶ "Time, Space, and Gravitation," article in *Science*, January 2, 1920, p. 10.

THE POET OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BY F. MOYNIHAN.



IT is now six hundred years since Dante died at Ravenna. During that time his legend has grown apace, and his *Divina Commedia* has become the heritage of mankind. True to the surname of its author—Alighieri, the Wing-bearer—his aërial song has not dipped its pinion, but has kept its steady flight through the ages. Taking all truth for his province he, Durante, the enduring one, has been able “to look Time’s leaguer down.” This he has accomplished by a genius which compassed heaven and earth in the oneness of the Divine Idea, and by an artistry that sounded all the stops of human nature. He is numbered with the great world-poets—with Homer and Virgil, in whom is mirrored the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome. He out visions the frigid Puritanism of Milton, and he supplements Shakespeare, the poet of the secular world. And as the poet of Christendom, he transcends them all by virtue of his plenary inspiration which envisages the natural and the supernatural in a synthesis that is the root-conception of the Universe. His Sacred Poem, “to which heaven and earth set their hand,” is the title-deed of a fame that has survived the rise and fall of empires, and that will last until the trump of doom shall sound the passing of mortality.

The keynote of the *Divina Commedia* is struck in the first canto of the *Paradiso*, which sings the glory of God. There is enunciated the Eternal Law by which all created things conform to the Divine Excellence, after which they are patterned, by fulfilling the conditions of their being. Love is the principle “whereby God draws back to Himself all creatures that He has made—whether inanimate, sensitive, or rational—by the tendencies or inclinations He has given them to seek the end for which they were ordered and disposed.” To this final end of creation nature tends of itself by virtue of the laws that govern its operations; to this tend the heavens by their orderly revolutions; to this the angels by their ministry and govern-

ance. In man alone are God's purposes set at naught by means of his free-will which may follow after "unreal semblances of Good." This deordination of human love from God, its true Goal and Object, introduces a discord into the cosmos of existence, and necessitates the suffering, temporary or eternal, which is the inevitable penalty of sin. Inasmuch as mortal sin unrepented of involves a willful aversion from the Supreme Good, it condemns the sinner to an eternity of misery—the theme of the *Inferno*. The process of purification whereby are purged away the remains of sin which, after the guilt is forgiven, still adhere in the soul because of its devotion to a perishable good, forms the subject of the *Purgatoriò*. In the *Paradiso* is contemplated the union of the justified soul with God, its Author, in the ineffable joy of the Beatific Vision.

Midway in his career, Dante finds himself astray in a dark wildwood, his onward course barred by the leopard of sensuality, the lion of ambition, and the wolf of cupidity. To teach him a way of avoidance, and to lead him to the Delectable Mountain, Virgil, the embodiment of Human Philosophy, is recalled from Limbo to show him the fate of the lost. He is summoned at the instance of Beatrice Portinari, the lady enskyed and sainted, whose ideal beauty and goodness had become for Dante the means of ascent to the love of God. Having as his guide, then, Virgil, whose vision of Hades he interprets in terms of Christian thought, our poet descends the spiral circles of Hell, over which preside the demons of pagan mythology. On the portals of the *città dolente* is writ the divine rescript that decreed its existence:

Justice incited my sublime Creator;
Created me divine Omnipotence,
The highest Wisdom and the primal Love.¹

There are three grand divisions of this nether world in which the vices that comprise human wrong-doing, *viz.*, incontinence, violence, and malice, are expiated by modes of punishment corresponding to their enormity. Of these the last, being sins of the mind and peculiar to the rational nature of man, are the most flagitious. The *Inferno* depicts the hideous consequences of these vices in a series of physical images that body forth their moral turpitude. The penalties meted out to the wicked symbolize the character of their various crimes.

¹ *Inferno*, Canto iii., 4-6.

It is the fate of the sinner that he must live forever in the moral hell of his sin, which becomes its own Nemesis. Thus the victims of lawless desire, Paolo and Francesca, are whirled round eternally in the blasts that typify their own gusty passions. The sullen are sunk in the fumes of their own distempered humor. Hypocrites go tricked out in the gilded, leaden mantles of their sanctimony. Heretics, like Farinata and Frederic II., who denied the immortality of the soul, are encased in the fiery tombs of their hopeless infidelity. Judas and his kind are pent in the icy abandonment of their cold-blooded treachery. Rarely does any sentiment of pity interpose to mitigate the moral inexorableness that prompted these judgments. Only in the ruthless episodes of Francesca da Rimini, of Count Ugolino, and Pietro delle Vigne, is Dante's heart intenerated by the doubtful doom of humankind.

In bold, sweeping strokes Dante paints the background of this fuliginous Under-world. His genius is the golden bough that makes us free of its secrecies. With him we journey by the sad wave of Acheron and hear the *alti guai* of the damned. We descry through the murky air the lurid mosques of the city of Dis, and blench at the eldritch shrieks of the fiends and the Furies who would deny entrance into their citadel. We hearken to the boiling of the river of blood as Phlegethon runs hurtling down unplumbed abysses. We scale toilfully the beetling crags that wall in the cloisters of Malebolge. We cower beneath the impending bulk of the giant, Antæus, as he looms above us like the leaning tower of Garisenda. We tread the realms of thick-ribbed ice—the dungeon of Lucifer—where Ugolino gnaws forever the skull of Ruggieri. About us is the fetid atmosphere of sin, charged with the nameless abominations of the reprobate. The only respite from these horrors is the occasional inset of natural landscape—some pastoral of Italian uplands, some idyll of the Casentine's cool runnels, or Ulysses' sea-faring—that gratefully relieves the calenture bred by the mephitic reek of Hell.

Emerging from the shades of Hell into the light of the sun and stars, Dante enters on the *via purgativa* of salvation. On the seven terraces that girdle the conical Mound of Purgatory the penitent souls are purified from the remains of the seven deadly sins. Cato of Utica, the type of liberty, is the custodian of the Mount where moral freedom is regained by a discipline

in rightly ordered love. Love may err through an evil objective and issue in Pride, Envy, Anger; spiritual Sloth is due to defective love; excessive love of material things begets Avarice, Gluttony, Luxury. The modes of purification are those symbolized by the Angel with the keys who keeps ward by the gate of Purgatory—*viz.*, Contrition, Confession, and Satisfaction. The spirits humbly avow their sins, rejoice in the remedial pains of their sufferings, and make reparation by rehearsing memorable examples of their faults, and instances of the opposite virtue, pictured them from Christian and pagan lore. The proud go bent beneath the burden of heavy stones; the envious lean helplessly on each other, their eyelids sutured with iron wire; the angry grope their way through clouds of pungent smoke; the covetous lie abject, face to earth; the gluttonous are wasted with hunger and thirst; the incontinent are chastened with searing flames of fire.

Dante shares in their penance, and vies with them in the practice of the Beatitudes by doing justice to his political and personal enemies. Angevin and Hohenstaufen, Guelf and Ghibelline are admitted to a place in his *Purgatorio* without reference to his prepossessions. Wherefore, when he has completed the rounds of penitence, and the last stigma of sin is effaced from his brow, he is crowned and mitred by Virgil as lord of himself in perfect moral liberty. He now enters the bosky pleasance of the Earthly Paradise at the summit of the Mount, where Beatrice, the figure of Divine Revelation, manifests herself to him in a pageant of the Church Militant. He is ministered to by Matilda, model of the glorified active life, who renews and quickens his moral being in the streams of Lethe and Eunoe. Thus is he rendered "*puro e disposto a salir alle stelle.*"²

The *Purgatorio* is the most winningly human part of the *Divina Commedia*. It abounds in exquisite artistic sketches—cameos imaged from the classics and Holy Writ; vignettes of land and sea, wood and river; delicate nocturnes of Italian hamlets with their

. . . . *squilla di lontano*

*Che paia il giorno pianger che si muore.*³

² "Pure and disposed to mount unto the stars."—*Purgatorio*, Canto xxxiii., 145.

³ ". . . . from far away a bell

That seemeth to deplore the dying day."

—*Purgatorio*, Canto viii., 5, 6.

Many an engaging portrait is limned in its pages—the knightly troubadour, Sordello; the intriguing sluggard, Belacqua; the modest person of Nella; the lovely, wailing figure of La Pia. The poem is instinct with the spirit of aspiration, of loving-kindness, of angelic visitings, of Divine clemency. That the Goodness of God has wide arms of mercy is vouched for by the salvation of King Manfred and Buonconte (by virtue of “*una lagrimetta*”) at the last; by the redemption of the Emperor Trajan because of his good deed; by the conversion of the poet, Statius, through his reading of Virgil. Nowhere else is the state of suffering souls so vividly realized, nor the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints so well authenticated as in their constant pleas for intercession of the faithful.

The *Purgatorio* is also the most autobiographic of the books. It gives us a sense of intimacy with Dante’s personality in its strength and tenderness, and with the secrets of his art: “I am one who when Love inspires me, take note; and, in that manner which he dictates within, go signifying.” It introduces us to the circle of his friends: Forese Donati; the musician, Casella; the painter, Giotto; Guido Guinicelli, his master in the “*dolce stil nuovo*.” It stresses his political creed—neither Guelf nor Ghibelline—which recognized the Pope as the spiritual, and the Emperor as the temporal, head of the Roman Empire. And in that poignant scene of his humbling by Beatrice, because he forsook her memory for false earthly loves, it marks the climax of his human drama which is to be resolved only in the quiring symphonies of Paradise.

As Dante, in the company of Beatrice, who “imparadised his mind,” speeds from the lowest to the highest of the Ptolemaic heavens, ruled over by the angelic hierarchy, he traverses the *via illuminativa* of divine knowledge. The fullness of knowledge ending in the ecstatic vision of God, thus becomes the substance of the *Paradiso*. It is, as it were, a new Apocalypse wherein through the medium of light, motion, music, he seeks to shadow forth the glories of the supernal world. In the various heavenly spheres which accord with the degree and mode of their beatitude, the spirits of the blessed assume sensible form, and initiate him into the arcana of the divine science. The mysteries of Predestination, of the Godhead, of the Redemption; the exalted dignity of the Blessed Virgin; the creation of the angels; the problems of grace and free-will

are the staple of their teaching. The spirit of mediævalism is everywhere operant in the conception and imagery. Piccarda Donati in the Heaven of the Moon teaches the unison of the Blessed in perfect charity with the Will of God, which is the law of their being:

*E la sua voluntade è nostra pace.*⁴

In the Heaven of the Sun the great Doctors of the Church, St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure, discourse the praises of St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Dominic. From the gleaming cross of living lights composed of the warrior-saints in Mars, Cacciaguida lessons his descendant in the fortitude which must stead him in the wanderings of his exile:

Thou shalt have proof how savoureth of salt
The bread of others, and how hard a road
The going down and up another's stairs.⁵

The just rulers who constitute the golden Eagle of the Heaven of Jupiter, voice the divine sanctions of the Roman Empire, and its right governance.

Beyond the Heaven of Saturn, where meditate the monastic contemplatives, lies the last stage of Dante's pilgrimage. He is examined in the three theological virtues by the Apostles, Peter, James and John. Then, after viewing the *Primum Mobile* circling in movements of seraphic love of God, Dante, under the auspices of the great mystic, St. Bernard, enters the *via unitiva* of the Empyrean. There he beholds the sainted hosts of the heavenly court (among them his patronesses, Lucia and Beatrice), queened over by Mary, Mother of God, in the semblance of the great White Rose of Paradise. By virtue of St. Bernard's superb canticle of intercession to the Blessed Virgin, Dante obtains the grace of the Beatific Vision. With eyes euphrasied by the *lumen gloriæ*, he gazes on the Divine Exemplar in Whom is resumed the essence of all created things. He contemplates the Triune God, and apprehends mysteries which "eye has not seen, ear has not heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Then his vision ends, consummated in the blessedness of "the Love that moves the Sun and all the stars."

Dante's poem reflects the drama of a soul that came through much tribulation from the human to the divine, from

⁴ "And His will is our peace."—*Paradiso*, Canto III., 85.

⁵ *Paradiso*, Canto xvii., 58-60.

time to eternity. It is the product of a finely tempered nature, "impressionable in every guise," through the alembic of whose genius things earthly are sublimated into their heavenly values, and Christian truth is distilled from pagan lore. It records the discipline by which the youthful troubadour of love was lessened into the Christian stoicism and mysticism of the *Divina Commedia*. For Dante is at once poet and philosopher, Scholastic and mystic, Aristotelian in mind and Platonist at heart. He has the Scholastic acumen and the mystic insight to sift the material that nature and life present to the senses, and to disengage its spiritual content. He has the faculty of moral vision that pierces through the show of things, and lays bare the soul of men and cities. He has the Stoic *gravitas*, and the fine impatience of the worldly concerns men waste their lives upon:

The heavens are calling you, and wheel around you,
 Displaying to you their eternal beauties,
 And still your eye is looking on the ground;
 Whence He, Who all discerns, chastises you.⁶

"To Heaven" is the concert of his many-voicèd poem, as it ranges on, heedless of aught else. Especially today is its ethos invaluable to us amid the human predicament of life when the freedom of the will is impugned, personal responsibility discounted, and the sense of the supernatural well nigh lost. It lifts us from the low levels of a soulless materialism into the serene altitudes of an art piercing with all its spirings of utterance into the infinite.

It was the dream of Dante that one day "with other voice, with other fleece" he would return to Florence, and there at the Baptistry of his beloved San Giovanni be wreathed with the laurel crown. His frustrate hope has been retrieved by the suffrages of the ages which accord him the title: *il divino poeta*. He is the Virgil of the *Roma Immortalis*, the city of God, "whereof Christ is Roman." His *Commedia* has been called the swan-song of Scholasticism; it exemplifies rather the power of the wing, the flight of the eagle: those who today enter into its secret places can feel upon them the impulsion of its spirit, and can still hear beating through the clear, cold air "the mighty pulse of the eagle's wings as he soars with steady eyes against the Sun."

⁶ *Purgatorio*, Canto xiv., 148-157.

THE PADRE SETTLES THINGS.

BY A. B. W. WOOD.

I.



FIRST became a factor in their lives in the spring of 1918. At that time I was chaplain to the 5th Canadian Infantry Brigade. This was part of the 2d Canadian Division which was holding the Mercatel sector south of Arras. Crawford, the man in the case, had just succeeded to the command of B Company of the 23d Battalion, with the rank of Captain. There was no special activity in progress down there for the time being, but every week or so one or other of the battalions would carry out a raid on the enemy trenches. These were small affairs in themselves and attracted little attention. At the same time they meant a great deal to those taking part in them. I could never see the real use of them. I felt the small results obtained were not worth the danger involved—but that was none of my business.

My permanent quarters were with the Quartermaster of the 23d. I would visit the battalions of the Brigade regularly, and was always expected to be at the regimental aid post with the doctor when a raid was in progress.

I received word one day that a party from D Company of the 23d was to carry out a raid the following evening, and that Crawford was to be in charge. I was sorry to hear it. Crawford was one of my best officers. He was an exemplary Catholic, and exercised a wonderful influence over the men. The possibility of losing him disturbed me. I had come to look upon it as almost a rule of warfare that the best men were practically bound to be killed. But Crawford was a newcomer to the Battalion, and the Colonel thought he should be given a chance to distinguish himself. It was true that if he came through safely and did well, his influence would be increased; but it meant a frightful risk.

On these occasions I used to go up with the transport in the evening. I remember that evening well. It was the close

of a delightful spring day. I could not help enjoying the ride through the country lanes past the sweet-smelling hedges ablaze with a riot of untrammelled blossom, radiant in the last golden glow of the setting sun. Overhead a lark was panting her farewell to the dying day. But still I was depressed with foreboding; these things struck me as nature's protest against the hovering spirit of destruction. When after sunset we entered the danger zone, I was not surprised to hear the whine of a shell overhead and to catch a poisonous whiff, which sent us into a headlong gallop, tugging at our gas-masks as we went.

I went down to report to the Colonel and, incidentally, protested against Crawford's participation in the raid. The Colonel looked at me with impatient surprise. "What's the matter with you, Padre?" he asked, "you ought to know by this time that this is no game we are taking part in. He must take his chance like the rest of us!" I said, I supposed so, and just then Crawford came in to make his final report. He looked a queer figure. His face and hands were blackened to make them less conspicuous, and his smart officer's tunic was replaced by the ill-fitting garment of a private; three microscopic stars on the shoulder-straps alone denoted his rank. As was to be expected, he made use of the opportunity to go to confession and receive Holy Communion; I always carried the Blessed Sacrament on my person in those days. He had no delusions about his prospects; he knew the business too well. He prepared himself for everything.

It was then that I first heard about the lady. He requested me, in case anything should happen to him, to take a pocket-book which he had in the top left-hand pocket of his tunic and send it to a Miss Rita Walsh at an address in Halifax. He gave me no further information about her, and did not seem inclined to; I did not press him. I took the address, told him that I hoped I should never have to use it, and with a fervent "God bless you" left him.

I went over to the aid-post, and found the doctor bustling around making his preparations. His clinic was a very good specimen of its kind. At the entrance the trench ran into a tunnel. One side of this was excavated to make an ante-chamber about twenty feet square. This was designed to give protection to the stretcher cases waiting for treatment, and to

those dealt with and waiting for the ambulance. Congestion was thus avoided both in the trench and in the operating-room. Two stairways led from the ante-chamber down below, one for the entrance, the other for the exit. The entrance stair went down about forty feet and opened into a large waiting room, where the walking cases could be dealt with; in case of a rush, stretchers could be placed there, too. Then came the operating room proper provided with wooden frames to accommodate four stretchers; this opened on to the living quarters of the doctor and his assistants, from which the exit stair led again to the ante-chamber above. The whole was very adequately protected against anything less than a high explosive shell.

The doctor was an old friend of mine, and greeted me warmly. With him was a stranger, a Staff Major of the Royal Army Medical Corps by his badges. He looked a person of great distinction, as indeed he was. His name was Wharton; at home he was professor of surgery at one of the great London colleges of medicine. He had discovered a method of preserving human blood in such a way that it could be carried into the front line, and transfused into a casualty as soon as he arrived at the aid-post. The advantage of this was evident. It was almost impossible to practise transfusion from a living subject up there; many a man died before reaching a point where it could be arranged. If the scheme were practicable, it opened up the prospect of saving a whole class of lives hitherto regarded as doomed. At that time he was visiting the aid-post of every battalion projecting a raid, with a view to proving the efficacy of his method and so persuading the Government to arrange for its universal adoption.

We spent some time in conversation. At one o'clock, the zero hour, a dull rumble overhead told us that the barrage had opened up. We could not talk much after that. Our sole thought was the welfare of the hundred men crawling through the barbed wire on No Man's Land. We could do nothing but wait. I said my beads. We grew really anxious when three hours passed without a sign from above.

We were a long way back, and it took some time to get the wounded down to us. They came finally, however. First there were about twenty walking cases: then arrived a German officer on a stretcher, heralded by the sound of many

groans and guttural exclamations; and, lastly, a case, the sight of which at once absorbed all my interest and brought a sudden catch to my throat. It was Crawford; he looked so pale that at first I took him for dead. His face showed white under the partially rubbed-off black covering, and his lips were colorless. I bent over him; he was still breathing, but it was plain that he had almost reached the limit of his physical resources. He was bleeding from a bad shell-wound in the shoulder. The first aid men had done their best, but without success. The jolting of the stretcher, especially around the awkward corners of the communication trench, had aggravated the trouble. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly.

This was just the sort of case for which our Professor was waiting. After one glance at Crawford, he began his preparations. Quickly he tested the patient's blood to ascertain his type, selected a flask of blood from a corresponding donor and began the work of replacing the lost vitality. Meanwhile the regimental surgeon cleansed the wound and stopped the loss. Everyone in the dugout followed the proceedings with the keenest interest; the operation was a novelty; all could appreciate its importance. Besides that, every fighting man there was from Crawford's company, except the German. Even he was curious; he called me over and asked for an explanation of what was going on. I told him, and he uttered an exclamation of astonishment and admiration. "*Sie haben doch wunderbare Wundärzte!*"¹ he said; he seemed vastly relieved at the discovery.

Very gradually the faintest tinge of color showed in Crawford's cheeks; I had washed off the black coating, and he began to look a little less ghastly. He opened his eyes and looked straight into mine. "They got me, Father!" he whispered. Then he stirred, but a stab of pain from the shoulder made him wince, and for a moment the faintness returned. I still felt that the operation was too novel for its success to be taken for granted. Ordinarily, Crawford would have no sort of a chance. I whispered in his ear that if he would make an act of contrition, I would absolve and anoint him. Poor chap! But a few hours ago he had made a full confession of his life in preparation for just such a possibility as this.

In a moment or two he gained sufficient strength to let me

¹ "You have wonderful surgeons, then!"

know that he had made the act of contrition. He closed his eyes and his lips moved silently. Then he beckoned ever so slightly with his head to indicate that he wished to speak to me. "Father! . . . don't . . . neglect . . . the case . . . for . . . Rita! Top . . . left-hand . . . pocket." The orderlies had ripped off the tunic. I found the case, and showed it to him. "Ask . . . the . . . boys . . . to . . . pray . . . for me," he went on. Then he gave me a message for his father, spoke of the rest of his family, and remembered a few outstanding debts. I was to tell his father of these.

The Colonel came in just then. He hurried down as soon as he heard the news. He had been told that Crawford was dead, and was relieved to find that it was not so. At the same time the outlook seemed serious enough. The Colonel began to blame himself for sending Crawford up. He whispered an apology into his ear. Crawford smiled, and shook his head. After all, it was only a question of duty both for the Colonel and himself.

The Major continued all this time to pour preserved blood into the wounded officer out of his little brown flasks. I did not notice how much was used. Each bottle held a pint. I saw a change made several times, so that the quantity must have been considerable. After about an hour and a half he pronounced the patient out of immediate danger; he was still weak, but by that time could talk without great difficulty. Soon it was announced that the ambulance was ready. I should have liked to travel down with him, but my work was not yet finished. As I wished him "Godspeed!" I still felt dubious about seeing him again. I kept the pocketbook and jotted down his messages. I would wait for further news before sending them. There was no need to shock his family and friends until it was certain that he had gone.

Of course, he did not die; he recovered pretty rapidly. I wrote to him later to know what to do with the pocketbook. He asked me to keep it until we should meet again; he preferred not to have it intrusted to the tender mercies of the field post. I stored it away among my treasures in my altar case, and there the matter rested for the time being.

II.

I stayed with that brigade through the late spring and early summer; then I received unexpected orders to report for duty at the McKenzie General Hospital at Boulogne. I was not at all pleased at the change. I had grown to love the work in the line; it was full of interest and excitement. Hospital work would be more impersonal and less satisfying. But there was no choice; I had to go.

McKenzie was a large hospital with about two thousand beds. It was installed in huts, occupying a large area. It took me some time to get around these and make the acquaintance of the staff.

Although such a big establishment, it lacked a Catholic chapel. I found the only place where I could offer my daily Mass was a garret in the roof of the only stone building there. The first morning I had a small congregation, consisting of a nurse and one or two patients in their grotesque blue uniforms. After Mass the nurse introduced herself as Sister Walsh. She was a cheery little thing, with typical black eyes and hair and red cheeks; she told me she was attached to the femur ward, and invited me to come and see her.

Her name conveyed nothing to me then; it was only later when I called at the Matron's office for the list of names of the Catholic nurses that I found her Christian name to be Rita and her home, Halifax. At once the recollection of a commission intrusted to me for a certain Rita Walsh of Halifax flashed across my mind. Her complete home address was noted on the Registrar's file. It was the same as that given me by Crawford.

It struck me at once as strange that Crawford had seemed so deeply interested in her and yet did not seem to know that she was in the service. Her card gave her record. She was in England when he first spoke to me of her; she had been over four months.

That evening, as soon as I decently could after dinner, I left the mess room and went over to the femur ward to get my curiosity satisfied, if possible. I found Rita sitting in her little office at the end of the hut. She offered me the remains of a chair, and turned towards me with a pleasant smile.

"How do you like the hospital after the Fifth Brigade?" she asked.

Somehow, I was startled a little at the question; she knew where I had come from. I had not quite expected that.

I said I had not yet had time to settle down. No doubt, I should like it well enough after I was accustomed to the place and the work.

As a rule, I found it sufficiently easy to be affable with people: this time, however, I felt distinctly ill at ease. I could not bring myself to put to this self-possessed little person the question that was uppermost in my mind. My tongue seemed tied. I imagined that she was aware of my distress and was inwardly amused at it. She had a book on her knee; for a moment or two she sat silent, running her fingers through its pages.

Finally, I made an effort, pulled myself together and blurted out my question.

"Sister," I said. "Do you, by any chance, know Captain Myles Crawford?"

The roses on her cheeks glowed just a little more brilliantly. She continued fumbling with her book and did not look up; but she answered quite calmly:

"Yes, Father, I know him very well. I have known him for some years."

"Did you know that he was badly wounded?"

"Yes, but I heard a day or two ago that he is already out of hospital and practically well again."

This astounded me. I took it for granted that it meant that she was corresponding with him. Yet Crawford told me to write to Halifax and, although he had written to me several times, had made no reference to her.

"Do you hear from him often?" I went on.

She became more serious and answered in a whisper:

"Why no, Father; I do not think he would dream of writing to me."

This gave a new aspect to the situation. I knew very well that Crawford, a few weeks before, during what we believed to be his last moments, had been dreaming persistently of writing to this young woman or of getting me to write for him. Now it appeared that she knew nothing of this state of his mind.

I was at a loss what to do or say next. The matter was

clearly not my affair. My mere curiosity gave me no right to demand details; but there was a complication somewhere.

She relieved the tension by jumping up and inviting me to see the ward. The subject was dismissed for the time being.

A femur ward with its long rows of scaffolding from which hang wooden troughs containing broken arms and legs embedded in plaster, is always a curious sight. Her ward was very full. She took me faithfully from bed to bed. She had a cheerful word for every man and seemed to be very popular. I found a few men whom I knew, and made some appointments for confession and Holy Communion the next morning.

After we had gone the round she invited me back to the office for tea. By this time we were on excellent terms. I was not very surprised when, under her deft guidance, the conversation drifted again towards Crawford. She knew all about him, his standing in the 23d, his promotion to the command of his company and, finally, his wound and the treatment that had saved his life. She knew Major Wharton. He had lectured in the hospital recently and cited Crawford's case in illustration. Still she insisted on my telling the story as I knew it. I described the scene with every detail I could think of. I said nothing though of the pocketbook and Crawford's last message.

Then she began to tell me something of what she knew of him. They met in Montreal when she was training. I learned then that he had broken off his course in medicine to enlist. Her eyes glowed with enthusiastic admiration as she talked of him. She described his conscientiousness and gentleness, his promise of a great career so seriously hindered by his enlistment. I made up my mind that if ever a girl loved a man, Rita loved Crawford.

I thought it odd that she did not ask me how I came to associate her with him. Never once did she speak of any personal relation between them, nor did she attempt to discover from me anything that he might have said concerning her. She asked innumerable questions about the externals of his life, but kept strictly to them. I concluded that she had adopted a definite policy with regard to him and was following it rigidly.

I found out at what convalescent home Crawford was staying and wrote telling him that I had met her. His answer

was as unsatisfactory as my talks with her. "I heard you had gone to McKenzie," he wrote, "and supposed you would meet Miss Walsh. The nurses in my hospital told me she had come over and was working there. Give her my best regards when you see her. I am a McKenzie man, you know, and studied with her. I doubt if she would be particularly interested in the contents of the pocketbook under the circumstances. No doubt, we shall meet before long. Please keep it till then, if it is not asking too much of you."

I began to get impatient. Here were two young people obviously wrapped up in one another, obviously made for one another, who insisted, as it seemed, to me perversely, on remaining apart. I almost made up my mind that the thing was so ridiculous as to call for direct action. Then I decided it was dangerous to meddle with a love affair. Nature must take her course.

III.

Rita's career at Boulogne came to an end about two months after I first met her. It happened this way.

The most unpleasant feature of hospital life was the recurrence of air raids. They took place continuously throughout the summer. For some time we fortunately escaped immediate damage; and then one night our turn came.

We all heard the "swish," and instinctively threw ourselves on to the ground. When the bomb exploded, it seemed as though the whole place must be shattered. Glass splinters were falling everywhere; when, after a moment or two, we found ourselves still alive, we were almost dumbfounded with surprise. I started out at once to look for the centre of the damage, as I knew I should be wanted. The bomb had struck just outside the femur ward. The end wall was thrown down; the eight end beds were buried under the débris; the unfortunate occupants were killed outright. The moonlight streaming in showed the rest of the ward in hopeless confusion. The beds adjoining those buried were overturned. All had been displaced: the framework from which the broken limbs were hung was everywhere thrown down. The men were in agony; some were clutching at the troughs holding their casts, trying to rearrange them. One man, near the door, was lying on the

ground with his broken cast twisted over his body; not one had his dressings intact.

I found Nurse Rita already busy with the unfortunate man on the floor. She gave him an injection of morphine. As soon as the drug took effect she replaced his twisted broken limbs as far as possible and got him ready for the stretcher-bearers. Soon a number of willing hands arrived on the scene; the first case was hurried off to the operating-room. Rita busied herself with one after another. In the operating-room every doctor, who had any gift at all for surgery, was hard at work. While the patients were being dealt with there, Rita prepared fresh beds for them in another hut, supervised the erection of the framework over each bed for the newly set limbs and saw to it that all was in readiness on their return. Outside the raid still continued; all this work was done in the faint moonlight to the accompaniment of the drone of the enemy *aéroplanes* and the pounding of the anti-aircraft guns. One by one, the sorely tried men were brought back to their beds and settled, as far as could be, in comfort. Rita was unceasing in her activity and thoughtfulness.

With the last of the redressed cases came the Colonel to inspect the new arrangements. Rita had assumed full responsibility for these; the authorities had been so busy with the immediate treatment of the men that they had not given a thought to the ward. The Matron accompanied the Colonel; she had just realized that one of her nurses had been exposed to a certain amount of danger. They found the ward looking almost as if nothing had ever happened to it. By this time the raid was over, and the lights were on.

Both Colonel and Matron went over to the ward nurse to congratulate her on her work. It was then that we first noticed that an unauthorized circle of faint red decorated the upper part of her white apron. She smiled as the Colonel spoke to her, and was just about to reply when suddenly she collapsed on the floor in a dead faint. In a moment the Matron was down beside her. It was then discovered that Sister Rita was wounded. Apparently she had managed, by changing her apron from time to time, to hide the fact that the front of her light blue uniform was deeply stained with blood. She was taken at once to the operating-room, where but a few minutes before the men she was providing for had been treated. There

we found that a piece of the bomb had hit her above the breast. Apparently she had stanching the blood, and herself placed a temporary dressing on the wound.

The surgeons were disturbed by the problem how it had been possible for her to keep up at all with such a wound. After a great deal of discussion we decided that we were in the presence of one of those cases of the triumph of the mind over the body, often heard of in war time. The excitement and the absolute need of her services must have driven all thought of pain out of her head. She told us afterwards that she did not realize she was hit until she actually found herself in bed after the wound was dressed.

This discovery made of her a heroine. The whole hospital united to do her honor. The Matron herself nursed her, the Colonel undertook her surgical care, and every member of the staff tried to find some way to be of service to her. A person who could carry on for two hours after receiving a wound that would lay out an ordinary individual, could not be made too much of.

She remained the star patient of the hospital for a week. There was no accommodation there for sick nurses; they were sent, as a rule, to a special hospital at Wimereux; but there would have been a mutiny at McKenzie if she had been removed that week. When the excitement died down, the Colonel decided that the very natural sentiment regarding her must give way to the practical needs of the hospital. He arranged for her to be evacuated to England; and in spite of a good deal of murmuring, to England she went.

Her departure was a triumph. The ambulance which took her away was a mass of flowers; the whole staff, together with every patient who could stand either alone or with assistance, assembled to shout and wave their last good wishes. I went down to the boat with her to impress upon the staff there the importance of their new patient. Her fame had preceded her; everyone was interested in the girl who had defied a wound to hinder her until her work was done. I saw her comfortably settled and went back to the hospital to report progress.

The Colonel recommended her for the Victoria Cross, but, after all, her achievement was not quite up to the standard of bravery required for that venerable decoration. She eventually received the Military Medal.

IV.

My leave came through a few days after. I was grateful for this as I had been in France for a year and needed a change. Moreover, the air raids of the previous weeks had upset me. I went over by the afternoon boat the same day as the warrant arrived; early in the evening I was in London.

I went down to a friend's house in Kensington, where I was to stay; from there I telephoned the convalescent hospital at Hammersmith for news of Crawford. I learned that he was discharged and was on leave, preparatory to returning to France. It was too late to make any further effort to find him that day. I spent a quiet evening with my friends.

The next morning I went to the Bank of Montreal in Waterloo Place, first, to draw some money and then to see if I might not run across somebody who could give me news of Crawford. I met a number of men whom I knew, of course, but nobody who had seen him lately. Then I went down to the Automobile Club in Pall Mall and ran into him in the vestibule.

He seemed extraordinarily fit; he was a new man. He ran over and seized both my hands.

"How about it, Padre?" he said. "Isn't old Wharton a trump with his pickled blood?"

I agreed that the "pickled blood," as he called it, certainly had done wonders for him. He said he had tried to find out whose blood it was that he had received; it appeared that was impossible. Major Wharton kept particulars of the type but, like a true scientist, took no interest in the individual.

"I don't even know if it was a woman or a man to whom I owe my life;" he went on. "The only unsatisfactory thing about that pickled stuff is that it is so beastly impersonal. I really think Wharton might keep some record of the people he gets it from, so that his patients can know to whom they are indebted."

"I don't know," I answered. "The blood might be sometimes taken from queer people. Suppose you had to go down to Dartmoor and fervently thank some murderer for saving your life."

"Oh, well," he said. "I'd like to know anyway. So long as his blood was healthy, nothing else would matter much. I

hardly think a man's character is transfused with his blood! There would have been some strange mix-ups in this War if it was. When did you get over?"

"Last night," I replied. "I have fourteen days of freedom. What are you doing? Can't we be off together somewhere?"

"No," he said. "It's too bad, but the very next tomorrow that ever is sees me starting once more for the 23d Battalion. I'm just busy getting my truck together."

I was silent for a moment. I looked at him again; then the sight of him was blotted out by the vision of a young girl lying pale and silent in a hospital ward a mile or two from there. I knew that the one thing she longed for was just to see this radiant young man. I was convinced further that the young man was by no means indifferent to her if he would listen to his heart. Then I came to a sudden conclusion. I would settle this thing.

"Do you know Rita Walsh is in town?" I asked him.

"Is she?" he replied with studied indifference. "On leave, I suppose."

"No, man!" I said impatiently. "That little girl is a heroine. Come over here and listen."

I led him to a lounge in an alcove. We sat down and then I told him the story of the raid.

It was all news to him. When I got to the part where she was wounded he was obviously moved. I related every detail; I amplified and adorned the tale. He sat drinking it all in and thirsting for more. When, at last, the recital ended, he turned to me with a strange look in his eyes, but remained silent.

Then I took the decisive step. "Crawford," I said earnestly, "do you care for this girl?"

"Padre," he answered, "I care for her more than anything else in the world."

He was looking down at the floor, leaning over with his clasped hands between his knees.

"Then why don't you marry her and make both of you happy?" I went on.

"I would have been ready to do it long ago if it had depended on me," he replied. "I was attracted to her when we first met and for some time we saw a great deal of each other. Then one day she asked me if I knew that she was engaged to be married. It was a shock to me. Up till then we had been

nothing more than good comrades in our relations, but I already cared for her. She said she had been destined from childhood to marry this man; when she was nineteen, it was formally arranged. She had consented out of reverence for her parents; besides the man was her old playmate, and she liked him well enough. After that there was nothing more for it but to put aside all thought of anything further. For the sake of my own peace of mind I stopped seeing much of her. I felt that if I was to do the honorable thing, I should have to keep away from her altogether, so I took pains to avoid her. Then I came over here, and heard nothing more of her until I was in hospital this last time; then I learned that she had come over. That pocketbook I wanted you to send had in it nothing but a few dance programmes I had filched from her, and a note or two she had sent me. I was sentimental enough to want her to know, if I died, that I had thought of her. I think she must have seen how things were going with me and that is why she told me of her engagement. I tried my best to put her out of my mind, but she has always been the one girl for me. It's hard when things come that way, but there is nothing to be done."

I sat leaning back in the opposite corner of the lounge watching him intently as he spoke. He remained with his eyes fixed on the floor, clasping and unclasping his hands continuously. His voice was low, but decisive. As I listened, I thought that what he had done was exactly typical. He was one of those men whose sense of duty is painfully keen: such men will make extreme sacrifices to satisfy their consciences. They are the salt of the earth; but often they cause intense suffering to themselves and others by exaggerated adherence to principle. Their actions are worthy of the highest admiration so long as their motives are sound. They become tragic, when their consciences are mistaken.

My mind was working rapidly. I knew that Crawford's Catholic sense of reverence for the priesthood, coupled with his personal affection for me, would lead him to attach great weight to my opinion. I was compelled to come to an immediate decision. He was returning to France the next day. He was going into the thick of the most furious fighting of the War. To postpone a settlement now might well be final. I whispered a "Hail Mary," and began:

"Crawford," I said, "I have been a priest for a good many years. It has been a regular part of my duty to marry people. I have watched the working out of a good many of my marriages, and have long since formed the opinion that the love we read about in story books is a very real thing. It is fundamental in deciding the success or failure of married life. I can tell by the attitude of the couple towards each other as they stand before me to take the marriage vows whether they care for each other or not; and if I see that love is absent, I am always apprehensive for their future. Occasionally, I have been mistaken, but very rarely. When two people show during the marriage ceremony that their hearts are truly one, I pronounce the nuptial blessing over them with especial fervor and satisfaction. I feel that God has indeed joined them together and that the marriage is true."

He continued to stare at the floor.

"In this case," I went on, "I have come to know you two people very well, indeed. My lot has been cast with both of you under circumstances where I have really been enabled to see something of your inner lives. It is remarkable that I should have come in contact with just you two under such conditions. Now I am going to tell you something you do not seem to know, and I am going to give you what I consider a decisive opinion on the whole matter. I have been wondering for a long time exactly what it was that came between you and Rita, because I have known positively for weeks that she cares for you as deeply as you care for her."

He started at that, turned around and looking me full in the eyes and with a very red face, said: "Do you really mean that?"

"I do," I answered. "I mean it so sincerely that I assert positively that I believe it would be a serious mistake if either of you married anyone else but one another. I have no idea how serious is the obligation under which Rita has placed herself to this other man. I do know that it would be grossly unfair to him if she married him. In justice to him I think she should long ago have broken off any engagement between them. As to her parents, she is of age, and they have no right to dictate in such a matter. Do you know the man?"

"No, I know nothing about him."

"Has he been over here?"

"I don't know."

"Well," I went on, "I have seen Rita daily for two months. During that time she talked continuously of you. The sole obstacle between you that she ever referred to, and that indirectly, was that you were indifferent to her. I think we were intimate enough for her at least to have mentioned this engagement, if it existed. She showed me as plainly as a modest girl can, without saying it in so many words, that her thoughts are centred on you. My opinion is that the other factor in the case has been disposed of. If not, he ought to be, and it is your job to do it."

He still seemed incredulous. He had reached a point where the conviction of his duty had become a part of him. A struggle was going on in his mind between a strong desire to take me at my word, and the established opinion that had so long held sway there. For characters like his, a very powerful influence indeed is necessary to dislodge one of these firmly-grounded principles. The outcome depended solely on the amount of confidence he had in me.

It seemed an age before he spoke again. Then he looked up suddenly and smiled.

"Well, Padre," he said, "you have never failed me yet. It may be that you are right. I had quite made up my mind that I had no chance. Perhaps I should not have broken off the thing so abruptly."

"It is not too late yet," I answered. "An omnibus in Piccadilly will take you down to Wandsworth in twenty minutes. Five minutes more will land you in the Nurses' Ward, and then you can see for yourself."

"Right you are," he said with decisive cheerfulness. "I'm off!"

I gave him my telephone number and told him to call me up later and tell me how he found things. He strode away: I watched him disappear through the great swinging doors. Then I went down to my friends for lunch.

The expected telephone call came at two o'clock.

"Come right down at once, Padre," said Crawford's firm voice; it did not sound depressed or disappointed. "We want you quickly!"

It took me half an hour to get there. I found Crawford standing by Rita's bed. She was lying back, looking very

feeble; her cheeks were sunken and she could not sit up; but there was a pretty glow on her face and a new light flashed from her eyes; she was holding Crawford's hand tightly in both her own.

There were two other nurse patients in the ward profoundly interested in what was going on. My two did not seem to mind. Army life was always lived in public anyway.

"When can you marry us, Padre?" was Crawford's greeting.

Things had moved quickly when they once began. He imagined I could marry them then and there. This might have been possible in Canada; in England more formality was demanded. I said I thought I could manage it tomorrow. He looked downcast at that.

"But . . ." he began.

"But nothing. You run up to Argyle House and get an extension of leave and permission to marry for both of you while I go and see about a license."

He cheered up again.

"Right-o," he said. "*Au revoir*, dearest."

He bent over and kissed Rita as naturally as though he had been doing it for years. It seemed hard to believe that this was the man who had been arguing so stubbornly with me a few hours before. Rita said nothing, but smiled all that was in her heart.

I went off to get a special license which cost me twenty-five pounds, and a dispensation from the banns which cost me nothing. About six o'clock I go back to the hospital to find my couple jubilant. Authority had unbent to the extent of an extra seven days' leave. I fixed the wedding for the next day, and left them to themselves.

We had a magnificent wedding. I used my privilege as a chaplain and said a nuptial Mass in the ward. The bride's bed was moved round in front of the altar; a veil and orange blossoms had been produced from somewhere; the ward was gayly decorated. Crawford had got hold of a 23d man on leave to act as best man; the Colonel of the hospital gave the bride away; she was assisted by about sixty nurses, all of whom, I presume, were bridesmaids. An organ was brought in, and the wedding march played as the bride's bed was

moved back to its place after Mass. It was the strangest and most satisfactory wedding I ever officiated at.

After an interval, during which we made our thanksgiving, the wedding breakfast was served around the bride's bed. She managed to cut the cake with her groom's sword, though the effort cost her some pain. The sight of her face dispelled any lingering doubt I might have had regarding the part I played in the affair.

They were together for a week; then Crawford went back to the battalion and did not see her again for seven months. He brought back the 23d to Canada as Lieutenant-Colonel, V. C. Rita was a long time recovering. She resigned her appointment, but stayed on in England until her husband returned from France.

* * * *

I met them again in California when they were on their long-deferred honeymoon. The War saddened so many romances, it was a joy to find one that had survived it. There are few things in life so beautiful as a genuinely happy marriage; I felt that this one approached the ideal. I often thought over the part I played in it. Nothing can persuade me but that I settled things right.

THE PRESENTATION.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

WHAT need of offering the Son of God
Upon the altar of this mighty fane,
Since now thy Babe is lying on thy heart,
Thou Shrine of God, His Altar without stain.

"AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE OF THE TEMPLE."

(A Discussion of Some Modern Tendencies in *Æsthetics*.)

BY MICHAEL ANDREW CHAPMAN.



SURVEY of the religious world outside the Catholic Church today reveals, among other interesting developments, a tendency towards elaboration in public services which seems, to some, to indicate a drift towards the Church. While chiefly noticeable in the Episcopal Church, this *bouleversement* of Reformation tradition is not lacking among other non-Catholic denominations. Except for the small country meeting-houses, where the old baldness and bareness still persist, it would be hard to recognize, in almost any Protestant temple, the simplicity and austerity of worship which was once the boast and the distinguishing mark of those "reformed religions" whose battle cry was "the true worshippers shall worship Him in spirit and in truth, without outward symbolism or forms." The old colonial meeting-house has passed away with the old partisan shibboleths. Our separated brethren themselves are eager to admit this in connection with their schemes for "Christian Unity and Federation."

By many this new-found laxity is looked upon as breadth and liberality, as a sign of the passing away of bigotry and the casting aside of "the fetters of dogma." This is neither the time nor the place to discuss whether such be the true significance of inter-denominational cordiality, or whether, perhaps, a widespread indifference to religion as such, and distrust of denominational dogmatism, indeed of any dogmatism at all, may not quite as well account for the facts. But it is interesting to notice that this shift of standards and hushing of party cries have been accomplished by a steady change and growth in the matter of ecclesiastical architecture and the enrichment of common worship. There was a time when our Presbyterian neighbors, for example, would not permit the use of musical instruments in their services. Nowadays they

are likely to be the possessors of the finest pipe organ in town! Elaborate church buildings, stained glass, the cross on the steeple, and other outward and visible signs which were once anathema have become, in our own day, commonplace and usual. Where formerly only extemporaneous prayers were heard in the pulpit, modified Prayer Books are used. Where once the Ecclesiastical Year was unknown, Christmas and Easter services, and even Lenten and Holy Week devotions, have attained an increasing popularity.

With the exception, of course, of the Episcopal Church (of which I will later speak more particularly) these developments can only seemingly be approximations to Catholic usage, for it is evident that, in spite of them, the spirit of modern Protestantism is no less really anti-Catholic because good taste and indifference and a grudging admiration have made our friends less outspoken with regard to their feelings towards the Church. Indeed, the doctrinal trend has been all the other way, and so far from a path being discerned for a return to Catholic Truth, it can be seen that each sect has abandoned even the original Protestant doctrine which called it into being.

It is not, then, to a sort of resurging Catholicism that these interesting developments are to be traced, save indirectly through the advance of the High Church Movement among Episcopalians. For the particular observances which are copied by Protestants are taken from the usage of the Episcopal Church. Were this not the fact, it might well be doubted if Protestants would tolerate them.

If we consider the Episcopal Church itself we find, perhaps, the most remarkable phenomena of all. That a Church, which owed its inception to a revolt against "the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities" should, within the last fifty years, produce in countless parishes liturgical practices which can hardly be distinguished from those of the Catholic Church, is only less remarkable than the exposition of Catholic doctrine which has followed the ceremonial revival in that denomination. With this theological growth I am not here concerned, more than to say that its importance has been greatly overestimated, not only by Episcopalians themselves, but by Catholics who have wished to see in it the dawn of a really important movement back towards the Old Religion.

The improvement in externals has, quite evidently, far outrun the advance in dogmatic statement and belief. It is the constant lament of the leaders of the High Church Party that while their people are willing to allow almost any extreme of ceremonial usage, they are slow to appropriate the doctrines which these ceremonies represent.

It is true that Catholic truths are preached from a great many Anglican pulpits, and that a respectable percentage of Episcopalians have adopted Catholic practices, even including confession and Communion fasting. But it is also true that in vastly many more Anglican Congregations an advanced ceremonial may be seen, unaccompanied by any widespread or enthusiastic acceptance of Catholic doctrine and practice. It is also most interesting to note, in passing, that in almost every instance where that Catholic ceremonial and practice have been introduced among Episcopalians, it has been with the plea that such things were not "distinctively Roman." On the whole, it would seem fair to say that the High Church Movement has progressed, at least so far as the laity are concerned, along æsthetic lines rather than by a hearty acceptance of Catholic Truth.

Nor is this so strange as it may at first seem. Modern life has been distinguished, not merely by an increase in material prosperity, in mechanical and scientific progress, but by a renaissance of art which has made itself felt in civic, no less than in religious, communities. Increased prosperity has naturally brought improved living conditions, not only in the necessities of life, but more especially in its luxuries. Consider the advance in domestic architecture, to say nothing of public buildings, since Ruskin sounded the death knell of Victorian ugliness. Surely it is more than a coincidence that Ruskin and Newman were contemporaries¹—that the æsthetic movement in England was launched within the same decade as the Oxford Movement.

The middle years of the reign of "The Good Queen" witnessed an awakening, the strength of which is not yet spent. Ruskin, Morris, and the Pre-Raphaelites revolutionized British art at the same time that Newman, Pusey and Keble were scandalizing the Establishment by their endeavor to offset the

¹ Newman's Conversion was in 1845. Ruskin's *Modern Painters* appeared in 1843. The "P. R. B." was formed in 1848. William Morris printed *The Earthly Paradise* in 1868.

Reformation and bring the Church of England back to at least a resemblance of primitive Catholicism. It cannot be denied that each of these momentous movements influenced the other, and all the more because both appealed to the mediæval glories of a nation and a Church which had forgotten them. The academic utterances of Newman and Ruskin were popularized by their followers.

But it was when the Oxford Movement became a ceremonial revival in the hands of men like Lauder and Machonochie that the storm broke, with the result that in the popular mind the "Anglo-Catholic Revival" became a matter of "Ritualism." And as such there can be no doubt that it won the day, in spite of such bitter opposition as has been seldom seen in modern religious controversy. Together the Pre-Raphaelites and the Puseyites met the storm of conservatism, and together they weathered it and found at last a quasi acceptance. Both were expressions of the new-born spirit of the times. It may even be questioned whether either could have been victorious without the other. Transition, change, revolt and elaboration were in the air. Art, literature, religion, even politics, were re-stated in the Mid-Victorian period.

Now all this is germane to the present discussion in so far only as externals are concerned. Perhaps it was a coincidence (though it would seem extremely unlikely) that the High Churchmen came along with their ceremonial revival just in time to be so deeply influenced by the revived mediævalism of the Pre-Raphaelites, but it is surely significant that Anglican ceremonial has, until very recent years, developed entirely along the lines of English mediævalism. Perhaps it is a coincidence that Keble's poetry placed him with Wordsworth and Tennyson in the first dawn of British Romanticism, while his association with Newman and Pusey set him in the van of the Oxford Movement and made him the dominant factor in directing Anglican devotional life. But even if these things, and others that could be mentioned, are mere parallelisms, they are at least of interest, and they do go at least some little way in combating the idea that ceremonial restoration in the Episcopal Church, or in the other Protestant denominations, is a sign of a really strong tendency towards Rome. Judged only by the external signs, without considering such "coincidences" they might seem such. But look deeper, and it becomes evi-

dent that the external development is almost, if not quite entirely, an æsthetic tendency, while the really religious movement is set in quite an opposite direction.

The constant flow of converts from Anglicanism to the Catholic Church is sufficient witness to the fact of the equally steady, though much more voluminous, current of the rank and file away from dogmatic religion. It has been said that the Oxford Movement, as a doctrinal and practical movement, is a spent force in Anglicanism, and recent events would seem to lend some weight to the contention. At the same time, however, the ceremonial movement has spread to such an extent that the old-fashioned Low Church service has become a curiosity. Not only has the general level of elaboration in Episcopal services been raised far above that which the original Oxford divines dreamed of, but it has overflowed, as we have seen, and bids fair to inundate the conventicles of various sectarians who are very far indeed from the likelihood of accepting the principles and doctrines which are supposed to underlie such observances. Whatever optimistic and "pro-Roman" Anglicans may say of "the teaching value of ceremonial," one can hardly think of the Presbyterian minister who preaches in surplice and stole as anxious to expound the Catholic doctrine of the priesthood, or the Congregationalist who decks his communion table with cross and candles as ready to accept the doctrine of the Real Presence.

A year or two ago there was held, in England, a gathering of Non-conformist ministers composed of Presbyterians, Independents, Universalists, Unitarians, with a sprinkling of other sects including Theosophists, who called themselves "The Liberal Catholic Congress." After indulging in elaborately ornate services in which candles, vestments, and incense were used, a quasi-creed was enunciated in which belief in much ceremonial was combined with an almost total absence of anything like orthodox faith. In a way it was like the Positivism of Comte, without the Positivism! What the outcome of the Congress was I do not know, but the accounts of it, in such papers as the English *Church Times*, read as though the movement among sectarians towards Catholic ceremonial and away from Catholic Truth had reached its *terminus ad quem*, if not its *reductio ad absurdum*.

But what all this extraordinary acceptance of forms and

ceremonies by Christian people, whose fathers denounced such things as worse than idolatry, *does* mean is simply this—that man is fundamentally and incurably a ceremonialist, and that his innate necessity for outward pageantry in connection with religion cannot be permanently crushed, even by the narrow bigotry of a Puritanism now extinct. Today it is true as never before that old party cries are stilled, that old denominational boundaries no longer hold. But it is also true that outside the Catholic Church the old enthusiasm for religion, as such, has vanished along with denominational feeling. If the sects are at last drawing together it is over the down-trodden hedges of differences which were once thought of as vital, and which are today viewed with indifference because all dogma has been set aside. “Higher Criticism,” “The New Theology,” “Liberal Protestantism,” “Freedom from Dogma”—these go hand in hand with “Christian Federation.” And all of these are possible because the men who urge them no longer believe with the intensity of conviction which made their forefathers exiles and Pilgrims for the sake of mistaken conscience. If certain ceremonial forms have gained favor among the Protestant denominations, it is because they have lost their meaning, or because their real meaning has been so changed and explained away that they no longer offend men grown careless of the transcendent importance of dogmatic truth. Such a statement as this may not hold in the case of the Anglicans, whose *bona fides* no one can doubt, and whose growth in the appreciation of Catholic Truth in spite of Protestant surroundings is the religious wonder of the age. But it certainly is true of other Protestant denominations that they have accepted and make use of such observances, not because they are Catholic, but because they are “so pretty” or “so devotional.”

What then can be the interest, for Catholics, in such developments and movements? Chiefly this, I think, that the mere acceptance of more or less elaborate ceremonial by Protestants removes one of the foremost difficulties in the way of gaining a hearing for the Catholic religion, just as the increasing acceptance of Catholic Truth by people who must still call themselves Protestant Episcopalians, makes submission to the whole of Catholic faith less arduous for those who are earnestly seeking, according to the light given them, the True Church founded by our Divine Redeemer. Can there be any

doubt that many have come to a degree of knowledge of Catholic Truth through the preaching of High Church clergymen, who would never, humanly speaking, have been open to the most eloquent exposition of it from a Catholic pulpit? The very fact that Protestants, of various names, are today making use of outward forms and ceremonies which, but a generation ago, were denounced as awful superstitions, is, in itself, a hopeful sign that individuals, if not "Churches," are coming to realize the fundamental fallacy of the effort to spiritualize divine worship, at the expense of externals. To many, if not most, Protestants the Catholic religion is a religion of external observances and of externals only. The sectarian who ventures into a Catholic Church is confused by the ceremonial, even while his æsthetic sense is intrigued by its stateliness and beauty. But the idea that there are great spiritual realities underlying the outward splendor is a thought quite alien to the Protestant mind—a thought, however, which once grasped is apt to assume an exaggerated importance. It is this that has led to the insistence on "the teaching value of ceremonial" among High Church Episcopalians.

To the Catholic the beautiful ceremonies of Holy Mother Church are *expressions* of the Faith that is in him, yet there can be no doubt that our ceremonies, though not primarily intended as teaching agents, do most vividly impress inquirers with the reality of the truths which are expressed by them. The act of becoming accustomed to things is a great aid in the acceptance of them. A surplice, seen for the first time by Protestant eyes, may be a "rag of Popery." But worn Sunday after Sunday by one's own Protestant neighbors in one's own Protestant church it is robbed of its terror! So anything which makes Catholicism less of a mysterious bugbear to Protestants is to be welcomed as an ally.

It would, perhaps, be invidious to inquire how largely matters of taste enter into a man's religious convictions and habits. To some such things matter not at all. But to the majority, especially today, the æsthetic appeal is not a vain one. The Catholic Church has always understood this, and from the earliest days has made art her handmaid. Yet even in the days of her greatest æsthetic glory, she held her handmaid in the proper place of subordinate ministry to the great realities that mattered most. The beauty of the Catholic temple, as of

Catholic ceremonial, is incidental, something desirable, yet easily dispensed with. Therein lies a danger for us, children of the new age of reawakening æstheticism—a danger lest we underestimate the function of art, and music, and architecture, and ceremonial, as means to the end not only of edifying the faithful, but of attracting those without, till they find themselves, in spite of prejudice, drawn within the circle of the influence of Catholic truth.

To an increasing number of Protestants today all religion has been reduced to a superficiality—it is not, to them, even “morality tinged with emotion”—indeed, it bids fair to become nothing more than Social Service mitigated by æstheticism. The pendulum has swung a long way back, and in its swing it has somehow scratched the surface of Catholic art. Surely the Church can, without loss of prestige, make the most of this unique (though illogical) development of modern minds. For it is of the *ethos* of the Catholic Church to become “all things to all men” for their salvation, without relinquishing one iota of her divinely given authority. Hers is the rightful heritage of Beauty no less than Truth. She sees men reawakening to the appeal of that ancient Beauty, which is forever new; she sees them lying impotent, though they know it not, indeed ready to repudiate the implication, at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple.

Strange it is that Protestantism, which has lost its grip even on the half-truths which brought it forth, should in these days be stirred by the appeal of “the beauty of holiness,” that beauty which is the rightful heritage of those who seek holiness in the only way in which there is or can be any assurance of finding it. The “shadow of Peter passing by” has overshadowed some of them, disgusted, distorted, as shadows always are. Modern Protestantism lies impotent, helpless, by its own fatal admission; begging alms of every new philosopher and philanthropist who holds out the hope of a cure through some “restatement,” some “federation,” some plan of humanitarian or social service. Dare we think the day is past when Peter can say to such, with the voice of divine authority: “Arise and walk.”

THE CENTENARY OF JOHN KEATS.

BY BROTHER LEO.



JOHN KEATS died in Rome, February 23, 1821. One hundred years have passed—years of appreciation and misunderstanding, of indifference and adulation, of neglect and recognition—since the young English poet, having fled to Italy a victim of tuberculosis, quietly breathed his last in the arms of Joseph Severn; one hundred years since Shelley, so soon to share his rest in the Protestant Cemetery in the Eternal City, poured forth his grief in the lyric ecstasy of the *Adonais*; one hundred years since above the grave of Keats was carved the epitaph he had himself composed: “Here lies one whose name was writ in water.” One hundred years; and their passing has amply proved that epitaph untrue!

John Keats had no doubt of his high poetic gift; but neither had he assurance that the gift had reached maturity when his death-warrant hemorrhage came to him in his twenty-sixth year. A quarter century is but a little space wherein to wrest the prize of immortality. Fronting death in an alien land, far from the smoke-haloed metropolis of his birth, far from the coterie of his Hampstead friends, far, even, from the Tory reviewers who had plucked to pieces the first flower of his muse, he saw his poetic career less a fact accomplished than a promise unfulfilled; to him came no intimation of the “jabberers about pictures and books” who would be concerned with his name, his character and his writings a century after his demise. Yet today undying laurel crowns the “wonderful lad” who felt the flowers growing over him one hundred years ago in Rome; and the time is fit to review a century of opinion and conjecture, to evaluate the contribution made to English literature by Keats, the poet, to reshape and rectify our notions of Keats, the man.

The man was born in a stable, his father a hostler, his mother a liveryman’s daughter; and—be it said gently, but none the less firmly, for it is the truth—to the man clung the cockney odor of stale straw even to the end. But the poet was

cradled on Parnassus, and in the flush of his young manhood the undying spirit of beauty kissed him on his lips. Keats, the man, slinks across the field of memory weak, unmanly, unwholesome, a figure pathetic, inconsequential, uninspiring; but Keats, the poet, clad in the shining armor of the spirit, goes marching down the ages "with thunder, and with music, and with pomp." Let those who insist that the artist cannot be finer and greater than the man, wrestle with this riddle as best they can; let the scientist prate of the subtle influences of heredity and the philosopher dilate on the potency of unsuspected social forces. The emergence of the gorgeous poet from the chrysalis of his unlovely manhood is but another verification of the old-fashioned belief that a beneficent demon inhabits the mortal bodies of singers of immortal songs, and tunes their fleshly hearts to ethereal melody. The phenomenon of John Keats does not need the ministrations of psychoanalysis; it asks us only to marvel and enjoy.

. . . His fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity.

During the century of his posthumous celebrity, Keats, the man has suffered most from the adulation of his devotees. Not without discernment did Matthew Arnold, years ago, protest against "the admirers whose pawing and fondness does not good but harm to the fame of Keats."¹ In a persistent effort—actuated by generous and disinterested motives but most unfortunate in its ultimate effects—to dissipate the misunderstanding that during his lifetime and immediately after his death clouded the personality of the young poet, most of his biographers and interpreters have swathed the true Keats in the fair but unconvincing folds of over-appreciation, and have made him the centre of a misleading eulogistic legend. The myth of the "Johnny Keats" of "the Cockney School of Poetry," so indignantly repudiated by his friends, was no graver a distortion of the truth than is the modern and more tenacious myth of the vigorous, manly, well-balanced and thoroughly lovable Keats, fostered with so much scholarly impressiveness by such investigators as Sir Sidney Colvin and exploited with so much picturesqueness and verve by such popularizers as Mr. Hancock and the late Hamilton Mabie.

¹ *Essays in Criticism*, Second Series, p. 105.

The hundred years just passed have brought to light a sufficiency of documentary data upon which to establish our conception of Keats, the man. We have authentic descriptions of his personal appearance; we have contemporary estimates of his character and dispositions; we have his own letters, written with no prospect of their eventual publication, to his relatives and familiars. We have had time to allow undiscriminating affection to settle and transitory prejudice to subside. And in the light of what we know, it is impossible to yield assent to the eulogistic legend.

The eulogistic legend seeks to make of Keats a virile, wholesome figure, the possessor of abounding vigor and unruffled poise, something, even, of a scholar, a congenial companion and a thoroughly normal being with plenty of "flint and iron" in his make-up. The earlier conception of Keats, for all its exaggeration, seems to have been nearer the truth; for the cold facts are that John Keats *was* effeminate and eccentric, moody and vacillating; that, even allowing for his truncated education, he was conspicuously unlearned outside of one constricted field; that, even as a child, but more manifestly during the last months of his life, he was a victim of hysteria and neuroticism.

Haydon's life mask of Keats does not embody the lineaments of a manly man, and Severn's portrait, even though painted many years after the poet's death, suggests less the presence of flint and iron than what Sir Sidney Colvin finds to be a characteristic of Keats' poetic heroes, "a touch, not the wholesomest, of effeminacy and physical softness."² In both are emphasized the full, protruding, sensuous lips. And Lord Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes) quotes a description of Keats given by a lady "whose feminine acuteness of perception is only equaled by the vigor of her understanding." She saw the poet at Hazlitt's lectures in 1818: "His eyes were large and blue, his hair auburn; he wore it divided down the centre, and it fell in rich masses off each side of his face; his mouth was full, and less intellectual than his other features. . . . The shape of his face had not the squareness of a man's, but more like some women's faces I have seen—it was so wide over the forehead and so small at the chin."³

² *English Men of Letters' Series*, Keats, p. 99.

³ R. M. Milnes, *The Poetical Works of John Keats. Memoir*, p. xxvii.

The impression that "stout Cortez" discovered the Pacific Ocean is not the only evidence of misinformation found in Keats' works. "We expect," says one of his most sympathetic biographers, "that a modern poet shall have some conception of the world-scheme as ordered by modern science; that he shall be consistent with the facts of common knowledge. The sunlight, for Keats, penetrates brilliantly into submarine deeps. He would cool his claret in a cellar a mile deep, where the temperature would be very hot. He causes strawberries and apples to ripen at the same time and grows them beside almond trees and cinnamon. Such things will pass, under poetic license, as possible in the empire of the gods. But the fact that the gods must be invoked so often in the apology, shows that Keats, in the main, is oblivious of natural law."⁴

These are not weighty matters, to be sure, and to make much ado over them were to join hands with the pedants who scold Shakespeare for giving the ancient Romans hats and Bohemia a sea coast; yet they are significant in the case of Keats who, in addition to his sparse linguistic attainments and his stippled knowledge of literature, manifested in other respects a very narrow range of interests. Much that is human was foreign to him. We have been told how thoroughly he absorbed Lemprière; rightly to appraise his intellectual equipment it is not less necessary to recall that he contemned philosophy without knowing anything about it, that in religion he was an innocent bystander, that in the decade of Wellington and Waterloo he was the one English poet who voiced no rapture of national triumph, that in the age immediately following the French Revolution he was untouched by the wave of enthusiasm that tossed Wordsworth on its foaming crest and swept Byron to his death in the swamps of Missolonghi. Sage advice, under the circumstances, was that proffered by his chronically magniloquent friend, Haydon: "Collect incident, study character, read Shakespeare and trust in Providence."

A fourth of this monition Keats did take to heart. He read Shakespeare, lovingly if uncritically, and quoted and misquoted him in his letters. Unsurpassed schooling was that for a poet, and as a poet Keats profited much; but Keats, the man, derived from the Bard of Avon no appreciable knowledge of either himself or his fellowmen. Professor Bradley is at

⁴ A. E. Hancock, *John Keats, a Literary Biography*, p. 27.

pains to assure us that Keats' insight into human nature "appears, on the whole, more decidedly in the letters than in the poems."⁵ The letters reveal an insight very ordinary and very faulty. The reading of Shakespeare bred in Keats the amiable delusion that he might write "a few fine plays—my greatest ambition, when I do feel ambitious."⁶ Poor Keats! His was the human weakness of believing that we may some day do supremely well that which we are congenitally incapable of doing at all.

The letters of Keats are fascinating and illuminating documents, and they are by no means void of expressions of stanch resolve and generous impulse; but the too placable readers who accept such passages as keys to the character of the man who wrote them, ignore the fact that, while it is a relatively facile thing to be stanch and generous with pen and ink, the manly sentiments promulgated on paper are not necessarily carried into fruition in the writer's life. Byron was not the only romanticist who could truthfully confess, "I praise the virtues which I cannot claim." The letters show that Keats had his moods of vaulting independence, his moments of glowing human sympathy; but, too, they are symptomatic of what he calls "a horrid Morbidity of Temperament," "an unsteady and vagarish disposition," and their prevailing attitude is that of "a sick eagle looking at the sky." For many of his extravagances we are eager to make considerate allowance—he was a young man, and often a man physically ill; but in justice we must concede the soundness of Mr. Paul Elmer More's dictum that, "he was never quite able to distinguish between the large liberties of the strong and the jaunty flippancy of the underbred."⁷

That Keats was wayward, undisciplined and neurasthenic the letters give abundant evidence; and the testimony of his familiars—Bailey, Leigh Hunt, Clarke, Haydon, and his own brother, George—tends to confirm the impression. At school he manifested an ungovernable temper and a spirit abnormally pugnacious. "We quarreled often and fought fiercely," declares his brother, "and I can safely say, and my school-fellows will bear witness, that John's temper was the cause

⁵ *Oxford Lectures on Poetry*, p. 219.

⁶ *Letters of John Keats to His Family and Friends*. Edited by Sidney Colvin. Letter cxxv.

⁷ *Shelburne Essays*, Fourth Series, p. 109.

of all." "His *penchant* was for fighting," Edward Holmes testifies. "He would fight anyone—morning, noon, and night, his brother among the rest. It was meat and drink to him. . . . This violence and vehemence—this pugnacity and generosity of disposition—in passions of tears or outrageous fits of laughter—always in extremes—will help to paint Keats in his boyhood." And Charles Cowden Clarke: "His passion at times was almost ungovernable; and his brother, George, being considerably the taller and stronger, used frequently to hold him down by main force, laughing when John was 'in one of his moods.'"⁸ No indication this of normal boy nature, but of unbalanced character and what Haydon described as "terrier courage."

The child was father to the man. Lowell comments euphemistically on "the flush of his fine senses and the flutter of his electric nerves;" it would be more accurate to say that Keats, body and soul, was magnetized to the point of disease. He was even physically disproportioned, as Hunt observes, his head, "a puzzle for the phrenologists, being remarkably small in the skull," and his hands, prematurely old, "faded and swollen in the veins."⁹ It is the fashion to disparage the unflattering comments of Haydon, but Haydon, for all his own eccentricity, was a keen observer and a searching character analyst; if biased, he was certainly biased in Keats's favor. And it is from Haydon we learn that Keats "was haughty, and had a fierce hatred of rank;" that once Keats "covered his tongue and throat, as far as he could reach, with Cayenne pepper, in order to enjoy 'the delicious coolness of claret in all its glory;'" that, despite the painter's remonstrances, "he distrusted himself and flew to dissipation" and "for six weeks he was hardly ever sober;" that during his illness he was "enraged at his own feebleness, seemed as if he were going out of the world with a contempt for this, and no hopes of a better," that "he muttered as I stood by him that if he did not recover, he would 'cut his throat.'"¹⁰

This picture of the neurotic Keats is not pleasant to contemplate, and the exhibition of it might well be spared but for the need of correcting the idealized portrait enshrined in the

⁸ *English Men of Letters Series*, Keats, pp. 7, 8, 9.

⁹ Leigh Hunt, *Autobiography*, vol. II., chapter xvi.

¹⁰ B. R. Haydon, *Life, Letters and Table Talk*, p. 207, *et seq.*

eulogistic legend of Keats, the man. That same legend would have us believe that Keats was unaffected by the severe and largely unfair criticism—really, a bit of dirty politics—vented upon his *Endymion* by *Blackwood's* and *The Quarterly*; that Shelley in the *Adonais* and Byron in *Don Juan* and Severn in the inscription on Keats' grave were all in error in their assumption that the comminations of the reviewers practically killed the poet. Now, while the earlier opinion that Keats was "snuff'd out by an article" is manifestly an exaggeration, we are not so sure that his extreme sensitiveness to adverse criticism was not a contributory cause of his premature decline. Certain it is that the offensive epithet, "the Cockney School," "stuck like a barbed arrow in his heart."¹¹ His expression of truculent indifference to the opinion of the reviewers may be, as the proponents of the eulogistic legend protest, an evidence of his fearlessness and manly independence; but it may also be not unreasonably accepted as proof that the poet was whistling to keep up his courage. He was apprehensive even before the event. He has hopes of the non-appearance of the article in *Blackwood's*; he does not "mind it much," yet if he is to be abused as his friend Hunt had been abused, he feels that he must "call the writer to account." And later, in a despondent mood, he wonders if he should not "go to Edinburgh and study for a physician. . . It's not worse than writing poems, and hanging them up to be fly-blown on the Review shambles."¹²

Keats' tender love for his little sister, Fanny, is the one undimmed radiance in the story of his life. His letters to her have a tender charm. He chats with her about his daily doings and his prospects; he is mindful of her liking for toys and for sweetmeats; he is solicitous about her health and counsels her how to dress against the cold; he exerts himself to find a home for her reluctantly discarded dog. In his relations with this orphan sister John Keats is admirable, lovable. Hers was the one womanly influence which breathed an unalloyed benediction on his few and troubled days of mortal life.

Almost until the very end, Keats seemed to have been untouched by feminine charm. He who could reshape the surpassing comeliness of Venus and the Graces, he who so keenly responded to the picturesqueness of the Isis and the

¹¹ William Hazlitt, "On Living to One's Self."

¹² Letter xcii.

sublimity of the Scottish highlands, he who so passionately loved "the principle of beauty in all things," was inexplicably indifferent to the light that lies in woman's eyes. He could write to Taylor in August, 1819: "I equally dislike the favor of the public with the love of a woman. They are both cloying treacle to the wings of Independence." The sentiment would be most commendable in a monk; it is all but uncanny in a romantic poet, and events soon proved that Sir Galahad had already ridden to a fall.

Romeo was smitten with Rosaline ere he succumbed to Juliet's charms. Eight months before he professed his ascetic aloofness from the cloying treacle of feminine favor, Keats had recorded his impressions of a young lady from East India whom he met at the house of a friend: "She is not a Cleopatra, but she is at least a Charmian. She has a rich Eastern look; she has fine eyes and fine manners. When she comes into a room she makes an impression the same as the Beauty of a leopardess. . . She kept me awake one night as a tune of Mozart's might do."¹³ The oriental Charmian was Keats' Rosaline; and less than a month later he met his tragedy and his Juliet in the person of Fanny Brawne.

In affairs of the heart there is no disputing about taste, so those cavilers are beside the point who insist that Fanny Brawne was distinguished neither for beauty nor for brains, that she did not and could not reciprocate the fervor of Keats' devotion, that his friends and hers agreed that the betrothal was ill-advised. With the character of the lady we are not here concerned. It is enough to know—say, rather, it is too much to know—that Keats, depleted of vitality, doomed to proximate death, sadly bruised if not wholly crushed in spirit, concentrated in his hectic affection for Fanny Brawne all the energy of his diseased nerves and all the ardor of his undisciplined heart.

It is too much to know; for I am one of those who maintain that the publication of Keats' letters to Fanny Brawne, by H. B. Forman in 1876, was not only an error in taste, but a positive breach of decency. Art has its reticences—or used to have; and artists are entitled to theirs. But the thing was done; the letters are here; they are inescapable; and inescapable, too, is the conviction one must form from their perusal that—even

¹³ Letter lxxiii.

after making generous allowances for the poet's physical illness and the fine frenzy of his love—the man who wrote them was utterly unbalanced, deplorably abased, the groveling, whimpering victim of emasculated and rachitic passion. They signalize the acme of neuroticism.

Such was Keats, the man. But another being—splendid, aspiring, in a sense incomparable—was Keats, the poet. Practically all his enduring verses were written within the brief space of two years; and they constitute a little volume, but a great book. English literature is a goodly and imposing fabric, the noblest and most variegated, truth to tell, in all the world; but English literature would be measurably poorer and thinner and duller, bereft of the products of Keats' enchanted loom. The opening line of *Endymion* has passed as a proverb into familiar speech; across the chasm of a century our spirits today are soothed and gladdened by the sonnet he wrote on the flyleaf of his beloved Shakespeare en route to Italy and his doom, with its exquisitely phrased delineation of

The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of cold ablution round earth's human shores;

the picture gallery of our imagination is enriched with many a glowing triumph of his inspired brush—Isabella in the forest intent upon her lovelorn quest; Clymene, her "eyes up-looking mild," in the melancholy council of the Titans; the dying glories of the autumn fields;

some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;

and, in poignant loveliness,

the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

Many another hundred years shall come and go ere those pictures lose their lustre or their matchless colors fade.

A detailed survey of Keats' poetry has no place in this brief retrospect. In Mr. E. de Selincourt's scholarly edition¹⁴ and Sir Sidney Colvin's latest book¹⁵ are garnered the assured

¹⁴ E. de Selincourt, *The Poems of John Keats*. 1905. The notes are of especial value.

¹⁵ Sir Sidney Colvin, *John Keats—His Life and Poetry, His Friends, Critics and After-Fame*. 1917.

facts and the reasoned conjectures anent its literary history. Let us content ourselves with some general considerations on the literary character and abiding worth of Keats' unique contribution to English song.

The extent of that contribution we cannot estimate unless, to begin with, we recognize its limitations. Amiel remarked that La Fontaine's lyre lacks the religious string. Keats' lyre lacks the religious string and the patriotic string, the string of vibrant, manly passion, the string that twangs with the zest of combat, the string that evokes, when touched by Goldsmith's stubby fingers, memories of rural sports and childhood's hallowed joys; it lacks, too, the string of imaginative philosophizing, of speculation on the life of man suffused with pensive fancy. But, with all its lack of variety, how superbly Keats' lyre resounds with music of the spirit!

And yet, even while we thrill at the prospect of the stately temple of English speech reared by this truly "wonderful lad," even while we admire the dexterity he so often shows in the choice and arrangement of significant and suggestive words, even while the spell of his imagination transports us to faery seas forlorn, we are regretfully aware that his vision is kindled of a light that never was on sea or land, that his projections and embodiments of eternal beauty are not authentic revelations of human life and destiny, that the men and women who palely gleam amid the folds of his delicately woven tapestries are but idealized and unconvincing portraits of men and women as they are. The supreme literary artists are masters of word magic and framers of exalted dreams, and in these respects John Keats may claim comparison with the mightiest of them all. But the supreme literary artists are also and fundamentally revealers of human character, initiators into the mystery and complexity of life. Such are Shakespeare and Dante and Goethe, Virgil and Milton and Corneille; but such is not John Keats. That was the door to which he found no key.

Had Keats lived longer—alluring thought!—had Keats been enriched by ampler experience and reading and suffering, he might indeed have entered into the company of those truly immortal bards who are kings and priests and prophets of humanity. But his work must be estimated, not by its promise, but by its actuality. And as it stands it cannot rank with the

supreme literature of the world, for the one sufficient reason that its vital content is thin and its vital outlook narrow. He saw life steadily; he did not see it whole. True artist that he was, he himself perceived the lack, and looked forward to the day when his dim, chaotic perception of the truth of life might be strengthened and clarified:

What though I am not wealthy in the dower
Of spanning wisdom; though I do not know
The shiftings of the mighty winds that blow
Hither and thither all the changing thoughts
Of man; though no great ministering reason sorts
Out the dark mysteries of human souls
To clear conceiving; yet there ever rolls
A vast idea before me.

Keats' verses are not wholly lacking in intuitive perceptions of certain fundamental truths of life, not entirely devoid of expressions pregnant and bejeweled of human wisdom and human aspiration. He can appreciate

that severe content
Which comes of thought and musing;

he can recognize a familiar variant of "the insolence of office" in the person of the great man who is "only blind from sheer supremacy;" but, for all their melody and beauty and pictorial appeal, his verses are relatively barren of those nuggets of world wisdom eternal and sublime that may be so bountifully gleaned from the lavishly strewn pages of Homer and Shakespeare and the deep-eyed Florentine. A piece of literature rich in its vital content—a play like the *Ædipus Tyrannus*, a poem like *The Ring and the Book*—may be absorbed into one's life philosophy, and be made a guide to the formation of character and the shaping of conduct. To follow such a course with *Hyperion* or *Lamia* were as futile as to attempt to cross the Atlantic on a raft of reeds or to tunnel the Alps with a paper-knife.

Any conjecture as to what might have been the quality and extent of Keats' contribution to vital literature, had he been blessed with riper years and wider vision, must take into account his penchant for mythological themes and pre-Christian

world conditions. The nineteenth century English poet was all but exclusively concerned with wood nymphs and satyrs, pagan rites of marriage feast and harvest time, the legendary strife between the Titans and the Olympians. It is an extraordinary example of literary xenoglossy. His devotion to the pagan past and his discontent with the world in which he lived, are beautifully voiced in the lines of his famous dedication to Leigh Hunt:

Glory and loveliness have pass'd away;
For if we wander out in early morn,
No wreathed incense do we see upborne
Into the east, to meet the smiling day:
No crowd of nymphs soft-voic'd and young and gay,
In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,
Roses and pinks and violets to adorn
The shrine of Flora in her early May.

It was a clear recognition of the essential paganism of Keats' outlook on life that prompted Shelley to entitle his memorial dirge the *Adonais*, that inspired Mrs. Browning, in her *Vision of the Poets*, to eulogize Keats as the beloved of Venus and that wrung from Wordsworth the qualified praise that *Endymion* is "a pretty piece of paganism." And it was an error in taste and perception, usually unerring and keen, that led a more recent interpreter to characterize *The Eve of St. Agnes* as "a vision of beauty, deep, rich, and glowing as one of those dyed windows in which the heart of the Middle Ages still burns."¹⁶ For the heart of the Middle Ages, as even Carlyle could see, was that living, motivating Catholic faith the least suggestion of which is missing from Keats' gorgeous pagan idyl. Apart from its title, there is nothing Catholic in the poem.

And yet Mabie's comment suggests a searching, though elusive truth, for the paganism of Keats, like all the other paganism in modern literatures, is not the ancient paganism at all. In the course of his somewhat prosaic, but eminently sensible review, of Keats' poems, in *The Edinburgh Review* for August, 1820, Francis Jeffrey took occasion to observe: "There is something very curious, too, we think, in the way in which he, and Mr. Barry Cornwall also, have dealt with the pagan mythology, of which they have made so much use in

¹⁶ Hamilton Wright Mabie, *Essays in Literary Interpretation*, p. 255.

their poetry. Instead of presenting its imaginary persons under the trite and vulgar traits that belong to them in the ordinary systems, little more is borrowed from these than the general conception of their conditions and relations; and an original character and distinct individuality is bestowed upon them, which has all the merit of invention, and all the grace and attraction of the fictions on which it is engrafted.”¹⁷

As has been sagely remarked by a man who in his own work abundantly realized the possibilities of correlating poetry with religion, “the poetry of paganism is chiefly a modern creation.”¹⁸ To the denizens of the ancient world paganism was a sordid, chilling thing, like the cluttered and unswept stage of a modern theatre at ten o’clock in the morning; it was the English, French and German poets of more recent centuries—men who, so to say, loved the old gods as conceptions but did not worship them as divinities—that installed colored footlights and a calcium in the wings. Christianity wreaked a strange revenge on the rites she had supplanted; she destroyed their dominion over the souls of men, but preserved them as æsthetic garnishings in the new order of civilization. She converted the sacred trees into wayside crosses, the Pantheon into a Christian church; and to her sculptors and her poets she consigned the ancient divinties to touch them with a beauty hitherto unknown. And all unawares, Keats, willy nilly the child of centuries of Christian art and thought and living, carried on the traditional procedures and flooded the pallid statuary of the elder paganism with streams of rich and idealizing light.

But we remember Keats a hundred years after his death, not for his denatured paganism, but for the incomparable timbre of his singing voice, the splendor of his tones. To Wordsworth—whenever the Tiresias of Windermere deigns to write real poetry—we go for insight into nature, for a placid holiday amid rustic sights and sounds, for a corrective view of man set off against the background of stream and cliff and wold. To Browning we go in our unshaven moods to participate in a stag party of the spirit, and to ponder the disjointed and trenchant observations of our cryptic and penetrating

¹⁷ Francis Jeffrey, “Essays on English Poets and Poetry,” from *The Edinburgh Review*, p. 391.

¹⁸ Francis Thompson, “Paganism, Old and New.”

host. To Thompson we go when the soul, grown world-weary of bread and cheese and broken resolutions, demands rococo embellishments of eternal verities, and an æsthetic festival of waxen tapers and flowers drooping, heavy-eyed, in vases arabesque. But to Keats we go, rather than to any other English poet, when we yearn, not for philosophy or information, not for spiritual re-creation, but for some appeasement of our native hunger for beauty—beauty single and consonant and unalloyed.

For John Keats is eminently and unapproachably the poet of the beautiful in word and implication and spacious dream. Of the Ygdrasil of his universe, beauty was the flower and the fruit. He looked upon fine phrases like a lover. The poet in him sought thirstingly the elusive loveliness that permeates creation, the loveliness that even man's foulest perversions cannot wholly banish from the world, the loveliness which is the perfume of God's presence when He walked of old in the garden, and which still lingers in the works of His hands. In the contemplation of that beauty John Keats drank delight; in the expression and interpretation of that beauty John Keats tasted contentment and surcease. "I feel assured," he tells a friend, "I should write from the mere yearning and fondness I have for the beautiful, even if my night's labors should be burned every morning, and no eye ever shine upon them."¹⁹ Much has been written about Keats' theory of his art, about his technique of verse-making, about his philosophy of the beautiful in poetry and life. As appositely might we seek to formulate the æsthetic convictions of his own full-throated nightingale. Hence, literal-minded commentators and unimaginative pursuers of "scientific" research, metric surgeons with your scalpels and anæsthetics! Wretched fact-grubbing reincarnations of old Apollonius that ye are, has not the singer himself given you your convincing answer:

Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?

Is the poetry of John Keats, the embodiment of his vision of the beautiful, the record of his never-ending pursuit of the beautiful, needed in this modern world a century after his

¹⁹ Letter lxxvi.

death? The bare fact that such a question can be asked, is cogent proof that the reply must be a categorical and emphatic affirmative. The forces of evil still wage war against God as Infinite Goodness and as Infinite Love; but, in even a more marked degree, do they seek to drive from men's minds and hearts the conception of God as Infinite Beauty. And too often the forces of evil are strangely abetted by the apostles of righteousness. The phylactery of the Pharisee may still be glimpsed in the marketplace, the rigorous ideal of the Jansenist has not spent its force, and the art-effacing whitewash still drips portentous from the Puritan's brush. With our hybrid architecture and our futurist art, with our popular music reverting to the Voodoo incantation and our popular literature exploiting salacious ugliness, blatant and unashamed, acute is our need for the poetry of John Keats to teach us the distinction between melody and noise, to convince us that the sensuous is not the sensual, to refresh our eyes with the vision of beauty, and lead our aching and reluctant feet unto the realms of gold. A renewed discernment of the reflection of God's Beauty in the world, a renewed realization of the possibilities of loveliness inherent in the very words we heedlessly toss hither and yon in our workaday lives, a renewed reverence for the evanescent pulchritude we glimpse in a glowing phrase or a sunset splendor, an organ cadence or a tempest's wail, an ocean vista or a woman's face—these are what come to us when we set foot within Keats' magic bower, these, and a strength-assuring sleep,

Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

And ours is no transient need. Even as the world shall always need the saint, so shall it always need the poet; both, working ever against seemingly insuperable odds, are destined in the Divine economy to bring mankind to the liberating truth. For Keats was right: Beauty is truth; truth, beauty. To recognize the validity of his contention we need have recourse neither to Plato and the *Timæus*, nor to Lessing and the *Laocoon*, nor to Cousin and his trinity of truth, beauty and goodness. "To the materialist philosopher," writes Amiel, "the beautiful is a mere accident. . . . To the spiritual philosopher the beautiful is the rule, the law, the universal founda-

tion of things. . . . Beauty is . . . a memento fallen from heaven to earth to remind us of the ideal world."²⁰ A little learning scoffs; true wisdom is chastened—and adores.

One day, a hundred years ago, a carriage glided through the streets of Rome; and from the half open window the lustrous eyes of John Keats, set deep in a face upon which a mortal pallor had already fallen, caught a fleeting vision of the broken arches of the Coliseum. He who had sung so untiringly of the quest of beauty and, dying in his springtime, left a heritage of art, was vouchsafed a glimpse of the arena where martyrs, when the world was young, had perished for the cause of truth.

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water." Yes, the passing of a hundred years has proved that prophecy untrue. The weakness, the weariness, perchance the bitterness of the man for the moment obscured the seerlike vision of the bard; and presently he died, his last days soothed by the sonatas of Haydn and the efflorescent prose of Jeremy Taylor, most poetical of English pulpiteers. Today another epitaph may better summarize his achievements, better signalize his fame. It is from his own *Hyperion*:

'Tis the eternal law
That first in beauty shall be first in might.

²⁰ *Amiel's Journal*, April 3, 1865.

THE LIFE'S WORK OF J. H. NEWMAN.

BY HERBERT LUCAS, S.J.

IV.

LATER CATHOLIC WRITINGS.



AFTER the collapse—at least so far as he himself was concerned—of the Irish University scheme, the shadows fell thick over Newman's life during a period of more than twenty years (1857-1879). The main items of the story have been already indicated, and need not be here repeated. But there were intervals during which the clouds broke and the clear daylight re-asserted itself. The year 1864 once more brought the distinguished Oxford convert prominently before the public eye, under circumstances which gained for him a full measure of sympathy alike from Catholics and from great numbers of his Protestant fellow-countrymen.

“At Christmas, 1863, there appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* a review by Charles Kingsley of J. A. Froude's *History of England*. In it occurred the following passage: ‘Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not be, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or no, it is, at least, historically so.’ Newman wrote to the publishers . . . ‘to draw their attention as gentlemen to a grave and gratuitous slander.’”¹

What followed may be best summed up in Newman's own trenchant words. They are from a pamphlet published at the time:

Mr. Kingsley begins then by exclaiming: “O, the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for an evidence of it! There's Father Newman to wit: one living

¹ Ward, *Newman*, ii., p. 7.

specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He, a priest, writing of priests, tells us that lying is never any harm." I interpose: "You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where." Mr. Kingsley replies: "You said it, reverend Sir, in a sermon which you preached when a Protestant, as vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844. . ." I make answer: "Oh, not it seems, as a priest speaking of priests; but let us have the passage." Mr. Kingsley relaxes: "Do you know, I like your *tone*. From your *tone* I rejoice—greatly rejoice—to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said." I rejoin: "*Mean* it! I maintain I never *said* it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic." Mr. Kingsley replies: "I waive that point." I object: "Is it possible? What? Waive the main question? I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me—direct, distinct, public; you are bound to answer it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly, or to own you can't. "Well," says Mr. Kingsley, "if you are quite sure you did not say it, I'll take your word for it—I really will." "My word! I am dumb. Somehow I thought that it was my word that happened to be on trial. The word of a professor of lying that he does not lie!" But Mr. Kingsley reassures me. "We are both gentlemen," he says, "I have done as much as one gentleman can expect from another." I begin to see, he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all it is not I, but it is Mr. Kingsley who did not mean what he said.²

It was, as all the world knows, this brief but lively passages of arms which gave occasion to that remarkable "History of My Religious Opinions," more commonly known as the *Apologia*, from which was derived the greater part of what has been told, in a former article, of Newman's life as an Anglican. Needless to say that, although its immediate purpose was the vindication of the author's personal sincerity, and of his unwavering fidelity to the truth, as he has seen it at each stage of the long process of his conversion, the work is, on far wider grounds, a human document of the deepest interest and of very real importance.

Six years were yet to elapse before the publication of Newman's next substantial work, *The Grammar of Assent*, which must now claim our attention. At first sight, it might

² A Correspondence with the Rev. Charles Kingsley, pp. 32, 33.

seem as though this book had proved an exception to Newman's practice (to which reference has clearly been made) of having always in view, in his writings, "the need of the moment." But it is an exception only in appearance. It was not, indeed, called forth by some special crisis, like that which was occasioned by the Gorham judgment, or by the outbreak of a violent "No Popery" agitation on the restoration of the hierarchy, nor again by some published attack on himself or on his fellow Catholics, as was the case with the *Apologia*, the "Letters" to Pusey and the Duke of Norfolk, and the reply to Principal Fairbairn in the *Contemporary Review*. Nevertheless, it was addressed to a very special and urgent need, not indeed of the moment alone, but of the age, to a need the sense of which may be said to have haunted him from the days of his recoil from that tendency to liberalism in theology of which mention has been made in a former article, down to the very end of his life. This was the need of the best defence that could be raised against the flood of unbelief and skepticism, the inroads of which, as has been said, he foresaw as clearly as it is possible for any one to envisage a general movement of the human mind.

Hence it had been his desire to devote his best years to the writing of a work, greater than any which he had hitherto attempted, on "Faith and Reason." And when he found this hope frustrated by other imperative demands on his time and attention, he set himself, in the *Grammar of Assent*, resolutely to deal with at least one particular aspect of the general problem, which, as he was deeply convinced, must, by all means, be faced. How far the attempt was successful is a question on which opinions have been, and probably always will be, sharply divided. But it can hardly be called in question that some at least of the more or less adverse judgments which have been passed on the book as a whole have been based on a misapprehension of the author's purpose and meaning. And criticism, such as he would have been the last to resent, provided only that it were fair, might well have been in a measure disarmed by the extreme modesty of the full title of the work. He calls it, in terms carefully and deliberately chosen, "An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent;" proclaiming thus its more or less tentative character, and his hope that, while not professing to be exhaustive, it may at least prove helpful. And

while many, the present writer among the number, would vindicate for it a far higher value than could be indicated by any words of "faint praise," no one, it may be hoped, would venture to dispute its claim to have fulfilled its purpose as, at the very least, an extremely suggestive "Essay." It is unquestionably one which emphasizes, in a manner which cannot fail to compel attention, certain aspects of what may be called "the process of faith," which had been somewhat lightly passed over in current treatises on Apologetics. But it is a book to be read and used, with due caution, rather by trained theologians than by the so-called "average reader," who might easily misunderstand certain portions of it, and find himself bewildered by others. Newman's message, as Dr. William Barry very truly writes, was "to the master rather than to the novice;" and to no work of his are these words more thoroughly applicable than to the *Grammar of Assent*.

In the book itself, after a lengthy and minute examination into the nature, respectively, of "apprehension," "inference," and "assent," the author devotes an important chapter (which may indeed be regarded as the kernel of the whole) to the consideration of what he calls "the Illative Sense," by which term he designates the faculty of reaching conclusions, and even of attaining to certainty, by means of implicit reasoning. It is, for instance, only as the result of a process of implicit reasoning, based ultimately on multitudinous human testimony, that those of us who have not crossed the Atlantic, believe, as an indisputable fact, in the existence of New York. Indeed, this kind of implicit reasoning may quite safely be said to be our chief guide through life.

Having established this point, which is indeed beyond dispute, he sets himself to solve, or to help others to solve, the problem to which the whole of the first portion of the work is intended to lead up. This problem, he it observed, is not, as some of his critics seem to have supposed: "What are the proofs of the existence of God, and of the fact of the Christian revelation, which are available for those who have the ability, the leisure, the good will to examine them systematically?" but the rather different question: "How are men, whether highly educated or more or less illiterate, *actually led, and quite reasonably led*, in the first place to that belief in a personal God which is the foundation of natural religion, and

secondly, towards faith in divine revelation, which is the basis of the Christian religion?" And, as the very best means, if not the only means, within his reach, of convincingly conducting this inquiry, he minutely analyzes and carefully ascribes his own mental processes, as the only one of which he has had personal experience. But he does this with the conviction that the religious experiences of other men will be found, by each one for himself, more or less closely to resemble his own; and that, therefore, this quasi-personal record will serve for the enlightenment and encouragement of others.

I begin [he says in the chapter on "Religious Inferences"] with expressing a sentiment which is habitually in my thoughts, whenever they are turned to the subject of mental or moral science, . . . *viz.*, that in these provinces of inquiry egotism is true modesty. In religious inquiry each of us can speak only for himself, and for himself he has a right to speak. His own experiences are enough for himself, but he cannot speak for others; he cannot lay down the law; he can only bring his own experiences to the common stock of psychological facts. He knows what has satisfied and satisfies himself; if it satisfies him it is likely to satisfy others; if, as he believes and is sure, it is true, it will approve itself to others also, for there is but one truth. And doubtless he does find in fact, that allowing for differences of mind and speech, what convinces him does convince others also . . . This being the case, he brings together his reasons, and relies on them, because they are his own, and this is his primary evidence; and he has a second ground of evidence, in the testimony of those who agree with him. But his best evidence is the former, which is derived from his own thoughts; and it is this which the world has a right to demand of him; and, therefore, his true sobriety and modesty consists, not in claiming for his conclusions an acceptance or a scientific approval which is not to be found anywhere, but in stating what are personally his own grounds for his belief in Natural and Revealed Religion—grounds which he holds to be so sufficient, that he thinks that others do hold them implicitly or in substance, or would hold them if they inquired fairly, or will hold if they listen to him, or do not hold from impediments, invincible or not as it may be, into which he has no call to inquire. However, his own business is to speak for himself.³

³ *Grammar of Assent*, pp. 384-386.

Now to object, as some have objected, to the use of the subjective method, as not scientific or systematic, is to miss the mark. It is to find fault with the author, not for having done ill what he set out to do, but for not having attempted something quite different; a line of criticism of which Newman more than once had experience. More specious is the objection that it can by no means be rightfully assumed that the interior religious experiences of the average man will, in any recognizable fashion, resemble those of the author. It might be urged that the mentality, for instance, of Horatio, of Laertes, or of the grave diggers in Shakespeare's play, did not differ more widely from that of Hamlet than does the mentality of the man in the street, with his varying degrees of knowledge or ignorance, from that of Newman himself. Newman would reply, I think, that what really differentiates men in their attitude towards religious truth is not so much the varieties of intellectual ability, or equipment, as the presence or absence of good will and fidelity to conscience; and that where good will and real earnestness are found, the mental processes of the learned and the unlearned will be found to be quite strikingly analogous.

Be this as it may, it is time to pass to the substance of the latter portion of the book, as distinct from its professed method. Men are led, says Newman in effect, both to belief in God and towards faith in the divine revelation, by a multitude of considerations which it would be impossible adequately to set forth in the guise of formal arguments, and which do not—any more than our reasons for believing in the existence of New York—present themselves in that guise to the mind; considerations, moreover, no one of which, taken apart, would—as presented to the mind of the average man—be sufficient to produce certainty, but which actually and quite reasonably produced certainty by their cumulative weight, or rather by virtue of their convergence. Now in dealing with this matter very great caution is necessary. The proposition that “faith ultimately rests on a congeries of probabilities” has been condemned as a modernist error. And it is no matter for surprise that some should have seen—or wished to see—in this condemnation an authoritative judgment adverse to Newman himself. Fortunately, however, it has been no less authoritatively declared that no condemnation of Newman

was intended. And a little attention to Newman's own exposition of the matter should have been enough to make it clear that the condemned proposition is not his.

As has been already implied, he regards the "probable" considerations in question, not as though they were separate, independent, unrelated, like the sticks in a bundle or the stones in a heap (which is the true connotation of the word "congeries"), but rather like the rays of light which a lense brings to a focus. The separate rays would not have been strong enough to kindle the tiniest spark, but in virtue of their convergence they are capable of starting a conflagration. Again, when Newman speaks of single considerations as "probable," he is assessing not what may be called their objective validity, but rather their actual force, as, taken singly, they commonly present themselves to the individual mind. My present concern, it will be understood, is not to prove that Newman was right (though I happen to believe that he was right), but only to make it clear that he did not fall into the theological error which has been imputed to him.

To pass, again, to another point, it has been made a matter of reproach against Newman, not only that, in dealing with the ground of men's belief in a personal God, he lays stress, too exclusively as it has seemed to some, on the witness of conscience, to the comparative neglect of certain other arguments which he seems to undervalue, but also that he attributes to this interior witness a more imperative and far-reaching evidential cogency than it can rightly claim.

According to the current text-books, and, be it added, according to the common sense view of the matter, the proofs of the existence of God may be briefly and crudely indicated thus: The existence of the visible world postulates a Creator; the order and design manifested in creation and the possession of intellect by man postulates a wise Creator; and finally conscience, supported by the common consent of the better part of mankind, bears testimony to what, for lack of better terms, we must call His moral attributes. But it is just this course of argument that Newman's treatment at first sight seems to invert. Yes, seems, but only seems. Of all that is contained or implied in the summary just given, Newman is careful to call no single point in question; but he holds, rightly or wrongly, that if the unwritten record of the religious experiences of

mankind could be laid bare before us, it would be found that, as a rule, men are led to God rather by the inward promptings and admonitions of conscience, than by any argument consciously and explicitly drawn from the outwardly visible creation, even though such arguments are implicitly involved in the considerations which move them. The difference between Newman and his critics turns, I think (though his critics have been slow to perceive that it is so), rather on a question of psychological fact than of theological doctrine or opinion.

At any rate, whatever may be thought of Newman's estimate of the evidential value of the witness of conscience, it is impossible not to admire and be thankful for all that he has written, in a great variety of places, on the nature and action of conscience in its relation to conduct. The four leading ideas that seem to run through all that he has to tell us on this subject would seem to be (1) that of the awful majesty of conscience as the voice of God in the soul; (2) the urgent danger lest that divine voice be either unheard or counterfeited; (3) the no less urgent and consequent need that the individual conscience should be strengthened and guided by some external and authoritative influence; and (4) the truth that the Catholic Church is the divinely appointed means and organ whereby this necessary guidance and support is supplied. It would not, perhaps, be easy to illustrate these four points from Newman's writings precisely in the order in which they have been here given, but the remembrance of them may help the reader to gather something better than a merely general impression from the passages presently to be quoted, and which may be further prefaced by a few more words of introduction.

Conscience, then, is a voice, the voice of God in the soul, and therefore of itself, or objectively, of supreme dignity; but it is on the other hand a voice that whispers rather than clamors, a voice to which, if we are not habitually attentive, we may easily grow deaf, a whisper which, if we are not on our guard, is all too easily outvoiced either by the domineering self-assertion of cold reason, or by the peremptory mandates of human society, or by the storms and hurricanes of passion, or yet again insidiously counterfeited (as has been said) by something which only speciously and superficially resembles it; as mere self-willed private judgment resembles

it on the side of personal individuality, and human laws or conventions, and the human respect thence arising, on the side of a spurious sense of obligation, such as is the imagined obligation to conform to a man-made code of honor.

And now let us hear Newman himself, the splendid exuberance of whose style must afford an excuse for somewhat freely abbreviating several of the passages to be quoted.

The Divine Law [he writes] is the rule of ethical truth, the standard of right and wrong, a sovereign, irreversible, absolute authority in the presence of men and Angels. This law, as apprehended in the minds of individual men, is called "conscience;" and, though it may suffer refraction in passing into the intellectual medium of each, it is not thereby so affected as to lose its character of being the Divine Law, but still has, as such, the power of commanding obedience.

Hence it is never lawful to go against conscience, even though our conscience should be inculpably erroneous.

This view of conscience, I know, is very different from that ordinarily taken of it both by the Science and Literature and by the public opinion of the day. It is founded on the doctrine that conscience is the voice of God, whereas it is fashionable on all hands now to consider it in one way or another a creation of man. By conscience, we mean the voice of God in the nature and heart of man as distinct from the voice of Revelation. It is a principle planted within us, before we have had any training, though such training, and experience, is necessary for its strength, growth, and due formation. It holds of God, and not of man, as an Angel walking on the earth would be no citizen or dependent of the Civil Power. Conscience is not a long-sighted selfishness, nor a desire to be consistent with oneself; but it is a message from Him Who, both in nature and in grace, speaks to us behind a veil, and teaches and rules us by His representatives. Conscience is the aboriginal Vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas, and, even though the eternal priesthood throughout the Church could cease to be, in it the sacerdotal principle would remain and would have sway.⁴

Words like these [he goes on] are like empty verbiage

⁴ "Letter to the Duke," etc., in *Difficulties of Anglicans*, ii., pp. 246-249.

to the great world of philosophy now. All through my day there has been a resolute warfare, I had almost said conspiracy, against the rights of conscience, as I have described it. We are told that conscience is but a twist in primitive and untutored man; that its dictate is an imagination; that the very notion of guiltiness, which that dictate enforces, is simply irrational, for how can there possibly be freedom of will, how can there be consequent responsibility, in that infinite eternal network of cause and effect in which we helplessly lie? And what retribution have we to fear, when we have had no real choice to do good or evil? So much for the philosophers; now let us see what is the notion of conscience in the popular mind. There, too, the idea of the presence of a Moral Governor is far away from the use of it, frequent and emphatic as that use of it is. When men advocate the rights of conscience, they in no sense mean the rights of the Creator, nor the duty to Him, in thought and deed of the creature, but the right of thinking, speaking, writing, and acting, according to their judgment and humor, without any thought of God at all. It is the right of self-will.⁵

But other passages, which I would willingly quote did space allow, must give place to two from *The Idea of a University*, which have been well chosen by Mr. Ward to illustrate Newman's dread lest that very acquisition of knowledge which he was so eager to promote should become a snare, by setting up, as it were, a rival to conscience.

You will observe [he writes] that those higher sciences of which I have spoken—Morals and Religion—are not represented to the intelligence of the world by intimations and notices strong and obvious, such as those which are the foundation of Physical Science. The physical nature lies before us, patent to the sight, ready to the touch, appealing to the senses. . . . But the phenomena which are the basis of morals and religion have nothing of this luminous evidence. Instead of being obtruded upon our notice so that we cannot possibly overlook them, they are the dictates either of Conscience or of Faith. They are faint shadows and tracings, certain indeed, but fragile and almost evanescent, which the mind recognizes at one time and not at another—discerns when it is calm, loses when it is in agitation. . . . Who can deny the existence of Conscience?

⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 249, 250.

who does not feel the force of its injunctions? but how dim is the illumination with which it is invested, and how feeble its influence, compared with that evidence of sight and touch which is the foundation of Physical Science. How easily can we be talked out of our clearest views [or convictions] of duty? How does this or that moral precept crumble into nothing when we rudely handle it! How does the fear of sin pass off from us as quickly as the glow of modesty dies away from the countenance! and then we say: "It is all superstition!" However, after a time we look round, and then to our surprise we see, as before, the same law of duty, the same moral precepts, the same protests [of the conscience] against sin, appearing over against us in their old places as though they had never been brushed away, like the Divine handwriting upon the wall at the banquet. Then, perhaps, we approach them rudely and inspect them irreverently, and accost them skeptically, and away they go again, like so many spectres. . . . And thus those awful, supernatural, bright, majestic, delicate apparitions, much as we may in our hearts acknowledge their sovereignty, are no match as a foundation of Science for the hard palpable material facts which make up the Province of Physics.⁶

These words, from the last of Newman's Dublin Lectures, were spoken in the School of Medicine, and testify, as has been said, to the lecturer's keen anxiety lest the toxic poison of Materialism should weaken the faith and deaden the conscience of his hearers.

He could, of course, be no less eloquent on dangers to faith and conscience proceeding from quite different quarters, from the manifold influence of "this vain, unprofitable, yet overbearing world," from "so magnificent, so imposing a presence, as that of the great Babylon;" from the world which "professes to supply all that we need, as if we were sent into it for the sake of being sent, and for nothing beyond the sending;" from "this august world" to which "it is a great favor to have an introduction."⁷ But what follows may be more to the present purpose.

"What then," asks Mr. Ward, after quoting the passage already given from the Dublin Lecture, "what then is the force which will give to these 'apparitions' " of faith and conscience

⁶ *Idea of a University*, pp. 514, 515. Cf. Ward, *Newman*, i., pp. 413, 414.

⁷ *Discourses to Mixed Congregations* (Ed. 1849), p. 112.

"the permanence and stability they need if they are to be our stay in life, if we are to feel their reality as we feel the world of sense to be real; if we are to rest on them as the foundation of our hopes for the future?" To this question the answer is that "the Church, which by her liturgy and theology, and by the constant preaching of her ministers, keeps those truths energetically before us and represents them as ever-living principles of action, is here our great support."⁸

That great institution, then, the Catholic Church [continues Newman] has been set up by Divine Mercy as a present, visible antagonist, and the only possible antagonist, to sight and sense. Conscience, reason, good feeling, the instincts of our moral natures, the tradition of Faith, the conclusions and deductions of philosophical [or "natural"] Religion, are no match at all for the stubborn facts . . . which are the foundation of physical science. Gentlemen, if you feel, as you must feel, the whisper of the law of moral truth within you, and the impulse to believe, be sure there is nothing whatever on earth which can be the sufficient champion of these sovereign authorities of your soul, which can vindicate and preserve them to you and make you loyal to them, but the Catholic Church. You fear they will go, you see with dismay that they are going, under the continual impression created on your mind by the details of the material science to which you have devoted your lives. It is so—I do not deny it; except under rare and happy circumstances, go they will, unless you have Catholicism to back you up in keeping faithful to them. The world is a rough antagonist of spiritual truth; sometimes with mailed hand, sometimes with pertinacious logic, sometimes with a storm of irresistible facts, it presses on against you. What it says is true, perhaps, as far as it goes, but it is not the whole truth, or the most important truth. Those more important truths which the natural heart admits in substance though it cannot [of its own strength] maintain [against such adversaries] of these the Church is in matter of fact the undaunted and the only defender. She is ever the same—ever young and vigorous, and ever overcoming new errors with the old weapons. Catholicism is the strength of Religion as Science and System are the strength of [physical] Knowledge.⁹

⁸ Ward, *Newman*, i., p. 414. Cf. *Last Lectures*, p. 29.

⁹ *Idea*, etc., pp. 515, 516.

Alas, that these eloquent and impassioned accents were heard no more in the lecture halls of Dublin.

I have allowed myself, not unwillingly, to be led aside from the consideration of the *Grammar of Assent* to the quotation of passages not taken from that work, though bearing on topics cognate to its subject matter. But I cannot take leave of it altogether without paying a tribute of most cordial admiration to its concluding section, in which Newman deals at length, in his most trenchant style, with the "five reasons" advanced by the cynical and infidel historian, Gibbon, as accounting on merely natural grounds, for the spread of Christianity.

Under stress of limited space, I must needs be content briefly to mention some others among the latest works of the veteran controversialist.

In 1866 there appeared, from the pen of Dr. E. B. Pusey, a lengthy pamphlet, strangely entitled *An Eirenicon* (i. e., "A Message of Peace") in which the author vigorously attacked Catholic devotion to Our Lady, especially as represented or reflected in that once well-known book of popular piety, *The Glories of Mary*, by St. Alphonsus Ligouri. Newman, in his reply, has of course no difficulty in showing that the Catholic faith does not commit us to an unqualified approval, or adoption, of what some would regard as the occasionally perfervid phraseology of the book, or to a credulous acceptance of the ill-authenticated legends which are to be found within its covers. The "Letter to Dr. Pusey" was, it will be understood, published four years before the *Grammar of Assent*; but I have reserved mention of it till now as being fitly coupled with the "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk," which appeared in 1875. The occasion of the last-named pamphlet was as follows: In 1873, three years after the Vatican definition of Papal Infallibility, Mr. Gladstone had received a serious political set-back in the rejection of an Irish University Bill. Irritated by this unlooked for disappointment, due to the influence of the Catholic Bishops of Ireland, Mr. Gladstone published his *Vaticanism in Its Relation to the Duty of Civil Allegiance*. It was to this outburst of petulant bigotry that Newman replied in the above-named "Letter." This is a work which, as protesting against the identification of particular theological opinions with the faith of the Catholic Church, presents a close analogy with the

"Letter to Dr. Pusey."¹⁰ But the right place for its discussion would be in the course of a connected account of the Vatican definition, such as plainly cannot be attempted here. And of the controversy with Dr. Fairbairn, which was the occasion of Cardinal Newman's last appearance in print, at the age of eighty-four, space will not allow me to speak.

[THE END.]

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

BY THOMAS A. LAHEY, C.S.C.

"The harp that once thro' Tara's hall
The soul of music shed,"
Has slumbered long on Tara's walls,
But oh, it is not dead.
The throbs to which it once had leaped
Have lapsed in silence long,
But 'tis because its strings were steeped
In grief too deep for song.

But Hope has touched away the tears
And Erin rises now,
The white dawn of the coming years
Upon her virgin brow;
And lo, a thousand pulsing strings
Have caught the throb that thrills
The new born Irish heart that sings
Among the Emerald hills.

Oh harp by sorrow soothed to sleep,
A lilting Irish cry
Has made your pulse again to leap
In songs that will not die.
No more, sweet harp, shall music dare
To live from thee apart,
For ye shall live—a wedded pair—
Within the Irish heart.

¹⁰ Both "Letters" have been republished in *Difficulties of Anglicans*, vol. II.

THE POETRY OF THE PETREL.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

I have seen a snowy petrel, arising, poise
Above the green-sloped wave, then pass forevermore
From keenest sight.—*William Sharp, "Oceanus."*



USUALLY, however, a petrel does not pass forevermore from keenest sight, but remains in plain view, with broad whirlings and coastings that are the poetry of motion. At will, the bird can make a mile a minute, but usually its flight is airy and flickering, more like that of a butterfly than of an ordinary bird. Its characteristic position is this "poise above the green-sloped wave," like a bit of the wave itself suspended in air.

Pied petrels coursed about the sea,
And skimmed the billows dexterously;
Sank with each hollow, rose with every hill,
So close, yet never touched them till
They seized their prey with rapid bill,

says Alfred Domett in "The Gulf of St. Lawrence." This hovering poise has a utilitarian motive, being a method of procuring food. Yet it is grace itself and whoever, or whatever, can equal it has reached perfection of its kind. Bryant has used this idea very aptly in "The Arctic Lover:"

The petrel does not skim the sea
More swiftly than my oar.

Strictly speaking, there is no "snowy petrel," as the plumage is chiefly dark above and below, though some have white breasts and all have areas of white here and there about the plumage. Of the seventy or more recognized species, the three small petrels called Stormy Petrels, or Mother Carey's Chickens, are the best known. There are the True Stormy Petrel, Leach's Petrel, and Wilson's, named from the great ornithologist. All are of a sooty brown, with a white patch, or "snowflake," at the base of the tail. Mr. H. E. Parkhurst finds a beautiful comparison in the colors and habits of these children of the sea:

"A vanishing and ever distant living mystery, with minute dusky form, white spotted, dashing tirelessly above the sea, it is an exquisite symbol of the dark waves, crested with white, that are ever sweeping on, age after age, in restless flight."

Far off the Petrel in the troubled way
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray;
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.

—George Crabbe.

Petrel means "Little Peter." Because these birds run with closed wings upon the surface of the water, or hover with spread wings just above it, someone has made the poetical comparison to St. Peter walking upon the Sea of Gennesareth, hence the name:

Named wert thou, that walkest the water, from the impetuous
saint of yore—

Peter—who by faith would gladly step with trembling human feet
On the Lord's own shining pathway, there his gracious Lord to
greet.

Fear not. He Whose touch upheld the Apostle's life in Galilee
Gave thy wings, strong and sustaining, O thou wandering bird,
to thee.—Lady Lindsay, "*The Stormy Petrel*."

The birds are well named "Stormy," because they not only resemble flakes of foam cast off by the dashing waves, but because the higher the wind and more agitated the sea, the more abundant and lively they are:

Birds of the sea, they rejoice in storms;
On the top of the wave you may see their forms;
They run and dive, and they whirl and fly,
Where the glittering foam-spray breaks on high;
And against the force of the strongest gale
Like phantom ships they soar and sail.

—Park Benjamin, "*The Stormy Petrel*."

There are several different suppositions as to the origin of the term, Mother Carey's Chickens, for these small petrels, and of Mother Carey's Hens for the larger kinds. It is said that the name is a corruption of Cartaret, whose sailors named the birds in honor of their captain. Another explanation states that "Carey" is from the Latin *cara*, dear, the bird being under

the protection of dear mother nature, or of Mary, the Mother. Still another notion is that Mother Carey was a witch with ability to make storms rise at command, and that the sailors named the bird for her, hoping the compliment would avert storms, or else in compliment to the bird's ability to prophesy storms. For, because of their abundance just before or during a storm, seamen often believe, or say, that the birds bring bad weather.

Alexander Wilson says of this superstition: "Habited in mourning, and making their appearance generally in greater numbers previous to or during a storm, they have long been fearfully regarded by the ignorant and superstitious, not only as the foreboding messengers of tempests and dangers to the hapless mariner, but as wicked agents connected, somehow or other, in creating them. 'Nobody,' say they, 'can tell anything of where they come from or how they breed,' though (as sailors sometimes say) it is supposed that they hatch their eggs under their wings as they sit on the water. This mysterious uncertainty has doubtless given rise to the opinion so prevalent among this class of men, that they are, in some way or other, connected with that personage who has been styled The Prince of the Powers of the Air. In every country where they are known, their names have borne some affinity to this belief. They have been called Witches, Stormy Petrels, The Devil's Birds, Mother Carey's Chickens, probably from some celebrated ideal hag of that name. Their unexpected and numerous appearance has frequently thrown a momentary damp over the mind of the hardiest seamen."

Lady Lindsay reverts to this:

Harbinger of death and danger, o'er the darkly furrowed sea,
Rides the Stormy Petrel, telling where the gathered whirlwinds be.
Bird of Fate! whom we should welcome, counting thee as truly
 blest,
For thy tidings and thy warnings timely brought from east or
 west,
Knowest not that an ill-tongued prophet is by all men deemed
 accurst—
He that soonest cries disaster, he that sees far doom the first?

To collect in numbers before a storm is not proper to Petrels alone; gulls, swallows, and other sea and land birds feel the change of weather and unconsciously foretell it by

their actions. In reality, the storm brings the birds. Alexander Wilson explains why they seek out a ship: "It appears that the seeds of the Gulf-weed—so common and abundant in this part of the ocean, floating perhaps a little below the surface, and the barnacles with which ships' bottoms usually abound, being both occasionally thrown up to the surface by the action of the vessel through the water in blowing weather, entice these birds to follow in the ships' wake at such times: and not, as some have suggested, merely to seek shelter from the storm, the greatest violence of which they seem to disregard. There is also the greasy dish-washings and other oily substances thrown over by the cook, on which they feed with avidity, but with great good-nature, their manners being so gentle that I have never observed the slightest appearance of quarreling or dispute among them."

The bird's note is a faint, chirping, rather wailing *weet-weet*, uttered as it skims buoyantly over the water or runs nimbly about patting the tops of the waves with its webbed feet.

No song-note have we, but a piping cry
That blends with the storm when the wind is high,
When the land-birds quail
We sport the gale,
And merrily over the ocean we sail.—*Anon.*

Petrel is a true child of the sea, with the strength and endurance that a life on the ocean demands. Wilson tells of one with a broken quill feather that followed his ship for nearly a week, a distance of four hundred miles in those days. "The length of time these birds remain on the wing is surprising," he says. "As soon as it was light enough in the morning to perceive them, they were found roaming about as usual, and I have often sat in the boat which was suspended by the ship's stern, watching their movements until it was so dark the eye could no longer follow them, though I could still hear their low note of *weet-weet*, as they approached the vessel below me."

Hovered all day in our sluggish wake
The wonderful petrel's wing,
Following, following, ever afar
Like the love of a human thing.

—*Howard Glyndon.*

Night has no terrors for a bird that can ride out the severest storm in safety, and, after sporting with the waves all day, Stormy Petrel settles to rest with a white-cap for his pillow and his wing for a nightcap. Mist and foam and spray cannot touch him, for his thick oily plumage is a protecting "slicker," while his long legs are encased in high boots, guaranteed not to leak.

Up and down!—up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The stormy petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air
And only seekest her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!
—Barry Cornwall.

Stormy Petrel almost never lands except in June, when she seeks a rocky shore or desolate ocean island to build a nest and brood the single egg she deposits there. The nesting is in colonies, sometimes thousands of birds together. Such a colony is an interesting place on a warm evening, when the immense numbers of birds assembled there sport about over the rocks and sandy shores, chattering in faint, husky voices. Occasionally, however, very unpleasant accidents cause them to be found in places not at all suited to their wandering nature, as Florence Hendrickson records in "Lines on a Stormy Petrel Found Dying in Kensington Gardens:"

He flew long miles over barren lands
Driven ashore by the stormy seas,
From the purple crags and the golden sands,
From foam and freedom and fresh salt breeze;
Into a city of gloom and smoke,
With its roar of wheels for the ocean's roar,
Where the air is heavy and foul fogs choke,
But what does it matter—one victim more?

And Theodore Watts has written an "Ode to Mother Carey's Chicken," hanging in a cage on a cottage wall.

Gaze not at me, my poor unhappy bird;
That sorrow is more than human in thine eye;
Too deep already is my spirit stirred
To see thee here, child of the sea and sky,
Coop'd in a cage with food thou canst not eat,
Thy snowflake soiled, and soiled those conquering feet
That walked the billows, while thy sweet-sweet-sweet
Proclaimed the tempest nigh.

It is said that sailors are very careful not to molest Little Peter, fearing harm may come to the ship, or to themselves. Possibly it is affection rather than superstition that dictates their attitude toward these friendly little fellow voyagers. The passengers certainly welcome the Little Peters as an interesting and entertaining bit of life on an otherwise desolate sea; an ocean voyage would not be half as pleasant without the company of the little birds.

"Ever flapping its winglets, I have marked the little bird," says Audubon, "dusky all over save a single spot, the whiteness of which contrasts with the dark hue of the waters and the deep tone of the clear sky. Full of life and joy, it moves to and fro, advances toward the ship, then shoots far away, gambols over the swelling waves, dives into their hollows, and twitters with delight as it perceives an object that will alleviate its hunger. Never fatigued, the tiny Petrels seldom alight, although at times their frail legs and feet seem to touch the crest of the foaming wave."

Here ran the stormy petrels on the waves,
As though they were the shadows of themselves,
Reflected from a loftier flight through space.

—James Montgomery, "*Pelican Island*."

New Books.

TWENTY CURES AT LOURDES MEDICALLY DISCUSSED. By Dr. F. de Grandmaison de Bruno, translated by Dom Hugo G. Bevinot, O.S.B., A.M., and Dom Luke Izard, O.S.B., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., with a preface by Sir Bertrand Windle, M.D., Sc.D., F.R.S. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.60.

This admirable translation of an excellent book will be found full of interest for Catholics; for inquirers into Catholicism; for students of the art of healing and of the laws of evidence; for scientists; and for all who believe in the supernatural, and in the many manifestations of the Providence of God.

The book is written by a physician, one jealous for the integrity of medical standards in pronouncing on conditions of disease or healing. In the first eighteen chapters will be found the history of each case: this comprises the certificates of the physicians, often categorical in detail, with regard to the existing disease; the precise reports of the cure; a discussion of the arguments for and against the miraculous element in the healing; and the after history of the case. This is done in the well-ordered, balanced, and impartial fashion of a paper to be read before a medical assembly, or a report contributed to a medical journal. Only a physician, as Sir Bertram Windle says in his preface, can appreciate the care to be found in the examinations and dissection of these cases. In Dr. Grandmaison's own preface he states: "I have set aside all considerations other than the medical; I have examined solely the clinical factor in the cures."

Following the detailed report, comes a summarization of the cures in chronological order. Next, an investigation of the characteristics common to all the cures discussed, which are those common to miraculous cures in general, namely: (1) the rapidity of the cure; (2) the simplicity or even nullity of the curative agent; (3) the coincidence of the cure with prayer or some manifestation of piety. Each separate cure is now shown, as before a medico-legal tribunal, to have fulfilled these conditions. Finally, the objections which are advanced in general against the miracles of healing at Lourdes are convincingly shown to be fallacious. Indeed, many of these objections are so self-evidently shortsighted or prejudiced that we admire the patient tolerance shown in their refutation.

Though the book is written in the language of scientific medi-

cine, its clarity of style brings it well within the comprehension of the ordinary reader. So full of interest is it that we cannot forbear to mention a few of the many pieces of information to be gained from it, difficult though it is to choose. For instance, readers are told of the severe methods of examination employed by the *Bureau des Constatations*; of the interrogations and examinations needed to fill a "dossier" for filing in the archives; of the number of physicians who yearly visit Lourdes, more than eight hundred, to whom all records are open, and to whom examination of current cases is permitted. They will learn that admission to Lourdes in the case of the sick poor is granted only when the disease has been pronounced incurable; and withheld from those suffering from hysteria. Also, readers will be interested, and disgusted, to learn of the many deliberate and malicious falsifications employed by Zola in his novel on *Lourdes*, here completely exposed.

MEDICINA PASTORALIS. *In Usum Confessariorum et Curiarum Ecclesiasticarum.* By Ioseph Antonelli Sac, Naturalium Scientiarum Doctore ac Professore. Volume III. Editio Quarta. New York: Frederick Pustet Co.

This revised and enlarged edition of Father Antonelli's *Pastoral Medicine*, makes an excellent work of reference for those interested in the serious scientific questions connected with what has been so well called *Medicina Pastoralis*—Medicine for Pastors.

The first volume contains an admirable compendium of the knowledge necessary to understand the anatomy and physiology that must be discussed in pastoral medicine. It is beautifully and adequately illustrated by some twenty-five colored plates and other cuts, all genuinely helpful to those unfamiliar with important details of anatomy.

The first part of the second volume contains physiological questions relating to the First, Fifth and Sixth Commandments. The second part, the pastoral medicine of the sacraments of Baptism and Matrimony. The third discusses the medical questions relating to abstinence and fasting, and the fourth concerns the pastoral care of people who are gravely ill or dying, and questions with regard to the dead which knowledge of anatomy and physiology may help the priest to solve. One might take exception to a tendency in this volume to exaggerate the significance of the physical evils which may result from certain violations of the Sixth Commandment. The opinions expressed are those of physicians, as a rule, and even of special authorities on the subjects, but it would have been well worth while to recognize

some more conservative views. We cannot scare people into being better or influence them for good by setting up a bogey whose features are a caricature, rather than a portrait.

The third volume contains the constitution of Pope Benedict XIV., *Dei miseratione*, together with the instructions of the Sacred Congregations and the Holy Office referring to the trial of cases for the declaration of the nullity of matrimony which has been solemnized but not consummated. It gives examples of matrimonial cases, tried under these decrees and instructions, which are illuminating for those who are practically interested in this subject.

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL. By the Rev. Peter Green, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.25.

The Problem of Evil is as old as man's philosophizing. Zoroaster speculated on the existence of evil in the world in 2500 B. C. Men have been wrestling with the problem ever since: they have become, now Dualists, now Fatalists, according as they have failed to see the compatibility of an All Good Supreme Being with a universe of His creation which admitted of moral and physical evil.

Christian teaching, of course, has not been unmindful of this centuries'-old difficulty. Christian teaching, while never attempting to answer all the "whys" of the permissions of Omnipotence, while always remembering that the ways of God are, in much, mysterious and incomprehensible to man, has nevertheless faced the problem of evil squarely, and insisted that there is no incompatibility between the existence of an All Perfect God and moral evil in the universe, since moral evil is the result of man's free choice, and free choice is of the very nature of man. Christian teaching has its answers, too, for those who see incompatibility in the existence of God, and of physical or metaphysical evil in His universe, although to give these answers here would take us too far afield.

During the course of the last few years this old problem has reasserted its claim to the world's attention. The distresses and sufferings attendant on the World War brought forth a deal of new literature on the old problem. Canon Green's book is the latest arrival, and one of the most welcome to the arena of discussion.

One uses the word "welcome" here in a limited sense. One welcomes the Canon's book, if for no better reason, at least for its announced purpose in its sub-title that it is "an attempt to show that the existence of sin and pain in the world is not inconsistent

with the goodness and power of God." In a literature which includes much that is agnostic, hysterical and even blasphemous, a book with Canon Green's frank thesis is a relief.

It is quite true that the Canon's book is now over-subjective, again, "sufficiently vague to mean anything," at other times rather far-fetched theologically (see for example chapter seven, "A Theory of the Fall"), and so on; nevertheless, the main argument of the book as outlined in the introductory chapter, the square stand for a real freedom of the will, and the sane views expressed in the concluding chapter on the Social Problem are refreshing oases in the mass of recent war-hysteria literature on the problem of evil.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PENTATEUCH. A New Solution by Archæological Methods. By Melvin George Kyle, D.D., LL.D. Oberlin, Ohio: Bibliotheca Sacra Co.

In view of the recent decision of the Holy Office on the Pentateuchal problem, it is a source of a great deal of satisfaction to read the latest scholarly work on this interesting topic from the pen of Dr. M. G. Kyle. The work shows careful study, close reasoning, and deep erudition. The Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch is, in this volume, demonstrated from the varied and progressive forms of legislation. The author finds in the Pentateuch certain comprehensive technical legal terms, used for groups of laws and placed at the beginning of the group which they designate. These three groups are "Judgments," "Statutes," "Commandments." The last term is not used as exclusively in a technical sense as the first two. Judgments are decisions of judges that have become a common law and of general knowledge. They usually concern things that are evil in themselves. Statutes are statutory regulations, directions, laws of procedure, regulations in religious ceremonials, social activity of Israel. Commandments, when used in the technical sense, refer to the Decalogue, but the term is frequently used in a more general sense. Long tables of references are given in support of this view.

Different literary forms are employed for these three classes of laws. The mnemonic is characteristic of Judgments. They constituted the common law, were passed from mouth to mouth, were memorized by judges: Moses eventually collected them—to form a divinely authorized code in the Pentateuch. They are expressed in brief, terse, often rhythmic language.

Statutes concern matters, unfamiliar, destined for specialists; they refer to the Ceremonial Law, the construction of the Tabernacle, description of the priests' vestments, directions concerning

feasts. The descriptive literary form is most suitable for this purpose.

Deuteronomy differs from the other books of the Pentateuch in literary style and form. The laws in this book are the same as given and recorded in preceding books, but they are here summarized; the addresses of Moses to the people assume the form of the review lectures. Additions are made to laws, but they have in view the early entrance of Israelites into the Promised Land. The hortatory form of expression is used by Moses in these public addresses to stir up the people to a more lively conception of the laws already given, and to prepare them for their life in the Land of Promise. Bearing in mind the various kinds and uses of the laws, it is not necessary to resort to the documentary theory for their interpretation. The same legislators will, under these varying circumstances, employ a different style, and various forms of expression which will be suitable for such occasions.

Chronological difficulties exist in the Pentateuch—but many of them are the creation of the documentary theory. Some additions have probably been made to the original editions of the Pentateuch. Parts of it are prophetic in character, notably Deuteronomy. The author briefly reviews the arguments for the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch advanced in his previous work, *Moses and the Monuments*, and concludes this study with the words, the Pentateuch “is a journalistic record of laws, forty years in the making and of history forty years in the writing . . . and Moses, either personally or by giving directions to others, is its responsible author.”

RELIGION AND HEALTH. By James J. Walsh, M.D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.25 net.

Valuable as was Dr. Walsh's book on *Health Through Will Power*, this is as much higher in worth, as the subject it treats transcends that in the book which preceded it, and which might be called a preparation for it. In the introductory chapter and the one following we find the strong presentation of his thesis on the everlasting reality of religion. The chapter on Prayer, marked by absence of psychological speculation, treats practically of the naturalness and good sense of the constant habit of prayer; it tells how the neurotic is helped by morning prayer, and of the value of prayer is all psychoneuroses. Brief reference is made to the great men of prayer in many ages, with special stress on the praying Generals of the Great War. The chapter on the Bible and Health is of especial interest, with its argument that the sanitary laws of the Jews could have been no outcome of human

development, but rather of Divine origin. In other chapters, which we might well wish to do more than summarize, we learn of the effect of religion in inhibiting or resolving the destructive emotions of anger, worry, and fear; in their expulsion by forgiveness and faith.

All this, possibly, we Catholics know, but such knowledge gains new force when uttered by the physician rather than the clergyman, when stated as a truth of science as incontestable as the law of gravitation, and its outcome shown to be simple relation of cause and effect in the worlds of spirit and matter.

In this very meagre sketch of some of the matter in the book, we must not omit notice of its inclusion of all recent discoveries in medicine, from the relation of obesity to diabetes, to the probable communication of influenza through the hands, rather than in any way through the air.

The wide reading, extended experience, and specialized scholarship of the writer certify to the value of anything from his pen, and when we find a work of this kind as simple as a primer and as attractive as a story, we may well offer thanks for the boon. Nobody who values knowledge concerning the mysterious relation between holy living and bodily health should be without this book.

WOUNDED SOULS. By Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Co.

In this book Philip Gibbs, with powerful, vital strokes, brings home to us that the War is not yet over, although fought and won. Souls are still bleeding, hands and hearts are still empty, brains are still reeling with the agony of remembrance, and in his final pages he sums up the part each of us must take in the international Society of Good Will, which "will educate the heart of the world above the baseness of the passions that caused the massacre in Europe." "Idealists, who have seen Hell pretty close" and who have "enough good-will to move mountains of cruelty," are the hope, the sole hope, of the new order.

It was a delicate compliment to America that Philip Gibbs put the great ideal of World-Friendship into the heart of an American, Dr. Small, whose planning spirit became a torch in the midst of desolation in hunger-ravaged Austria after the War. "Killers of hate," he called himself and his band of clear-eyed enthusiasts who served with him in saving women and children from the wreckage of devastated civilization. For vividness of conception and soul-grIPPING realism, combined with a lofty idealism, which runs through the blackest pages like the white light

of a star, *Wounded Souls* is a remarkable performance. It is the telling of truth from which there is no escape, terrible truth which has woven itself into the fabric of millions of lives. Though the book is in the form of a novel, it is much more than mere fiction. Nevertheless, those who follow the history of Wickham Brand and the German girl he loved so deeply, only to lose, will agree that apart from his fame as a war correspondent, Philip Gibbs' reputation as a novelist is well deserved.

THE CATHEDRAL OF REIMS. The Story of a German Crime.

By the Right Rev. Monseigneur Maurice Landrieux. Translated by E. Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$8.00.

This beautiful volume is a valuable record of a great work of art and of a great act of vandalism. The Bishop of Dijon, who is also Archpriest of the Cathedral, speaks whereof he was an eyewitness in his account of the wounds received day by day by this "august and splendid monument of human genius and faith." The story of Rheims' martyrdom is told in photographs as well as in text, detail by detail. There are ninety-six plates in all. It is the story of one who loves, watching at the deathbed of one beloved, powerless to save, concentrating the intensity of his desire in noting every change in the dearly loved countenance.

To this lover and guardian of the Cathedral's beauty and treasure, she was as a human thing, nay more, she was a symbol of the Divine and every shell that pierced and rent her, pierced and rent his very soul. His descriptions are vivid; his arraignment unsparing. The civilized world will doubtless share and ratify his judgments.

To the student of art and the student of history this work will prove most valuable; it is also replete with interest for the general reader.

THE ROMANCE OF MADAME TUSSAUD'S. By John Theodore Tussaud. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$6.00 net.

Once we have heard, somewhere far back in the stone age of our own individual existence, that the French Revolution was but one phase of a mighty movement, likely at any moment to make itself manifest, as indeed it has so recently, everything connected with that particular period assumes a double interest. Madame Tussaud's collection of contemporary evidence is, therefore, a boon to civilization, which we are glad to find ably described by one of her descendants. John Theodore Tussaud traces the history of this far-famed collection of wax works up to the present day, but however faithfully it represents events of subsequent

importance to England, we are inevitably more interested in the interpretation of the Revolution than in English history, however interesting. And in showing what a great collection this really is, Mr. Tussaud always reminds us of Madame Tussaud's genius, for, as Hilaire Belloc points out, her personality is the most interesting aspect of the collection. Her genius was its inspiration, her memory the guidance of its development. She, apparently, possessed the highest attribute of an organizer—the power to create a success lasting long after the quiet departure of its originator. In his masterly introduction, Hilaire Belloc makes us feel how wisely her ascendants have followed the old tradition, never blindly, but with full recognition of her power. It is impossible to discuss the book, one finds, without constant recurrence to its masterly introduction—a swift and brilliant *résumé* of all we have known, but perhaps forgotten, of this great Revolution.

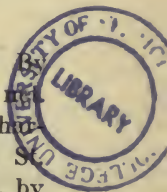
SHORT HISTORY OF THE ITALIAN PEOPLE. By Janet Penrose Trevelyan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Miss Trevelyan's book is finely printed, handsomely illustrated, provided with maps, bibliography, an index and attractive binding. The chapters are well arranged and in all but the spirit of the presentation of the material, satisfactory. The advertisement claims for the author "admirable qualifications" for the task of making a short comprehensive history of the Italian people. One of the most obvious of her characteristics is the tendency to sneer at everything even remotely connected with the Papacy—not an admirable qualification, we should say, for any historian, and emphatically not for a historian of Italy. To tell the history of Italy without at least a judicial, not to say sympathetic, attitude towards the Papacy and its immense rôle, is like trying to understand the Constitution of the United States without admitting the Christian faith of its framers.

HISTORIC CHRISTIANITY AND THE APOSTLES' CREED.

J. K. Mozley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00

The seven addresses of this volume on the Historical Character of Christianity and the Apostles' Creed were given in St. Margaret's, Westminster, and in Great St. Mary's, Cambridge, by the principal of the clergy school at Leeds. The author's thesis is that Christianity is a religion rooted in history, its supernatural character evidenced in the facts of its origins, its oldest creed testifying to this, its essential nature. The author is decided in his condemnation of Modernism and the defenders of a creedless Christianity, but like all Anglicans, he can be delightfully vague



and hopelessly inaccurate. For instance, you cannot discover what he means by a Church, or the communion of saints; he is uncertain about the true relationship of reason and faith, and falsely declares that reason cannot arrive at certainties; he tells us that the Descent into Hell was merely an expansion of the thought already contained in the word "buried!"

CONSIDERATIONS ON ETERNITY. By the Rev. Jeremias Drexelius, S.J. Translated by Sister Marie José Byrne. Edited by Rev. Ferdinand E. Bogner. New York: Frederick Pustet Co.

The editor of this new translation of a wholesome book on the most serious of all subjects, says well that no apology is needed for its publication. The truths presented here so simply and impressively are the food that men's souls most need today. The translation is all that could be desired. We think the book should be welcomed widely, and we believe that it will be.

GOD IN THE THICKET. By C. E. Lawrence. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00 net.

Children might call this a fairy tale, and grown ups might call it a prose-poem fantasy or allegory, but both would be at a loss to know exactly what the author is driving at in these fantastic pages. The book tells of the wanderings of Jan Aylmer among the Butterfly People—Harlequin, Columbine, Pierrot, Punchinello, and the elves and fairies of Argovie. Who are the Butterfly People? The author with his tongue in his cheek tells us: "They were people serious with irresponsibility; were possessed with the habit of laughter, that is less than happiness; and a passion, with much of the gift of being picturesque. They sang often and rejoiced much; but often their passing songs were sad and their joy bore aspects of weariness." Can you now guess who the Butterfly People are?

LABOR IN POLITICS OR CLASS VERSUS COUNTRY. By Charles Norman Fay. Privately Printed.

This book was written by a man who was the head of public service corporations in Chicago during the eighties and the early nineties, and who afterwards was a manufacturer and vice-president in Illinois of the National Association of Manufacturers. Between 1900 and 1904 he was a member of the Committee on Litigations conducted by the Anti-Boycott Association. The book is a virulent attack on united labor, the A. F. L., and everybody who believes in collective bargaining. Mr. Gompers is the particular *bête noir* of the book, though a number of others, including Presi-

dent Wilson, are on the blacklist of Mr. Fay. Mr. Fay is of the belief that social justice is being done in the United States, and that any labor unrest, even if it be of very small proportions, has been caused by unscrupulous agitators who are making their living by stirring up discontent. The volume is privately printed and is dedicated to the press writers of America, although the author has referred the substance of the book to a number of journals and magazines in the past three years. There are some very good things in the book, but as a whole, it is representative of a type of mind and a viewpoint that was more typical of the eighties and nineties than it is of the present time. Still, Mr. Fay has many spiritual brothers who will enjoy reading the book. In the hands of most people, it is very probable the book will have the opposite effect to that which Mr. Fay intends.

A HISTORY OF PENANCE. By Rev. Oscar D. Watkins, M.A.
New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Two volumes. \$16.00 net.

Catholic scholars will read with interest this history of Penance by the Vicar of Holy Cross, Holywell, Oxford. The writer is a High Churchman, who believes firmly that the power of the keys was bestowed upon the Apostles on the first Easter Sunday, when Our Lord breathed upon them and said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained" (John xx. 22, 23). The first volume (pp. 1-496) treats of the penitential system of the whole Church to A. D. 450, while the second deals exclusively with the Western Church to the Council of Lateran in 1215.

Each chapter is preceded by the full text in the original Latin and Greek, an excellent method of enabling the student to control easily the author's commentary and conclusions. Two review chapters, the ninth and the fifteenth, are added for the benefit of the casual reader who may not care to follow the argument in detail.

This field has been well covered by Catholic scholars, such as Batiffol, Ermoni, Vacandard, Rauschen, d'Alès, Funk and Stuffer, Esser, etc., but it is interesting to see the evidence weighed by one who is not a Catholic. The author has certainly read very carefully Monsignor Batiffol's classic treatise on "The Origins of Penance" in the first volume of his *Studies in History and Positive Theology*, and he might also have read with profit the thorough article by Vacandard on "Confession from the First to the Thirteenth Century," in the third volume of the *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique*.

We must not forget the Anglican Church officially holds that confession ought always to be completely voluntary. Our author frequently sets forth this view, when he refers to the alternatives for confession proposed by the early Fathers, such as Origen and Chrysostom. For instance we read (vol. i., p. 334): "Chrysostom will be found teaching again and again that there are methods of penance alternative to any confession, and that these are efficacious; and it may be inferred that he did not regard any confession, public or private, as *necessary* to forgiveness." Catholics will never make any such false inference, for they know that the pardoning power of the divine commission necessarily supposes the confession of the penitent.

ETHICS GENERAL AND SPECIAL. By Owen A. Hill, S.J. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.00.

Father Hill has written a clear, brief text-book on ethics for young collegians. In discussing any problem, he sets forth his thesis, explains the question and the terms of his thesis, gives the proofs in syllogistic form, and concludes with a statement of the principles involved. The question of Woman Suffrage might have been treated more sympathetically, and Dr. Bouquillon's treatise on the school question discussed more fairly. The advertisement on the cover declares that the student will find nothing better in English on the subject. This statement would seem to overlook Father Cronin's *The Science of Ethics* and Father Ross' *Christian Ethics*, both very superior volumes.

SISTER MARY OF ST. PHILIP. (Frances Mary Lescher.) 1825-1904. By a Sister of Notre Dame. With an Introduction by His Grace, the Archbishop of Liverpool. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$6.00 net.

The vocation of Frances Lescher, like many another, had its roots in the rich soil of a happy, holy family life. Not the least fascinating of the score of chapters in this biography are those that have to do with the Lescher household, which yielded no fewer than five nuns and a priest to the service of the Church.

Sister Mary of St. Philip brought to the work that claimed her when fresh from the novitiate at Namur, a sterling common sense, a splendid intellectual endowment, and a piety seasoned with mellow humor. It was her capable hand that in the early days of the year 1856 helped to launch the frail enterprise of the Mount Pleasant Training College, Liverpool. For a half-century, lacking but a few months, she guided its destinies and witnessed its growth. During those years lay teachers, trained under her

watchful eye, passed in hundreds from its class-rooms to mold the lives of England's Catholic youth. The humble nun, busy with her girls and in directing the affairs of her Community, came to be looked upon by those outside, as well as by those within the Fold, as one of the foremost educators of her time.

The gifted Religious, who chooses to be known simply as "A Sister of Notre Dame," has not only painted for us a portrait; she has well-nigh made it speak. Some pages sparkle with lively anecdote; others treat gravely, but never tiresomely, of deep things. The passages which quote from Sister Mary of St. Philip's conferences with her Community show her a master of the interior life; those on the subject of teaching show her an equal adept in the science of education. The book has caught up into itself with a singular measure of success the strength and beauty of the personality it depicts.

CONSTANTINE I. AND THE GREEK PEOPLE. By Paxton Hibben. New York: The Century Co.

"The present war," says the author in the course of this volume, "has given rise to many shining examples of hypocrisy." And his book is a study in the hypocrisy of the Allies' attitude toward Greece, viewed from the point of a monarchist. Mr. Hibben wrote the book in 1919, but withheld publication till this year, lest it should embarrass the labors of the Allies. It has value today in the light of the recent Greek election repudiating Venizelos, and the return of Constantine to the throne.

The year 1914 saw Greece just emerging from two wars which, under the lead of Constantine, had doubled the size of Greece. The people were in no mood or condition to join the Allied cause. Constantine's policy was a cautious neutrality. Venizelos dreamed of great imperial growth, and he felt that by espousing the Allied cause Greece would come in for her share of the spoils. Constantine vetoed this plan, and Venizelos resigned the Premiership. The next election brought the Premier to power again, and he forthwith began negotiating with France and Great Britain as to Greece's rôle in the War. These plans he laid without presenting them either to the King or to the people, in violation of the Greek constitution.

When, at Venizelos' suggestion, Allied troops were landed at Salonika, Venizelos denied knowledge of their plans. Again the King dismissed Venizelos. Thus the question of war or peace was put up to the people. The Premier was overwhelmed, but not defeated. Nor were the Allies defeated. Unable to bring Greece into the War through the voice of the people, an Allied fleet seized

Greek railroads, ships, harbors, telegraphs, etc., occupied Greek islands, and staged a revolution. Greece was successfully blocked.

The one man who stood in the way of forcing the people into the vortex of war was Constantine. A joint attack, by French troops and an Allied fleet, on Athens caused the King's retirement. Constantine did not abdicate; Venizelos was put into power by the Allied forces and, proclaiming martial law, proceeded to imprison or execute every active royalist he could lay hands upon.

True, he was ably winning from the Peace Conference a remarkable share of the spoils. That seems to have made no difference to the Greek people. Slowly, but surely, the hypocrisy of Venizelos and the Allied encroachments have made their mark on the Greek mind. Today Venizelos is repudiated.

This fascinating story of political and military intrigue makes poor reading for those who blindly felt the Allies did no wrong. It constitutes a bitter arraignment of Venizelos. Who knows but that, now the truth is being told, Constantine was not the pro-German he was painted? Mr. Hibben pictures him as pro-Greek. In those days to be pro-Greek, to defend the neutrality and future of the Greek people was tantamount to being on Germany's side. The wheels of justice are grinding slowly again. They may compensate for all the injustice the book pictures.

MEN AND BOOKS AND CITIES. By Robert Cortes Holliday.
New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.50 net.

Many books are our friends, yet of them all we have, perhaps, the warmest feeling for the few which we may read aloud by the fireside, safe in knowing that not one of the group about us will fail to hang upon each word. That is why we are glad that Mr. Holliday has renewed the old charm of *Walking Stick Papers*, presenting us with *Men and Books and Cities*. It resembles a certain coat of many colors in its diversity of interests, and is to be recommended to him of human interests, rather than to the zealous seeker after exact and correlated knowledge. For ourselves, we delight in the fact of Mr. Holliday not getting "for-rader very fast." We seize, with avidity, upon the chapter entitled "Mrs. Joyce Kilmer at Walnut Hills," and find the one bit about "Aline's lecture" more precious for its varied setting. To be sure, we approach the description of Mrs. Kilmer most casually, first hearing among a number of other anecdotes, the fat man's remark that the "wimmin do all the shootin' in Texas" (we wonder how our Texas friends, especially the "wimmin," are taking this). But, smilingly, we realize that by his easy style, Mr. Holliday has, for the moment, at least, made us members of

the much discussed, but never actually to be discovered, leisure class.

Here is a last instance of the sort of thing which endears him to us: "Mr. Lucas rapidly shook hands round the circle, turned and sprang up the steps—an odd, a humorous, and a memorable figure: stoop, smile, whitish hat, and long coat flowing out after him. A bevy of porters hustled his collection of things aboard. The train began to move; and only four people in Chicago knew that this particular and very distinguished English man of letters had ever been there."

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES. By Rev. Henry Collin, O.C. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00 net.

The author of these spiritual conferences died two years ago at the ripe age of ninety-one, after spending some sixty years in the Cistercian Order. He had been a minister of the Church of England, but like many others had come over to the Catholic Church through the Oxford Movement. His solid piety and deep religious earnestness breathe in every page of these brief talks on Our Saviour, His Blessed Mother, and the virtues of the interior life. This little volume will make a distinct appeal to devout souls outside the Church, who will read it on account of the personality of its author.

RISING ABOVE THE RUINS IN FRANCE. By Corinna Haven Smith and Caroline R. Hill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

The book is hardly more than a series of notes, vivid, abrupt, almost staccato in expression, and like snapshot pictures. It makes no pretence to literary style, but is so evidently sincere, so true in its portraiture, that it holds interest from the opening to the closing.

We are given many glimpses of places, a few as yet untouched by impulse to reconstruction, villages once teeming with life where now nothing moves except a solitary butterfly over the ruins, and no sound is heard but the chirp of the cicada. Other places, hamlets and towns, are awakening to a new life full of hope and promise, a new development which will be better than the old. But it is the people of France, the ones to whom France will owe its recrudescence of life, who are evidently, and rightly, most interesting to the authors. We get brief and charming pictures of the French aristocrats, who forget themselves in working for their people. We have pictures of refugees returning to find the very places where their homes once stood now indistinguish-

able, yet happy to be back in their native regions, gay and laughing over their *trous sous terre*, or the shelter where five have to sit on two chairs, and there are not dishes enough for all to eat at the same time. But not unnoticed by these keen observers is that it is to this fine, gay courage of the French, it is to this love of home which brings them back to live in caves where their homes once stood, that France will owe its new birth, its marvels of speedy reconstruction.

Not unnoticed by the writers is also that abiding characteristic of the French, that under all that froth of gayety, that light laughing fun, that apparently out-spoken frankness, there are deep reserves which none shall pass, concerning the things of most moment.

A chapter of certified statistics closes the book, and an appendix sets forth in tabular form the immense progress in the rebuilding of industry from November, 1919, to March, 1920.

AMERICA AND THE NEW ERA. By Elisha M. Friedman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This book is another symposium on a great variety of questions ranging from industrial prophylaxis to internationalism. Such authorities as Dr. Ely, Dr. Howe, Dr. Kallen, Dr. Hollander, and Mary Van Kleeck are represented. Some of the articles are very good, as for example, Dr. Ely's contribution "An American Land Policy," or Miss Van Kleeck's "Women in Industry." Mr. Friedman, the editor, is able in two preliminary chapters to discount some of the ideas advanced by certain of the contributors. The article on "Heredity and Eugenics" has some very vicious recommendations. The article on "Religion in the New Age" together with Mr. Friedman's comments on religion in the first part of the book, are typical of much discussion about religion outside of the Church at the present time. It is a very ambitious volume and is worth having, not only for its good points, but also to learn about a certain common attitude in much of the present discussion on religion and the family.

POTTERISM. By Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni & Liveright.

This is a novel of poised and brilliant attack. The object of attack is Potterism, so called from one of the principal characters, representative of sentimentalism, greed, cant, muddled thinking, profiteering, commercialism—all the ugly qualities opposed to the hard quest for truth and beauty for their own sakes. Lord Pinkerton, formerly Percy Potter, who is a great newspaper owner, his wife, "Leila Yorke," a popular and banal novelist, and

their insipid daughter, Clare, symbolize chiefly the intellectual defects of Potterism—they err mainly because they do not see; the other children, Jane and Johnny Potter, show its moral defects—they see, and despise accordingly, all that the paternal press and the maternal novels stand for and promulgate, but they cannot escape their inheritance of greed, they want truth not for itself, but for what it will bring them. In the person of the Jew, Arthur Gideon, we have the impassioned and disinterested truth-seeker, who fights Potterism both on its moral and intellectual sides.

Potterism is undoubtedly an achievement—with its crisp sentences, its fine economy, its satiric touch, and its underlying idealism. A novel of ideas rather than of incident or character, it draws its strength from its shrewd observation, its sharp sense of an intellectually fog-bound society. Miss Macaulay writes with restraint, and there is less of bitterness in her indictment than might be expected, but she has concentrated on a singularly unlikeable lot of people. Her ideal is high, but she implies in the fate of her hero, Gideon, that it is hopeless and impracticable. As a sophisticated picture of modern life the book is exceedingly well done; as a solution of the problem it sets before us it fails, chiefly because in the author's philosophy there is no solution—at least no workable solution.

TAHITI DAYS. By Hector MacQuarrie. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$4.50 net.

Mr. MacQuarrie is a New Zealander, who went to the South Seas for his health. He writes of his stay in Tahiti in an interesting fashion, although he spoils his book by his coarseness and his contempt for the moral law. A poet like Charles Warren Stoddard or a dreamer like Robert Louis Stevenson made the fairyland of the South Seas a delight, but a newspaper realist like MacQuarrie disgusts us with his sordid tales of Eastern murder and lust. He is at his best when he describes the pearl diving near Hikuero Island, the pagan rite of the fire-walkers of Tahiti, or the customs of the natives. The photographs are numerous, but he might have omitted with profit his portrait of the drunken Hula Hula dancer.

CESARE BORGIA, by Arthur Symons (New York: Brentano's), consists of three plays, two of them—"Cesare Borgia" and "Iseult of Brittany"—in verse. The third, "The Toy Cart," a prose play of unequal merit, has its scene laid in the city of Uzzayin, in the western part of India. All three are characterized by the intense and often morbid psychology we have come to associate with this writer's work.

But there are moments of beauty, not a few. "Iseult of Brittany" is memorable in its melancholy charm. "Cesare Borgia," though, is heavily melodramatic, and never quite comes alive.

THE FOOLISH LOVERS, by St. John Ervine (New York: The Macmillan Co.), falls below the achievement of its author in that interesting Wellsian footnote to contemporary Irish history, *Changing Winds*. The scene is laid in the Irish County Antrim and in London, but Mr. Ervine, in spite of his obvious determination to fix securely the "local coloring," has failed to evoke the fine, harsh, sincere reality of the Black Northerners with whom his story deals. But he handles skillfully enough what some publishers call "the love-interest" of his novel. Prose drama is, after all, this author's true medium. *Mixed Marriages* is perfect of its kind.

SELECTIONS FROM SWINBURNE, edited by Edmund Gosse, C.B., and Thomas James Wise (New York: George H. Doran Co.), gives us at long last an adequate selection from Swinburne. The only copyright selection hitherto available was published so far back as 1887, and reflected excessively the idiosyncrasy of Watts Dunton, who made it. It was not broadly characteristic of Swinburne's many moods and variety of subjects, and it gave an impression of the nature of his genius which criticism has not confirmed. The present selection is, in almost every way, admirable, and represents adequately the poetical genius of the author of "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Mary Stuart." This reviewer will confess, though, that he wishes away the "Étude Réaliste" (and for that matter, "A Baby's Death" and "Babyhood"). These verses bear as much relation to reality as does the happy family group—beatifically idiotic—of the player-piano advertisements. Robert Bridges' "On a Dead Child" is worth all the nursery rhymes Swinburne ever declined upon.

MORALE, THE SUPREME STANDARD OF LIFE AND CONDUCT, by G. Stanley Hall (New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$3.00). Dr. Stanley Hall is a frank subjectivist. He is representative of that school of "Mansoul" sociology, which upholds agnosticism, evolution, modernism, and Kant as main tenets.

Dr. Hall's latest book, *Morale*, decides that conscience, honor and the Nietzschean super-man ideal (the grouping is Dr. Hall's) have failed as norms of conduct: *Morale* is to be the new norm, the new standard, "the supreme standard of life and conduct," come into its own as a result of the recent War experience.

What is *Morale*? It is health, it is condition, it is buoyant exuberance, it is feeling fit for life, it is "animality at top-notch," and so *ad infinitum*. This emphasis on the physical part of man's componentry as the supreme standard of life and conduct strikes one at first as somewhat startling: but then one recollects how much of today's

sociological writing implicitly holds what Dr. Hall so frankly (one is tempted to say *so flagrantly*) asserts.

Of course, Dr. Hall has many valuable things to say in his book. He colors up his quasi-physical norm of morality with a good dash now and again of Christian sentiment. Still it is a pity that he, like so many of our "advanced" collegiate thinkers, can find so little room for Christ. True the members of this school do find some room for Him, but only as a highly idealistic incarnation of "Mansoul," who is an accident in anthropological evolution toward some kind of physically pantheistic solidarity of Worldsoul.

Dr. Hall is for making divorce respectable by making it easy. Like most of the "new dogmatists," he is very much averse to dogma when it is Christian. He dares to assert (with a too obvious imputation) that the Catholic Church still "condemns all who put truth over dogma." He finds room in his Morale-therapeutic-for-religion-section to reprint the old cant about Catholic enmity toward science. Nevertheless, he has many "nice things" to say about the Catholic Church. He admires our organization, and so forth and so on.

Perhaps, the strangest and certainly one of the most unwarranted assertions in this latest contribution to "advanced thinking" and to the settling of the affairs of men through Kantian instead of Christian formulas, is Dr. Hall's declaration of the parallel between Teutonism and Catholicism, between Hegelianism and the Christian philosophy, and their common enmity toward democracy. Such paralleling bespeaks its own absurdity. As for Catholicism's enmity toward democracy, we would wish that Dr. Hall would learn the lesson of concluding from premises. We would recommend that he begin his study of the premises in question with Dr. O'Rahilly's article in a recent number of *Studies* on St. Thomas and Democracy.

AERICAN BOYS' HANDY BOOK OF CAMP LORE AND WOOD-CRAFT, by Dan Beard (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$3.00). Through the fun, work and study of the Camp amid the everlasting hills and streams and forests, boy to boy, boy and man, men and boys daily get nearer to God's purpose for each life. Dan Beard has opened new avenues of sport. His book is interesting, cheery, practical and constructive.

The Camp should be selected with due regard for a safe water supply, plenty of wood, protection from wind, and safety from floods and wash of rains. Indian camps, it is to be noted, are almost invariably on high ground. The requisites for a good camp ground are woods for shelter and fuel and timber; water for wading, swimming, boating and fishing; rocks or hills for climbing and exploring; and open grounds for games and drill. All or as many of these requisites as possible should be obtained. Dan Beard not only knows how to handle boys, but he is also a maker of camps. Lovers of life outdoors will be delighted with his chapter on woodcraft, cooking, the use of

dogs, and the preparation for a camping trip. They will prove a revelation to many. A close study of his final chapter will give the reader a clear insight to the character of the writer, making the reading of this book rank as a delightful pleasure.

THE EMPEROR'S ROYAL ROBES, a short play in four scenes by F. A. Forbes (New York: Benziger Brothers. 45 cents), is an admirable adaptation of one of Hans Andersen's stories. It deals with Court Life in China, and aims to prove in a delightfully amusing way that "fools and children tell the truth." Nine persons carry on the action all of which takes place in the Emperor's palace.

Father Lasance contributes another book of devotion to his long list. *Rejoice in the Lord* is its title, and it is divided into three parts; a book of reflections, a book of prayer, and a little book of indulgenced ejaculations. An attractive arrangement is this, and shall probably find many readers.

Civics Catechism on the Rights and Duties of American Citizens is the title of a seventy-two page booklet, issued by the National Catholic Welfare Council. This publication is intended for use in citizenship instruction in schools and classes for immigrants. It serves the purpose well by its simple and clear exposition. The Welfare Council announces translations in parallel-column form with the English text.

The Talbot Press, Dublin, issues a pamphlet, entitled *Military Rule in Ireland*, by Erskine Childers, being a series of light articles appearing in *The Daily News*. The writer describes the exact situation in Ireland, and reveals the suffering caused by British misrule.

The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland contributes the following list of pamphlets: *Clontarf, an Irish National Drama*, in four acts, by Rev. J. B. Dollard; *Three Hills, Ossory, Leix, Lancashire*; *The Social Question in Ireland*, by Rev. P. Coffey, Ph.D.; *The Blessed Oliver Plunkett*; *The Mystery of the Incarnation*, and *Home Nursing*.

Edward F. McSweeney is the author of two pamphlets, published by the Friends of Irish Freedom, *Ireland Is An American Question* and *De-Americanizing Young America*.

Recent Events.

Italy.

After a close siege and a series of attacks which carried the Italian regular troops to within a mile of the centre of the city, Fiume surrendered on December 30th to General Caviglia, the Italian commander. Two days later a protocol was signed effecting a settlement of the Fiume question. All terms laid down to the Fiume delegates by General Caviglia were accepted. These terms included the recognition of the Treaty of Rapallo, the release of d'Annunzio's legionaries from their oaths of allegiance to the "Regency of the Quarnero" set up by the poet, abandonment of the Islands of Arbe and Veglia in the Gulf of Quarnero, restoration of all prisoners made by the legionaries and the surrender of all arms and munitions appropriated from the Italian army, and the departure of all legionaries not natives of Fiume within five days.

D'Annunzio, who abdicated and consigned his powers to the National Council just before the capture of the city, had no part in the concluding settlement. Dr. Antonio Grossich, former head of the National Council of Fiume, Ricardo Gigante, Mayor of Fiume, and Captain Hostwenturi, who was Director of National Defence in the city, were constituted the Provisional Government of Fiume to sign the pact presented by General Caviglia and to administer the city's affairs until elections. Dr. Grossich has fixed February 28th as the date for the first election for a Constituent Assembly. Evacuation of the legionaries has progressed rapidly, and the vessels under d'Annunzio's control have been taken over by the Italian fleet. D'Annunzio, at last accounts, still remains in Fiume, but his future disposition is uncertain.

The fighting for possession of Fiume during the period from December 24th to the signing of the agreement for the surrender of the city, resulted in considerably fewer casualties than was at first reported, due chiefly to the fact that the operations were held in hand and did not reach the dimensions of a regular attack. A semi-official statement gives the losses of the regulars as seventeen killed and one hundred and twenty wounded, and those of the legionaries as eighteen killed and fifty wounded, while two civilians were killed and about ten wounded.

With the definite settlement of the Adriatic question, Italians are looking forward with high hopes in international politics for the new year. The Government, by its energetic action against the

d'Annunzio Government at Fiume, showed its earnest intention to carry out the Treaty of Rapallo, and thus remove any cause for suspicion against Italy. The nation hopes, now that the Treaty has cemented Italo-Jugo-Slav friendship, that Italy will accept the invitation extended by the Premiers of Jugo-Slavia and Rumania to become a kind of protectress to the "Little Entente." Settlement of the Adriatic problem will have an even greater influence on internal conditions. It will enable Italy, relieved from the incubus of an impossible situation, to settle down to the work of reconstruction. Above all, it will permit the cutting down of military expenses, which are now burdening the budget to the extent of ten billion lire annually.

That Italian finances stand in need of some such action is shown by the fact that the amount of paper currency in circulation is approximately twenty billion lire, and a recent announcement of Signor Meda, Minister of the Interior, in presenting his financial statement to the Chamber of Deputies, is to the effect that there is a budget deficit of nearly fourteen billion lire for 1920-21, and an estimated deficit for 1921-22 of approximately ten billion lire.

On the other hand, the Italian Minister of the Treasury has announced that imports of foreign goods into Italy for the first ten months of 1920, on the basis of value of the year 1919, amounted to 13,054,000,000 lire, showing a decrease of 644,000 lire from the amount of imports for the same period in the preceding year. Exports from Italy for the first ten months of 1919 amounted to 4,500,000,000 lire, while for the same period in 1920 they amounted to 6,222,000,000 lire. The balance from January 1st to October 31st, 1920, shows a favorable turn toward Italy of 2,364,000,000 lire.

The population of the Island of Veglia has revolted against the Italian Government troops, and proclaimed a "Croatian Republic," according to a recent dispatch to Rome. Three soldiers were killed in the uprising. Veglia, in the Gulf of Quarnero, is one of the islands claimed by the Quarnero Regency, but control of which was renounced by the followers of d'Annunzio in their agreement to carry out the Treaty of Rapallo. The Turin Chamber of Labor has passed a resolution asking all industries to diminish their working time from eight to six hours. "The crisis in exportations necessitates reduction in productions. Therefore, instead of dismissing twenty per cent of the workmen, the masters had better reduce twenty per cent the working hours," says the resolution. This was to take place without any alteration in the men's wages. The League of Industrials has answered in

a very conciliatory spirit, making the most minute exposition of the conditions in industry and the reasons for the reduction in the selling of products. They are ready to examine the question together with the Chamber of Labor, although they wish to state immediately that the measure proposed cannot be generally applied. While in certain industries, like that of stockings, a reduction in working hours, in order to avoid unemployment, has already been spontaneously applied, for other industries it could not possibly be applied, for technical reasons. Therefore, the reduction in working hours is not "for all industries indiscriminately." But for those industries where the project can be applied on this basis, the League has declared itself ready to negotiate with representatives of the workmen.

The question is how will the problem be solved. After the violent crisis of last September the more radical spirits have been slowly placating themselves, while work has been apparently resumed and affairs seem tranquil. Workmen, tired of uninterrupted strikes, with clearer news from Russia, and impressed by the disastrous experiments made for liberty elsewhere, seem to have renounced, at least for the moment, the organization of any further political agitations.

The Holy See will soon appoint a nuncio at The Hague, consequent on the recent approval by the Dutch Chamber of a bill providing for the establishment of a permanent minister at the Vatican. No Papal representative has been stationed at the Dutch capital since diplomatic relations with the Vatican were interrupted in 1907 with the recall of Monsignor Rodolfo Giovannini, when the Dutch Foreign Minister omitted to invite the Pope to the second peace conference at The Hague. Lately, diplomatic relations were resumed, but the Vatican did not send a representative to The Hague, intrusting the Nuncio in Belgium with the position of Internuncio to Holland.

Germany.

Germany enters the new year with a growing sense of the gravity of her position under the Treaty of Versailles, and of the immensity of the cost she is called on to pay for a lost world war. Another prominent manifestation at the opening of 1921 is the steady drift away from political and economic radicalism, so that no matter how the Treaty is modified in the near future, Germany has made up her mind to an intensification of effort and of exploitation of her industrial and other resources. It is estimated that the national debt will far exceed 200,000,000,000 marks by April 1st, next, and this sum does not include amounts Germany

is called on to pay to her own subjects in private claims, which will add another 100,000,000 marks to the total.

In addition, the Government admits a railway, postal and telegraph deficit of 20,000,000,000 marks, and it is threatened with a huge increase in the public pay roll. Its domestic budgets generally have vacillated so freely in the course of presentation to the Reichstag, that they no longer offer a tangible basis but merely analytical computations. The "paper deluge" at the beginning of the year is generally suspected of being well in excess of 80,000,000,000 marks. Germany is paying out billions monthly for food purchases abroad, and these will continue well into the new year, owing to the inadequacy of the last harvest. Wheat thus bought is paid for in foreign exchange.

The growing conviction that an organized effort must be made to counteract monarchist agitation, has led to the foundation of the Republican League, which welcomes as members persons of all shades of political belief, from Communists to Centrists, who place the preservation and consolidation of the Republic above all party principles. Among its founders are many prominent politicians, statesmen, literary men, professors, industrial magnates, and labor leaders. One of the principal tasks of the League will be to enlighten German youth on the causes of the Empire's collapse, and to propagate the conviction that Germany's recovery is dependent on the firm establishment of a republican form of government.

The immediate efforts of the League will be directed towards the disbandment of the "Orgesh" and other secret organizations, in which the League sees a threatening monarchist danger.

Dating from the opening of the year, Germany's new army has been brought into line with the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles—that is, based on voluntary service, with a total establishment of 100,000, including 4,000 officers. The armament within certain limits is strictly defined and controlled by the Entente. Neither the navy nor the army is allowed to make use of flying for any belligerent purpose. To the army is also forbidden the use of tanks and gas, and while it has practically no artillery, so far as large-calibre guns are concerned, every contingent is also restricted in the number of machine guns, mine-throwers, and other arms which may be allotted to it. The Government contemplates an annual expenditure upon this new army of 5,000,000,000 marks. One especially interesting feature, embodied in the outline of the new army law, which is supposed to represent the democratic spirit, provides for the creation of an army council. Its members will be elected from the force itself,

each rank having representation, and its mission is to act as an advisory council to the State Defence Minister.

According to an announcement by the Reparations Commission, Germany, up to the end of 1920, delivered to the Allies, under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, 29,453 tons of river shipping. This constitutes one-fourth of the aggregate tonnage which Germany must hand over to the Reparations Commission for distribution among the various Allied Powers, the Treaty providing that she must give up twenty per cent of the total river tonnage she had on the date of the armistice.

A new coal agreement between Germany and the Allies to follow the Spa agreement, which terminates the end of January, has virtually been finished by the Reparations Commission, and already has received the approval of most of the countries concerned. Under the new agreement Germany must provide a minimum of 2,000,000 tons monthly without any special compensation, as is the case with the Spa agreement.

On Christmas Day Denmark made a payment of 65,000,000 gold marks (about \$15,600,000) to the Reparations Commission in fulfillment of the conditions of the annexation of Schleswig, as enumerated by the Versailles Treaty. This payment represents Schleswig's portion of the German Empire's debt at the beginning of the World War, her part of the Prussian State debt, and the value of German public property taken over by Denmark. Credit has been given to Germany for the entire sum as a part of her war indemnity.

That Germany is preparing to return to her old place in the shipping world, is shown by the recent decision of the Hamburg-American Line immediately to increase its capital by 100,000,000 marks in six per cent preference shares. The use to which the money is to be put is significant. It is the intention "to exchange from time to time the new shares for shares of other companies." In other words, by a gradual process of trustification, similar to that already in operation in other great industries, it is hoped to enable the German mercantile marine to present a united front in challenging the world to a contest for its old position.

The first war criminals punished by Germany were convicted on January 10th, when the Second Criminal Chamber of the Imperial Court at Leipzig sentenced three engineers respectively to five and four years' penal servitude and two years' imprisonment. The men, who were accused of having looted an inn at Edinger, Belgium, in October, 1918, did not figure in the Allied extradition list, but were tried under the German law of December 5, 1919.

France.

On January 12th, the second session of the Chamber of Deputies in the new year, the French Cabinet was overthrown by a vote of 463 to 125. The reason for the fall of Premier Leygues was the belief of the Deputies that the Premier had not been firm enough in his negotiations on the German indemnity, and their fear that if he conducted the negotiations between now and May 1st, Germany's terms would be made too easy. Premier Leygues handed his resignation and that of his colleagues to President Millerand. Aristide Briand has accepted the task of forming a new Cabinet, and awaits the approval of the Chamber. The overthrow of the Government is simply the climax of a growing feeling of discontent on the question of France's attitude towards Germany.

For some months the outstanding issue in France has been the question of German reparations and disarmament. Of these, the more important is the matter of reparations, which dominates not only the French internal situation, but also her relations with her Allies, with the United States and with Germany. Under the provisions of the Treaty the Allies must notify Germany of the total of the bill between now and May 1st, and it was hoped that, at least, the approximate amount would be developed at the financial conference held last month between Allied and German representatives at Brussels. The conference, however, adjourned late in December without fixing the sum or even setting a date for their next meeting.

At various times throughout the month a strong movement has arisen in France in favor of occupying the Ruhr region because of Germany's failure to disarm. It is generally agreed that Germany has not entirely fulfilled her disarmament promises, and, technically, France has the legal right to send troops into the Ruhr, but inasmuch as the late Government was in favor of holding the Ruhr occupation as a threat in the reparations negotiations, and, in addition, did not wish to act without England, there is reason to believe that Premier Leygues was working for a compromise, whereby Germany was to be given further time in which to disarm. According to Marshal Foch's report, presented to the Allied Ambassadors on December 31st, Germany has met the requirements regarding the Reichwehr, or regular army, by reducing it to 100,000, but has failed in the matter of disarmament of the militia and home-guard organizations.

Thirteen and one-half per cent of Germany's Rhine fleet, or 253,000 tons of barges and tugs, with a capacity of 24,000 horse power, have been awarded to France by Walker D. Hines, arbi-

trator in the distribution of German inland shipping under the Peace Treaty. The reward is final, and cannot be appealed. In addition to shipping, Mr. Hines' decision requires Germany to cede to France a controlling interest in one of the principal German Rhine navigation companies. All this is aside from the portion of the German river fleet to be given to the Allied and Associated nations as reparation for river shipping lost by them during the War.

Twenty-one members of the League of Nations have signed the convention for the establishment of the World Court. The Court will be set up when twenty-two nations, or a majority of the League membership at the time the plan was voted upon, have signed and given notification of their signing. The League Secretariat expects the ratification by half the League members early in the year. Four nations—Portugal, Switzerland, Denmark and Salvador—have signed an agreement to submit to the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court.

The League of Nations has issued an invitation to a world conference in Barcelona for February 21st, to deal with the possibility of insuring freedom of transit by European waterways and railways. In this way it is hoped to overcome obstacles raised by the abnormality of exchange, in so far as transit is concerned, and, if possible, take a definite step forward toward reconstructing the disorganized machinery of trade and commerce. As matters stand now, international trade has almost come to a standstill, because of the abnormality of exchange.

The new frontier of Armenia on the Turkish side, as drawn by President Wilson at the invitation of the Allied Premiers, cuts less deeply into former Turkish territory than the extreme limits prescribed by the Premiers. Meanwhile, since President Wilson communicated his boundary decision to the Allied Premiers several weeks ago, conditions in Armenia have become so chaotic, as a result of operations of the Bolsheviki and the Turkish Nationalists, that the Allies are expected to postpone temporarily the putting into effect of the President's boundary decision. It has been intimated in official circles abroad that because of the new situation created in the Near East by the overthrow in Greece of Venizelos and the consequent possible withdrawal of Greek forces from Asia Minor, the Turkish Treaty might have to be so revised as to reopen the Armenian settlement included in it.

In the election for one-third of the French Senate, or about one hundred seats, held on January 9th, returns show gains for the Centre, or Moderate, parties, both the Extreme Right and the Left losing seats. The Conservatives of the Right elected three

Senators, as against their present representation of eight, while the Radicals elected forty-three, as compared with their present fifty-four Senators. The results for the ninety-eight seats contested were as follows: Conservatives, 3; Republicans, 39; Radicals and Radical-Socialists, 43; and Republican-Socialists, 11. Unbiased public opinion seems inclined to agree that the Government's strength has not been impaired by the election, and the majority of Paris newspapers consider that the loss of five seats by the Conservatives and nine by the Radicals cannot be taken as indicating any modification in politics one way or another. The centre of gravity continues to be held by the Left and Centre, where M. Leygues finds most of his support.

A three-fold split in the French Socialist Party took place at the Socialist Congress at Tours on December 29th, when the Left, or ultra-radical element, who included two-thirds of the total delegates, voted in favor of absolute affiliation with the Moscow Internationale. As a result the Right and Centrists parties have met in joint session with the leaders constituting the majority of the Socialist members of the Chamber of Deputies, and decided that, inasmuch as a majority of the Socialist Congress had voted in favor of adhesion to the Third Internationale and thereby become the Communist Party of France, the Right and Centrist parties were now officially the Socialist Party of France.

As the result of the unexpected fulfillment of German pledges for coal deliveries, France now has sufficient coal to supply all her economic and domestic needs for the next six months. Contracts with American coal companies for more than \$100,000,000 worth of coal have been canceled, and the price of American coal delivered at French ports has fallen from \$32.00 a ton to \$12.50 a ton. In the belief that Germany would not fulfill the terms of the Spa coal agreement, France encouraged her import firms to purchase all the coal they could, while the Government itself bought heavily in the United States and England. In consequence of this there are at the present time from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 tons of coal in France.

According to figures recently given by Louis Mourier, the new Director of Public Assistance, the population of France was reduced by 4,000,000 during the War. The population of continental France before the War was 39,602,258. A new census will be taken next year. Meanwhile, the official estimate for the present year, not including war mortality, is 40,500,000. The reduction of the population by 4,000,000 from War causes, as stated by M. Mourier, evidently includes the latest returns from

the afflicted civil population, and deaths from wounds subsequent to the War. At the end of the fighting the French military loss was 1,327,000 dead, together with 435,000 prisoners unaccounted for and 3,000,000 wounded, whose deaths in five years have been averaged at ten per cent.

Russia.

Leonid Krassin, the Russian Bolshevik trade representative in England, left London for Russia on January 8th with a trade contract, approved by Sir Robert S. Horne, President of the English Board of Trade. So far as the purely commercial stipulations of the contract are concerned, it is believed they will be acceptable to Moscow, but it is thought that the political conditions, which have been laid down by British officials as an inseparable part of the agreement, will meet with rejection by the Soviets. If the contract is not agreed to, it will mark the conclusion of the negotiations for the present. The fundamental demand made by the British Government, aside from the economic features of the negotiations, was that Soviet Russia should pledge itself absolutely to refrain from engaging in propagandist and other activities in India, Persia, the Near East, and in any of the British Dominions. At a recent conference between Premier Lloyd George and Premier Leygues on the views of the British and French Governments on the subject of trade with Russia, the French Premier maintained an unyielding stand in opposition to the policy pursued by the British Government, and declared that France would never sanction any agreement for trade with Russia that was not conditional upon recognition by the Russian Government of Russia's pre-war obligations.

On December 28th an agreement was signed by Lenine and Trotzky on behalf of the Russian Government, and Rakovsky on behalf of Ukraine for a military and economic alliance, with the establishment of a joint commissariat for military, financial, labor and transport questions and foreign trade. On other fields, negotiations by the Soviet Government have met with failure. Late in December Bulgaria refused Foreign Minister Tchitcherin's demand for the resumption of diplomatic relations, and the Chinese Government has made counter-proposals to Lenine's negotiations for recognition. The Bolshevik-Chinese negotiations have been in progress nearly a year, and began with an offer by the Russian Soviet of the abolition of Russia's extra-territorial and other special rights in China prejudicial to China's independence.

The Government of Rumania has sent a note to Moscow declining the invitation of the Soviet Government to discuss the

question of Bessarabia. This is in reply to a note from Moscow, suggesting that the Bucharest Government and the Moscow Government discuss Bessarabia and other pending questions, "in order that peace might be established." Meanwhile, there has been a concentration of Bolshevik troops on the Dneister River. The Rumanian Government takes the stand that there is no question of the status of Bessarabia—that it is Rumanian. It further takes the stand that it is not at war with Russia, and therefore there is no need of a peace conference.

Though there have been no military movements of importance in Russia during the month, disquieting rumors are prevalent of an impending blow. That the Bolsheviks are regrouping and reorganizing their armies for a great offensive movement against the Baltic states, in the near future, seems certain. From Letvia comes the news of a concentration of Bolshevik forces, estimated at 60,000 men, on the Letvian frontier. Several companies are reported to have already reconnoitred inside the country. In the extreme north, a big concentration of troops is reported along the Esthonian frontier, 40,000 men are said to be encamped at Gatchina, facing the Esthonian frontier town of Narva, situated, like Gatchina, on the direct railroad from Petrograd to Reval, the Esthonian capital.

Southeast of Riga, Bolshevik troops have been noted moving up steadily in large numbers towards the Lithuanian border, between Dvinsk and Vitebsk, to threaten Vilna. The Soviet military strength has been greatly buttressed by captures from Wrangel's army, including 15,000 horses, fifty *aéroplanes*, and hundreds of cannon of all calibres up to siege guns. Reports from Poland indicate threatening troop movements at variance with the pacifist assertions of the Bolshevik delegations at the Riga Conference. Altogether, in the view of most observers, everything points to a speedy resumption of hostilities by the Bolsheviks.

The Bolsheviks are greatly strengthening their operations in the Caucasus region and are menacing Armenia and the Republic of Georgia. The Armenian Government is unable to deal with the Bolsheviks, having, on one hand, the Turkish Nationalists and, on the other, the accepted Soviet régime. Georgia is said also to be in a precarious situation, surrounded by Bolsheviks on all sides. The only hope held out for opposition to the spread of the Soviet régime in Armenia and the Caucasus, is an indication from well-informed sources that an arrangement between Armenia and the Turks is likely to be followed by an insurrection against the Russians, led by Mussulmans.

The Polish-Lithuanian conference over, the plebiscite planned

to be held in the Vilna district has reached an impasse, and the Lithuanian delegation left Warsaw today for Kovno to obtain further instructions from its Government.

Poland has refused the Lithuanian demand to exclude the city of Vilna itself from the plebiscite area, considering that the area to be covered by the plebiscite corresponds to the territory occupied by General Zellgouski, the Polish commander who took possession of the Vilna district after the conclusion of the Russo-Polish hostilities. The League of Nations, with which Poland has rested her case, is expected shortly to make a ruling which will clear the situation.

The recent All-Russian census under Bolshevik rule, only partially completed, shows that the population of Russia has decreased considerably since the beginning of the revolution, according to an article in the *Krasnaia Gazette* (Red Gazette). Although the census took place on August 28th, no complete returns are available yet. "The census," continues the article, "has been taken nearly all over the country, with the exception of the northern tundra, the nomadic population of the Kirghizes, Kalmucks and Turkomans, and also the localities recently freed from the White armies. Up to the present, the Central Statistical Department has received returns from three hundred and twenty counties, eight hundred and forty-nine cities, and fifty-eight provinces.

"First and foremost, the census establishes the indubitable fact that the population of Russia has decreased since the beginning of the revolution. For twenty provinces on which data are obtainable for both periods the census of 1917 gave a total population of 30,000,000. The census of August 28, 1920, however, enumerates only 27,000,000 inhabitants, a loss of ten per cent. And this, notwithstanding the fact that after the conclusion of peace following the World War, millions of soldiers and war prisoners returned to their homes. The cause of this is that the mortality rate has grown considerably, while the birth rate has decreased during the years of war and revolution. A particularly great decrease has been noted during the revolution among the city population. In the above-mentioned twenty provinces the number of city inhabitants dropped from 7,900,000 in 1917 to 4,800,000 at present, the decrease thus amounting to 3,100,000 persons, or 39.2 per cent.

January 17, 1921.

With Our Readers.

AS part of that Commandment which Christ declared to be the greatest of all, we are commanded to love the Lord our God with our whole mind. No Commandment is satisfied until it be wholly satisfied. To love God with some of our powers, leaving others idle, is not to love well. And the extent of our personal consecration, the effectiveness of our service will be in proportion to the full dedication of all our powers. And as love in a rational creature, such as man, is preëminently rational, so will it be most important to cultivate that power which is the source of reason, of knowledge: the basis of man's right, well-ordered life.

Love cannot be simply a matter of reason, for man is ruled by will and mightily affected by emotions. But reason is its true source—and what we so often forget—its true guiding star. Only the exactness and definiteness of knowledge will preserve love's sacred liberty; insure its dignity and save it from the currents and eddies of emotionalism and passion. Love outstrips reason, but only as the lofty tower outstrips its foundation. Without the foundation it would not hold itself erect, dignified, commanding.

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THE forgetfulness of this truth in the present philosophy of the world, is causing havoc and unspeakable shipwreck in the lives of many individuals and of nations. The scientific repudiation of reason by Bergson, and its practical repudiation by much of our modern literature has left man without God, without a safe anchoring place. He has no starting place nor resting place nor goal. His life becomes unreasonable and unceasing motion directed by emotion, and suffering bitter reaction when, returning to his home, he finds it empty. For our own security, as well as for God's glory, are we admonished to love the Lord our God with our whole mind.

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THE mind serves God in thinking upon the truths of God: in studying His revealed doctrines: in learning how those doctrines should shape our own life: affect our life with others: and play, through us, their preëminent part in all the questions and problems of life. It may readily be seen how much we neglect to love God with our whole mind. We are often quite content with the modicum of religious teaching given us in child-

hood, or with the small accretion assimilated from occasional sermons, lectures and discourses. Taking what we have, we make our religious life in great part simply a matter of devotion, and, if we are not careful, it fixes itself into a narrow, personal interpretation, and becomes static, if not worse.

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INTELLIGENT application to Catholic truth that we may understand it better; that it may uncover to us our own smallness before that majestic greatness which should be ours in Christ: this is not common to us: it is, alas, the exceptional Catholic who takes his intellectual or mental powers and devotes them to God. We do not mean that everyone should pursue the scholar's life; nor wish to infer that intellectualism is the chief concern of the Catholic. We do insist that the service of the mind in the things of God, whether we have much time or little, whether our mental gifts be great or small, is not only a divinely appointed duty, but it is a duty that is lamentably neglected. One may ask himself what he has read, considered, made his own mentally through the course of a year in the way of Catholic reading or reading upon Catholic truth or Catholic philosophy as it affects the problems of the day, problems in which he is playing his own sure part. The answer which his conscience gives, will be the answer also as to how far he is loving God with his whole mind.

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WITHOUT intelligent understanding of the doctrines of our Faith, we are unable to lead ourselves to better life or to see that development in thought, word and action which is our necessary obligation in the light of Christ's commandment: "If you love Me, keep My commandments." The doctrines of our Faith, more and more intelligently appreciated and understood, are both a light and a strength by which we will be able to walk more safely and more hopefully. Then, also, can we give this light and strength to others, or at least arouse them to its worth, and, perhaps, lead them to the source whence we receive it.

Moreover, every problem of life and society, brought into the presence of these truths, assumes a new and holier aspect. They are redeemed from their own earthly shadows by the light of heaven.

The Christian, viewing his inheritance of divine truth, may say in a far truer and wider sense than the old pagan writer, "nothing human is foreign to me." Revealed Catholic truth has created its own philosophy in so far as it saves merely human philosophy from doubt and misgiving. And the Catholic has his own contribution to give with regard to the every-day secular

problems of life. The fields of his every-day activity may then be planted with the seeds of his intellectual, his mental interest, and in time yield their proportionately fruitful harvest.

That the world has its ever-increasing number of problems; that in many of them it is losing its way—should only be the further incentive urging him, leading him to serve the Lord his God with his whole mind.

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THE mind preserves our balance. It saves the individual from excess either of despair or of presumption. The truth, which it alone can receive and know, enables us in our height of joy ever to be sober, and in our depth of misery never to despair. It is the solid ground on which self stands secure of its eternal dignity. And, therefore, it is the channel through which we can best help others. To understand the truth, the revelation of God, with its relations and consequences to the personal interests of life, needs the habitual application of the mind. The vast treasures of Catholic thought, the classics of Catholicism should be known to us. Spiritual reading as such should mark the daily, or at least weekly, life of every Catholic. But recently, the Holy Father issued an Encyclical, urging Catholics to read daily the Holy Scripture. Devotional books of proved value are procurable in handy form and generally at a reasonably low price.

Beyond the literature that is directly and solely spiritual, it is necessary for the Catholic to keep himself in touch with the needs of the Church: with the problems of his native land: with the questions in the solution of which he must, as a child of the Church and a citizen of the country, play his part. The vast majority of these problems are affected by Catholic truth and Catholic philosophy. The Catholic cannot take his rightful part therein unless he informs himself intelligently. Unless he do so, he cannot fully serve the Lord his God with his whole mind.

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WE have, therefore, a periodical Catholic press. It is not too much to say that this press is an index of the part, in interest and leadership, which the Catholic body is taking, or not taking, in contemporaneous history: in the Christian shaping of our laws, our customs, our traditions—and, consequently, the molding of the coming generation and the destiny of the country itself.

The vital importance of this fact was realized by the Hierarchy of the United States. In their first meeting, they took up as one of their principal works the support, the upbuilding of the Catholic press, and the necessity of arousing our Catholic people to be interested therein.

One of the principal departments of the National Catholic Welfare Council is the Press Department. It is manned by a trained, skilled staff. Less than a year old, it has established and maintains a press service that should be the pride of every Catholic in the United States. In touch by cable, through special correspondents, with the principal capitals of Europe, it is able not only to receive up-to-date Catholic news, but also able to confirm or deny reports of Catholic matters published in the secular press. Every week it issues a news sheet, which includes both the domestic and foreign news of the world up to the day on which it is issued. Besides this news sheet, it issues, weekly, twenty-six columns of fresh news. Regularly, it publishes editorials on timely subjects and frequently issues special articles.

All of this work has been accomplished in less than a year, and the Press Department of the N. C. W. C. serves today sixty-four Catholic journals of the United States.

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SUCH a movement surely merits the generous support of the Catholic body—for in their interest is the work maintained. The service, not by way of compliment or charity, but by way of absolute justice, deserves the personal support of every Catholic in the country. That support is given by personal subscription to a Catholic journal.

In order to bring home the supreme critical importance of this work and make a concerted, direct appeal to all our people, the Hierarchy of the United States has named the coming month of March as Catholic Press Month. Special notices, appeals, sermons will be sent out and delivered in all the churches of the country during that month on the subject of the Catholic Press: and we wish here to arouse to full enthusiasm all whom our pen can reach, that they may give generous response to this most urgent and most worthy call.

M R. BENJAMIN B. HAMPTON, the President of four motion picture producing companies, in the February number of *The Pictorial Review*, in an article entitled, "Too Much Sex-Stuff in the Movies? Whose Fault Is It?" makes the following extraordinary confession:

"Who, then, is responsible for the sex-wave in the movies? Is it the manufacturer?"

"There are exceptions to every rule, but by and large, picture manufacturers would rather produce clean pictures than *risqué* pictures.

"The manufacturer's position is simple—he cannot sell hobnailed boots to the dancing-slipper trade. Nor can the picture-maker sell drama or melodrama to audiences that hunger for sex-stuff. Every movie manufacturer has had the same experience—his decent dramas and melodramas bring a return of \$75,000 to \$100,000 gross; a successful sex-play will run from \$250,000 to \$2,500,000. 'The box-office tells the story,' and it doesn't have to tell it very long before the manufacturer hears it.

"The jobber's position is fairly neutral. He passes along the merchandise that is demanded."

We must term this an extraordinary confession, not because the facts uttered are startlingly new: but because this is the first time, so far as we are aware, that a responsible producer has frankly acknowledged the facts—the facts, namely, that sex-pictures pay, and that, *therefore*, the picture manufacturer *must* make "sex-stuff pictures."

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NEXT, Mr. Hampton considers the responsibility in this matter of the exhibitors, the theatre owners or managers. He declares that the exhibitors, who are, so to speak, the retailers of the product manufactured by the producers, just as shoe shop owners are retailers of the articles manufactured by the shoe companies, dominate and control the policy of the producers, since they, the exhibitors, being in close touch with the public, really know what the public want, and compel the producers to supply the stuff demanded. So true is this, says Mr. Hampton, that during the past year some of the powerful producers have each bought several hundred theatres, and the movement to control the retailer or exhibitor by the manufacturer, or producer, is assuming huge proportions. According to Mr. Hampton, the exhibitors have the same story to tell as the manufacturers or producers: namely, if they produce vicious sex-stuff their theatres will be crowded. If they do not, they lose money to their competitors who do. Therefore, declares Mr. Hampton, the responsibility for the "present preponderance of sex plays in the movies rests on the general public."

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THE real reason why sex plays rule the movies is because the public flock to see them. And, if the public should change its taste, or if that element of the public which does not rush to see sex-stuff, should register constant, continuous protests with the exhibitors in their own neighborhoods, Mr. Hampton believes that the situation could be bettered. The exhibitors would ask the

producers for clean pictures, and the producers would supply them.

Possibly so; indeed, there is unquestionably a great deal of truth in this view. If the decent public, or decent people among the public, should constantly and continuously complain against vicious films, and register their complaints with the exhibitors in their neighborhood, and back up their complaints by staying away from the theatres, and keeping other people away, much good might be accomplished.

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BUT what a commentary all this is upon the ethics of the motion picture producers! According to them, if Mr. Hampton speaks with authority, and apparently he does, they take, and act upon, the view that whatever the public want, they are morally justified in supplying. They put the blame for immoral conditions off their shoulders upon the shoulders of the "public." In other words, the motion picture magnates conduct their business on the same principle that would justify panders, opium peddlers, whisky smugglers, and the keepers of bawdy houses. All these supply what the public ask for—at least what a certain proportion of the public ask for. If the public or this vicious proportion of the public, had no vices which they desired to satisfy, drug selling, illicit whisky selling, the white slave traffic, and other forms of commercialized vice would cease to exist.

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A TYPICAL example of the impudent arguments which the publicity agents of the motion picture manufacturers employ—feeling safe, perhaps, with the strength of Mammon, because of the fact that innumerable millions of dollars are invested in the motion picture industry, is the following statement made by the editor of *Moving Picture World* in the Christmas number of that powerful periodical. Declaring that federal censorship must be fought, with a definite campaign that will dispense with all half-way measures, the writer continues to say that all the motion picture interests should unite and:

"DEMAND of Congress, the courts and the public, that the movement to 'Christianize,' paralyze, anæsthetize or demoralize moving pictures be stopped and stopped forever.

"DEMAND of every man who holds public office or seeks public office a pledge that will place him on record against the censorship of Sundays, of newspapers and of moving pictures, and see to it that he keeps that pledge.

"DEMAND and set in motion the machinery to get a new

amendment to the Constitution that will make censorship of Sundays, of newspapers and of moving pictures against the law for all the States of the Union."

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A GAINST the plan of federal censorship of the motion picture industry, it is true, there are many powerful and valid objections. Federal censorship, no doubt, is apt to become a weapon of narrow-minded and bigoted tyranny. It perhaps unduly extends the police power of the State, and is subject to many other possible abuses. Yet, when the motion picture manufacturers, and the editors of the great motion picture trade journals, either deny the flagrantly vicious character of a large number of the motion picture plays that are being circulated, or else callously disclaim all moral responsibility for these vicious films by putting commercial reasons above all moral considerations, the time surely seems to be drawing near for all social service agencies and religious organizations to get together and consider whether any means short of censorship can be devised to remedy the present awful situation. If such a remedy can be found, all the better. Let us then apply that remedy; but, if it must be censorship, let us work together for even that drastic and radical step. To permit the present terrible contamination of the minds and souls of young people, is to become accessory to crime, if not to sin.



A PAMPHLET which is of particular value to those of our own country who are fighting the evil of divorce, has just been published by the Catholic Truth Society of Canada. *Divorce in Canada*, as it is entitled, written by Rev. John J. O'Gorman, is an appeal to Protestants. Following the example of England, new attempts are being made in Canada to increase the facility of divorce. The Senate of Canada passed a bill providing for divorce courts in Ontario and Prince Edward Island. The bills were defeated in the House of Commons. The Legislature of Prince Edward Island unanimously passed a resolution maintaining that "the establishment of a divorce court would tend to destroy the stability of the home and to encourage the dissolution of the marriage tie." It is significant that this legislature, half Catholic and half Protestant, should unanimously pass this strong anti-divorce resolution. In all its history, the Province has had but one divorce.

The Legislature of Ontario has not spoken. Catholics therein are but one-sixth of the population. This pamphlet is an appeal

to the majority of the Province—the Protestants—to range themselves publicly against the proposed divorce legislation.

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AS they do not admit Catholic dogma, nor Catholic tradition, the author bases his appeal on Scripture and ethics. That is why the pamphlet will be of special value in our own land. The writer uses the text of the Protestant Revised Version. He cites as witnesses to the divine teaching of Christ against divorce, St. Mark, St. Luke, St. Matthew, and St. Paul, the latter at some length. The early Christian Church knew no divorce, even for adultery. "In the whole ante-Nicene period, there is not a single Christian teacher, Latin or Greek, who allows it except the negligible and ill-informed Latin rhetorician, Lactantius." "Till Luther introduced divorce on the Continent (it will be remembered he permitted bigamy as well) the indissolubility of a valid and consummated Christian marriage was undisputed in Western Christendom." Protestants must deny the authority of Scripture when they defend divorce. The Catholic Church has ever been most loyal to the revealed word of God. As a singular proof of this, it may be noted that the Catholic Church holds the marriage of two baptized Protestants to be a more sacred obligation than the Protestants themselves. The Catholic Church teaches that such a marriage may be dissolved only by death: the Protestant Church teaches that it may be broken up by civil divorce.

The author states: "If we Canadians are to legislate as Christians, our Parliament should pass an Act, declaring in the words of the Civil Code of our oldest Province, that marriage can be dissolved only by the natural death of one of the parties. During their lifetime it is indissoluble."

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THE argument of the pamphlet draws our attention to a matter often discussed or presented to the Catholics of our own country, and that is the question of a national divorce law. Many contend that in order to decrease the multitudinous and lax laws of the States that, in many cases, grant divorce for trivial reasons, it would be well to agitate for a federal divorce law. Their further contention is that while the federal law might not be what the true Christian wants, it would be stringent enough to reduce appreciably the evils that now result from the licence that characterizes the divorce laws of many of our States: and, further, that divorce is a growing national evil, and should be crushed by national means.

Whatever force there be in these pleadings for those who look upon marriage as an institution that is subject to the will of the

State or the national legislature, they can have little cogency with Catholics. Some Catholics may say that legislation regards only the legal side of the matter, and has nothing to do with the nature of the contract. The law *permits* husband and wife to separate and to remarry. It does not force them. Yet it is true that the law declares officially that they are not husband and wife: that if either or both remarry, they are not guilty of adultery. The law arraigns itself against Christ.

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FOR a Christian to cut civic and legal life away from his Christian life is certainly to weaken, if not to destroy, the influence of the Christian faith. And the position of Catholics on the question of a national divorce law seems to us very clear and very simple. We cannot lend ourselves to any such movement. It is for us to retain in civic and political life the integral doctrine of Christ, for only then can society and the body politic be saved. The world's betterment began with Christian faith and teaching, and only so can it be maintained. "Christianity," states the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "has had no greater practical effect on the life of mankind that in its belief that marriage is no mere civil contract, but a vow in the sight of God, binding the parties by obligations of conscience above and beyond those of the civil law."

"The turning point," as Gilbert K. Chesterton wrote, "was the creation of Christendom by the religion which created it. Nothing will destroy the sacred triangle (father, mother and child): and even the Christian faith, the most amazing revolution that ever took place in the mind, served only in a sense to turn that triangle upside down. It held up a mystical mirror in which the order of the three things was reversed: and added a holy family of child, mother and father, to the human family of father, mother and child."

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THE latter half of the pamphlet is an appeal from ethics to those particularly who will not admit any authority in Christian revelation or Christian teaching. Marriage is necessary by natural law in the interest of the child, and through him, in the interest of the race. This statement is explained and defended by quotations from the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas and of Dr. Michael Cronin. The author then shows that divorce is unjust, unnatural, anti-national and immoral.

Divorces in the United States are granted at the rate of over one hundred thousand a year. The distribution of this able pamphlet, particularly among Protestants, ought to effect great good.



WE read from time to time of the death of some member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, who had been active in the service of the poor for fifty years or more. Every such notice is the story of an unostentatious life, inspired by high ideals of personal service and a shrinking from publicity. The traditions of this Society and the example of its older members are rich contributions to the Christian interpretation of life, consoling illustrations of how the impulses of Christian life operate.

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MANY of us in this newer day have little knowledge of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and its silent work. We scarcely realize that it sends eighteen thousand men weekly into the homes of the poor in the United States to perform the duties of friendship, and to encourage and strengthen those who find the battle of life so difficult. We have mastered the new terminology of social service and we aim to be abreast of the times in so far as they are rightly guided. This is necessary. The newer ways have their undeniable dignity and justification. We wish them and those who feel the touch of their spirit, Godspeed, as they interpret the laws of Christian charity to meet new and complex social conditions. Fifty years hence our successors will recount their praises and honor their memory as another generation proceeds to replace them.

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WE suggest, however, to our younger leaders that they go from time to time to the story of the old men, who are dropping out of the ranks of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and learn with sympathy and understanding their interpretations of charity and their ways of friendly service. Possibly not much is to be gained for modern technique in this way, yet the old ways have much that still commends them to the newer charity. Much is certainly to be gained in knowing the vision of God as it inspired constant, unselfish service to the poor. We test the moral quality of a new generation by its reverence towards the past. If our new methods, new organizations and younger members of old organizations hold their forebears in the school of charity in reverent appreciation, we shall have no fear of new methods nor of loss of old spirit.

We owe honor and gratitude to the St. Vincent de Paul Society for its long history of unbroken service to the poor. We owe encouragement, understanding and support to the newer generation, which faces our problems with high courage and exemplary deeds. These will gain us and hold us best when they pay deserved tribute to the generation slowly passing away.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
A Little Book of St. Francis and His Brethren. By E. M. W. Buxton, F.R.H.S. \$1.15. *Divine Contemplation for All.* By Dom S. Loulsmet, O.S.B. \$1.90. *When Youth Meets Youth.* By M. McD. Bodkin, K.C. \$2.20. *June Roses for the Sacred Heart.* 50 cents. *Catholic Thought and Thinkers.* \$1.85.
- E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
The Irish Rebellion of 1641. By Lord E. Hamilton. \$8.00 net. *The Cathedrals of Central Italy and The Cathedrals and Churches of Rome and Southern Italy.* By T. F. Bumpus. \$3.00.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
Recent Developments in European Thought. By F. S. Marvin.
- COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
The Philosophy of Don Hasdai Crescas. By M. Maxman, Ph.D.
- D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
History of the Conflict between Religion and Science. By J. W. Draper, LL.D.
- THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
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THE BISHOPS AND OUR PRESS.

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS.



REAT events have happened—and continue to happen—so multitudinously and so rapidly in these, our fateful latter days that we often fail to appreciate the importance of an event which, if it occurred all by itself instead of taking place amid an obscuring and confusing crowd of other events, would stir the imagination, impress the memory, and move the will of all thinking men and women. An event of this character was the creation by the Hierarchy of the Press Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council, in September, 1919. This action was, it is true, only a by-product of a much greater one, namely, the creation of the main organization of which the Press Department is but a part: the National Catholic Welfare Council, which is the Hierarchy specially organized to inspire, coördinate, and authoritatively to direct all the forces and movements and societies of Catholics that have national scope and consequences. As the readers of this magazine will remember, the National Catholic Welfare Council is the National Catholic War Council perpetuated for the greater purposes of peace: the mechanism for applying the teachings of the Catholic Church to the solution of the great problems now confronting society: problems of social reconstruction, of improved education; the struggle with the rising tide of Paganism, and the ever-waxing tyranny of State Autocracy—and many other critical situations.

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When the Press Department is isolated from the other departments of the Catholic Welfare Council, however, for the purposes of separate examination, the fundamental and permanent and increasing importance of the Bishops' action in creating this particular Department, will, I think, be readily apparent. It is the purpose of this article to concentrate Catholic attention upon this momentous action; a purpose made immediately practical by the fact that the Bishops have now followed up their action (after the interval of a year, during which time the Press Department was put to work) by issuing a call—a clarion call, like the call of trumpets from the watch towers of the City of God—summoning the Church Militant in the United States, the clergy and laity together to unite during March of this year in an organized national movement to increase the circulation, and hence the influence and power, of the Catholic press.

It should be remembered that at the time when the Hierarchy formed the National Catholic Welfare Council, and set up the Press Department, they also issued a joint Pastoral Letter. Assembled as a body for the first time in more than forty years, at the close of the War, and sufficiently long after the cessation of hostilities to obtain a view of the social consequences of the War, the Hierarchy's Pastoral Letter was the authoritative contribution of the Catholic Church in the United States to the most necessary part of the work of reconstructing society.

This joint Pastoral Letter was a major event of contemporary American life. It reached the whole body of the American people immediately, and produced immediate reactions and results. Let me add—though in doing so I am anticipating the course of this article in one particular—that the Pastoral Letter was enabled to effect these immediate results because the Press Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council, although then in its infancy, was already functioning, and secured national publicity for this document in a professional manner. More than 1,200 daily newspapers from coast to coast published articles, in many cases running columns in length, carrying copious extracts from the Pastoral. Between thirty and forty important newspapers commented editorially upon the Bishops' message.

In other words, the Archbishops and Bishops at this

epochal gathering initiated positive Catholic social action of the most momentous character, and impressed their message upon the entire nation. They not only enunciated Catholic principles, and laid down the philosophy deducible from such principles; they also went much farther: they devised and set in operation a new mechanism for realizing, or attempting to realize, the Catholic principles of social action. Of course, I do not say that Catholic social action mechanism was not already in existence: for, as a matter of fact, the Church, through its schools and colleges, its asylums and hospitals; through its pamphlets, newspapers, magazines and books; through the work of thousands of lay societies and individuals; through the preaching of its clergy; through the influence of its consecrated men and women: its priesthood, both secular and religious, and its hundreds and thousands of nuns, from the Little Sisters of the Poor, and the Sisters of Charity, and the teaching Orders busily at work in thousands of cities and towns, to the Poor Clares and Carmelites pouring out their souls in prayer in their cloisters; and especially through the vast system of its Sacraments, the Catholic Church had been, and is always, doing social service of the most necessary and essential character. But just as the War had brought about conditions which made necessary the national coördination and systematizing of the forces of the Church, so also the even graver problems of social reconstruction after the War made necessary a similar and permanent work of unifying and harmoniously coördinating the national efforts of all societies and branches of the Church. Especially was this true of the many thousands of societies of Catholic laymen and laywomen.

This work was necessary not only for the sake of the progress and growth of the Catholic Church in itself, but it was also seen to be a patriotic duty to give to the nation the counsel, the inspiration, and the practical assistance of Catholic thought, Catholic morality, and Catholic social action. Therefore, the Bishops not only enunciated the principles of Catholic education: they also created a Department of Education through which they might nationally direct all the forces of Catholic education. They not only laid down the philosophy of social action, but they also created the Department of Social Action to coördinate and inspire Catholic bodies in dealing with such problems, and also to convey the teachings of

the Church to those outside the Church. They not only called upon all the societies of Catholic men and Catholic women to unite their forces and work together for Catholic interests and for the best interests of the nation—for, indeed, these interests are inseparable: but they also created a Department of Lay Activity to act as general staff headquarters, so to speak, through which the Church Militant, the devoted hundreds of thousands, nay, millions of Catholic men and Catholic women who belong to the various societies and organizations, may receive inspiration and authoritative direction, in all matters that concern Catholics nationally, either as Catholics or as citizens, from their commanders-in-chief, the Hierarchy. So, too, in the matter of the press. The Pastoral Letter on this subject spoke as follows:

“The functions of the Catholic Press are of special value to the Church in our country. To widen the interest of our people by acquainting them with the progress of religion throughout the world, to correct false or misleading statements regarding our belief and practice, and, as occasion offers, to present our doctrine in popular form—these are among the excellent aims of Catholic journalism. As a means of forming sound public opinion, it is indispensable. The vital issues affecting the nation’s welfare usually turn upon moral principles. Sooner or later, discussion brings forward the question of right and wrong. The treatment of such subjects from the Catholic point of view is helpful to all our people. It enables them to look at current events and problems in the light of experience which the Church has gathered through centuries, and it points the surest way to a solution that will advance our common interests.

“The unselfish zeal displayed by Catholic journalists entitles them to a more active support than hitherto has been given. By its very nature the scope of their work is specialized, and, within the limitations thus imposed, they are doing what no other agency could accomplish or attempt, in behalf of our homes, societies and schools.

“In order to obtain the larger results and the wider appreciation which their efforts deserve and which we most earnestly desire, steps must be taken to coördinate the various lines of publicity and secure for each a higher degree of usefulness.”

Let us turn now to examine, at least in a general way, what

the Bishops concretely accomplished when they created their Press Department, and why it is that a year later they call upon the whole Catholic body, especially the laity, to unite in a great national campaign on behalf of the Catholic press, during March of this year.

At the meeting of the Hierarchy which set up the National Catholic Welfare Council, Right Rev. William T. Russell, Bishop of Charleston, S. C., a member of the Administrative Board of the National Catholic War Council, a prelate who recognized the importance of press activity and who had been a leading figure in working for the furtherance of such activities, was elected Chairman of the Press Department. Bishop Russell at once took steps to organize the new department. After a careful survey of the field it was decided that the most practical step that could be taken to initiate the many and diversified activities planned for the Press and Publicity Department would be the formation of a news-gathering and news-distributing agency of an international character, an agency which should include among its tasks the gathering and distribution of special articles and literary features, for the benefit of the newspapers of the Catholic press.

There was an obvious need for such a news and special feature service. The Catholic Press Association, an organization comprised of representatives of most of the Catholic periodicals, had maintained a news service, but it was necessarily of a very limited character, as the C. P. A. did not possess the means to extend it or to realize its inherent possibilities. Bishop Russell appeared before the National Convention of the Catholic Press Association in January, 1920, and with that Association arranged plans for the setting up of an efficient international Catholic news bureau. Using the words of Bishop Russell in reporting to the Archbishops and Bishops at the next meeting of the Hierarchy in September, 1920: "A full agreement was reached, between the Catholic Press Association and the Press Department, and I wish to take advantage of this opportunity to express my gratitude to the Catholic Press Association for its loyal and helpful attitude. I feel that the Catholic Press Association deserves words of the highest praise for its loyal Catholic response to the plans of the Hierarchy. The Association itself has maintained not only its independent existence, but by its affiliation with the

larger work will add greatly to its membership and its strength." This action by the Catholic Press Association enabled the Bishops' Press Department to begin its work with the good-will and active support of nearly all the Catholic publishers and editors—a factor of inestimable value.

Early in March the personnel of the News Bureau was selected, and the work began, although not until the second week in April were the results of this work made available to the Catholic press; the interim being employed in careful and painstaking preparations. Mr. Justin McGrath was chosen as Director of the Department; the present writer was named as associate editor, and other experienced newspaper workers were added to the staff.

From this central group the organization was rapidly extended, and today has special correspondents in the principal cities of the country; and regular staff correspondents at Rome, Berlin, Vienna, London, Dublin, Paris and Brussels.

The news received from these sources, or gathered by the central staff in Washington, working in close coöperation with the other departments of the National Catholic Welfare Council, the Catholic University, Georgetown University, and other news centres in Washington, or gleaned through the careful scrutiny of representative secular newspapers coming from all parts of the country, and of the religious press, by the staff of the Exchange Department, is sifted and judged by a strict standard of news value, and carefully written in newspaper style, and distributed to the papers using the service. The distribution is effected by a combined use of the cable, telegraph, and mails. For example, the cable news, received Monday morning in Washington, is distributed the day it comes in, together with important news stories that have developed since the issuance of the material the previous week. On Friday there is sent out a printed news sheet, eight columns in width and of the standard newspaper length, on which is placed the most interesting and important foreign and domestic Catholic news having national interest. The news sheet is supplemented by a mimeograph service mailed simultaneously. In all, from eighteen to twenty newspaper columns of material, exclusive of the cable news sent out on Monday, is distributed each week. In addition to this, once a month there is distributed an editorial sheet, containing important special

articles written and signed by authorities and writers of international standing, both clerical and lay; together with short editorials and book reviews, intended to supplement the editorial material prepared by the individual journals.

The guiding policy in the selection and preparation of all this material is perfectly simple and is strictly adhered to, namely, the policy of gathering and distributing only such news as is clearly Catholic in its character, and which is outside the reach of the newspapers individually. That is to say, the N. C. W. C. Press Department is interested only in news that is essentially Catholic, that will interest Catholics everywhere throughout the nation, and which is not simply local or diocesan in its nature. The service is intended to supplement and not in any degree to diminish or stultify the local news gathering and news writing enterprise of the individual papers. It performs for them the same type of service that the Associated Press, the United Press and the Universal Service perform for the secular papers.

At the end of eight months, since the inception of the N. C. W. C. Press Department, it is able to report that sixty-seven Catholic newspapers, including one in Canada and one in Cuba, are subscribing to its news and editorial service, while twenty-four subscribe for the entire service, which includes the cables from abroad, a branch of the service that is far more costly than the domestic news. It may be added that this remarkable increase in the number of Catholic papers affiliated with the N. C. W. C. Press Department, has been accomplished despite the fact that the cost to each paper has necessarily increased instead of being diminished. But increased cost was more than compensated for by increased circulation. One paper has gone up from 4,000 to 10,000 a week. Many others have reported substantial increases.

The material employed on the news sheet and in the mimeograph service, copious as it is, represents, however, only fifty per cent of the total amount handled by the Press Department, which each week rejects almost as much material as it uses. It must be remembered, in this connection, that a special editorial problem has to be constantly studied in issuing news on a weekly basis. For example, an article may have great value if it can be published immediately, but this value may be of such a character as to disappear if the article

is retained for a week before being published. Again, the Press Department must, so far as possible, anticipate the trend of events, and not wait until an interesting event has taken place. The Press Department is constantly suggesting topics to its correspondents at home and abroad, with the intention of having important subjects dealt with in a timely manner.

In connection with the editorial sheet, it should be remembered that editorials are in no sense intended to take the place of the individual and original contributions of the editors and editorial writers of the various Catholic publications; they are simply intended to supplement the work of these editors and editorial writers, and to give them the benefit of special articles, in many cases written by authorities, which otherwise would not be obtainable by the separate papers.

The Press Department maintains what is known in newspaper technical language as a "future book," in which are entered memoranda concerning events known to be pending, such as Catholic conventions, meetings, or similar happenings. This enables the department to keep a systematic watch upon the unfolding of those events which can be anticipated.

The Exchange Department is an important factor in the work of the Press Bureau. In addition to providing the service with news and ideas for future stories and editorial possibilities, culled from the reading of twenty-one secular daily papers and sixty Catholic weeklies, and clippings from the same source for file references, it is the aim of the exchange staff to call the attention of every department of the National Catholic Welfare Council to articles appearing in the Catholic and secular press pertinent to its particular work, and providing clippings for same. Departments are not only furnished with stories and articles, but with "follow-up," until the expiration of such publicity.

The files of the Department contain not only thousands of clippings, documents, and pamphlets relative to Catholic activities throughout the world, but also hundreds of others pertaining to the international political situation and to other secular questions of the day.

Whenever there is Catholic news of general lay interest, the Press and Publicity Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council sends a report of such news to the Washington correspondent of the secular papers of the country and to

the three press associations for general distribution. For example, as I have already said, the Pastoral Letter issued by the September, 1919, conference of Bishops was brought to the attention of the three press associations by a representative of the Press Bureau, who succeeded in having these associations distribute digests of the Pastoral at their own expense to all the secular newspapers of the country. The clippings collected on this one article alone fill a huge volume preserved in the archives of the Department. Similar steps were taken in the case of the National Convention of our Catholic women's societies, which resulted in the formation of the National Council of Catholic Women.

In September, 1920, when the report of the Press Department was read by its Episcopal Chairman to the assembled Hierarchy at the Catholic University, it was received with marked favor, and a resolution was voted to continue the work along the lines laid down, and to use special efforts to develop it. The time had come, it was recognized, when an appeal on behalf of the Catholic press to the entire body of the faithful, both clergy and laity, should be made in a most emphatic and practical fashion. It was felt to be especially desirable to use every possible effort to arouse the Catholic laity to a sense of the great importance of Catholic press action, especially in the great emergency which now confronts civilization in Europe and in America. For this reason the Bishops unanimously voted to set aside a whole month as National Catholic Press Month, and March, 1921, was named a little later by Bishop Russell, who immediately followed up this step by sending out a letter to the Archbishops and Bishops, asking them to co-operate still further with the Press Department by notifying their pastors to speak to their people from the altars of all the churches in the land, telling them it is their apostolate vigorously to support and improve the Catholic press.

Whatever reasons there may have been in the past to excuse or explain the apathy on the part of the Catholic public in supporting the Catholic press—if there really have been any valid reasons—these reasons have to a large degree ceased to exist. It is unquestionable that the Catholic newspapers employing the N. C. W. C. press service have made a distinctive and substantial improvement in the interest, value, and popularity of their news columns. The new spirit of national Catho-

olic action, observable in every department of the Church's activity in the United States, has been notably powerful and effective in the Catholic press. Proprietors and editors, and the publishers controlling diocesan journals, have displayed enhanced interest in the great task of making their papers vigorously representative of Catholic affairs and teaching.

Today, when public opinion is the chief factor in democratic societies, the Catholic press is one of the most potent of all instruments for the teaching of Catholic truth. Never before have questions of morality, of intellectual principles, and of spiritual interests, so engaged the minds of the people. In their solution the value of Catholic truth is supreme. Therefore, it is nothing short of a calamity that out of the nearly twenty million Catholics in the United States less than two million are subscribers to the Catholic press. We have only one daily newspaper in the English language, and that a mere beginner, of only regional circulation as yet—though it is a brave, gallant and commendable step in advance. Yet little Ireland, with a Catholic population of less than four million, supports four large Catholic daily newspapers and seventy-three weekly or bi-weekly papers which are also Catholic in policy and atmosphere. War-shattered Austria, in the midst of all its starvation and awful misery, with a Catholic population of less than six million, supports ten Catholic daily newspapers and thirty-two Catholic weeklies. Germany's Catholic press organization has for generations been a model of efficiency. The new Catholic spirit in France is served vigorously and ably by several Catholic daily newspapers, one of them publishing provincial editions in a large number of important centres. The Catholics of Quebec support a splendid daily paper. The Catholics of Brazil have just subscribed nearly \$400,000 toward the establishment of a new Catholic daily. Spain has forty-eight Catholic dailies. Italy has a large number of vigorous and well-supported Catholic papers, dailies and weeklies. Little Holland, where the press campaign has been chiefly inspired by a convert from Protestantism, possesses fifteen Catholic dailies and more than one hundred other Catholic periodicals. Tiny Belgium has several Catholic dailies and many good weeklies. Many of the Republics of Central and South America have similar stories to tell.

At a time when the whole world is turning to the United

States of America for material assistance, and for moral and spiritual leadership, at a time when to the Catholics of the United States in particular there has come an opportunity to serve both Church and country, almost unprecedented in history, there should be nothing less than a universal, earnest, practical reply to the appeal made by our spiritual leaders, the Hierarchy, to aid the work they have so well begun, and to make National Catholic Press Month a turning point in the history of the American Catholic press.

Here are words which his Holiness Pope Benedict cabled through Cardinal Gasparri to Bishop Russell at the time when the Press Department began its operations:

"The Holy Father has learned with much pleasure of the establishment of the National Catholic Press Bureau. His Holiness most cordially extends the Apostolic Blessing to the service you have inaugurated to improve the Catholic papers of the United States. The work of the American Catholic papers has been most praiseworthy. They have been an effective auxiliary to the pulpit in spreading the Faith. The credit to which they are entitled is enhanced by the difficulties they have had to meet. Those who are conducting them will be pleased and heartened by your establishment for their benefit of an efficient press organization in Washington, which also will have representation in the leading capitals of Europe and South America. They are now to have the aid which they so long deserved. As the news standard of Catholic journals is raised, undoubtedly the support given them by the Catholic reading public will be increased. His Holiness invokes goodwill and coöperation from all who will be parties to the worthy work you have undertaken, to the end that it may be fruitful of the good results you seek to achieve for Church and Country."

At Christmas time the Press and Publicity Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council received the following additional message from his Holiness:

"With the utmost satisfaction We take the opportunity of the approaching sweet Christmas time to send Our paternal greetings to the newspapers adherent to the National Catholic Welfare Council of the United States of America, and through them to the faithful, and to the whole American people.

"Well acquainted with the serious purposes of American

Catholics and their devotion towards this Apostolic See, while We send to them Our paternal benediction We express the wish that their activity in the fertile field of the press may bear ever more abundant fruits and, like the Evangelical mustard seed, grow into a strong and mighty tree which, under the shadow of its branches, will gather all the souls thirsting after truth, all the hearts beating for the good."

Pope Benedict is only reiterating the urgent appeals of his great predecessors, Pope Leo XIII. and Pius X., but his appeal is even more urgent because the need is now greater. "In vain will you build churches, give missions and found schools," said Pope Pius X. "All your noble works, all your grand efforts will be destroyed if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic press."

The National Council of Catholic Men and the National Council of Catholic Women, both of which councils are part of the National Catholic Welfare Council, and are the unifying national points of coördination for all our Catholic societies, have volunteered their services for National Catholic Press Month, and will spread the literature of the campaign in every diocese and every parish and mission of the land.

The Bishops are appealing to the clergy of their dioceses to preach sermons on the subject of the Catholic press in as many parishes as possible during the month of March. Hundreds of thousands, possibly millions of copies of pamphlets advertising the movement, will be distributed by the National Councils of Catholic Men and Women, working in coöperation with the Catholic editors and the Catholic societies throughout the country.

Nothing short of the doubling, perhaps even the tripling, of the present circulation of the Catholic press should result from this campaign. But more important yet will be the break up (let us hope for ever!) of the too general state of apathy or indifference on the part of a large proportion of the Catholic public to its press, and the work which the press is doing for the Church. For the Bishops have not only spoken—they have raised a standard and have taken an advanced position on the field of action, and true Catholics cannot, and they will not, desert or fail their divinely appointed leaders.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

BY SAMUEL FOWLE TELFAIR, JR.



N the beginning God." One day, seven years ago, the wise old professor of philosophy at the university read these words and paused. I do not remember now anything else that he said on that occasion because of the overwhelming force of this impression: In the beginning, away back through all the ages, was the Creator, God.

The idea took hold of my growing mind. I was a young, healthy, out-of-doors boy, and my thoughts had never been stirred by any love or hope of God. In the Protestant church to which I had been sent regularly I had felt little about the living Creator. From that day on, I felt the need to be alone to think for long hours at a time. Driving my boat through a storm, I seemed to feel Him near, to be touched by God. As I tramped through the cool, green, haze-veiled mountains, there was God. Out in the midnight blue of starlit nights I wondered and worshipped.

Then, since I thought it the thing to do, I experimented with the important two-thirds of the formula, wine, woman and song, and imagined that I had developed into a cynic. I read Oscar Wilde and the French realists in place of textbooks, and pictured myself a worldly-wise and dashing *roué*. Later, as I studied under the old philosopher, I learned that God was the Spirit of Truth, Goodness and Beauty. I almost learned to think and I loved and desired Beauty. I began to weave wonderful dreams of the future. I was going to be a writer, a genius. I was going to know life and paint it after Maeterlinck, as beautifully but more vigorously. Beauty seemed to be God—but the Trinity was broken. Truth was for Presbyterians and goodness for other Puritans. For me Beauty, clean, straight and unafraid, was the lamp to light the world. By this I meant the beauty of blue eyes under dark hair, of blue, blue skies lighted by a golden moon that made the wheat-fields seem a gilded sea, the glorious mystery of the sun rising

from the ocean in all his panoply of color, the sacred beauty of the death of day seen from a mountain-top, as night came silently on, veiling the dark green hills in silver and mauve and blue. I was a pagan.

To the small university village where I dreamed, philosophized, and was occupied with college activities, the outside world was remote and the European struggle a distant and dismal affair. Then came the day when war was declared. I enlisted at once, and spent all my days in a world of men, raw products of all sorts of homes, being made into soldiers. Thenceforth I saw less of Beauty and more of Humanity, and here I began to see a new principle (my old teacher had spoken much of it, but I had admitted it and thrown it aside), Democracy. I began thinking and living on the old idea of Democracy till it became almost an obsession, this idea of the brotherhood of man, exemplified in a vast army drawn from every class of society.

So the days passed, swift, healthy days with short sleepful nights, days spent with men, studying them and their ways and liking them. I began to feel that we were all brothers, pawns of luck and chance, all imperfectly and hopelessly alike, yet strangely different, and all with impulses and ideas that were fine. I thought then that the great thing in life was service, the ability to help, strengthen and protect these men, to teach them to do these things for themselves. This, I thought, was the ethics of Christ, Who to me was the perfect Philosopher and little more than that except the Man so many peoples had interpreted in divers ways and squabbled over, serving Him by sharp tongues and intolerance. When night came, I thought more vaguely of the old love, Beauty, and less often of Death and God.

Finally, the great day came when we left for the port of embarkation. I was eager and wondering, full of vitality, sentiment, love and hope—the nearest things I had to religion were two ideals, Beauty and Democracy, and such creed as I possessed I had borrowed from a book by H. G. Wells, a creed of the Aristocracy of Spirit: to know no fear, to control passion, to be without jealousy, hypocrisy or prejudice and to be above the littlenesses and meannesses of mediocrity. At reveille, when the sun was opening the eyes of the world, I thought of an old phrase that had charmed me in a German

play: "Open the window. Let God and Light come in," and in the unfolding of the day that seemed enough.

The night before we were to board our transport, I was Officer of the Day, and as I made my rounds a top sergeant told me he was having trouble with his men. They were Catholics and wanted to go to town to see a priest, which was against orders and, according to the sergeant, "d—— foolishness," an opinion with which I agreed. Some of the men came to me, and I saw that they were excited, several nearly frantic. I wondered what sort of Church this was that could count for so much to men. The priest, having been telephoned, arrived, and many men went to him. Most of that night I wondered. I had been introduced to the oldest Christian faith in the world and it was new to me. It was at this point that Catholicism first interested me. A great many of the men in my company, including my own platoon sergeant, were Catholics, and in the thirteen days that followed, I kept wondering about this desire to confess one's sins and the idea of a church being vital to a man. At that time I rather think I was sufficient unto myself.

I had always loved the sea, and from two to four in the afternoon and early morning I stood watch on the maintop with a "gob" for company. The wonder of the sea, with its ever-changing sameness, stirred and lashed by the winds which are the breath of God, the vastness, the infinity of it, seemed absolute, and yet those Catholics had wanted to confess before crossing. I was interested.

On this trip I began a friendship with an Irish first lieutenant, a former Marine, who had lately been transferred to the outfit. Finally, the convoy drew near the green hills of Brittany and into the town of Brest, where we landed.

Not many days after, on the fourteenth of July, the Irish first lieutenant, another "shavetail" and I set out in search of a meal, a café minus the ever-present m. p. before the door, and after a time we came to a twelfth century village. In the meantime we had found many m. p.-less cafés and what was even more wonderful, Bretons who gave you a drink after you had bought a dozen and had toasted *la belle France* several times. In the centre of the town was a beautiful small Gothic church. Murphy suddenly put down his glass and said he must go to church, whereupon Shorty and I accompanied him, and followed when he entered.

Dim lights filtered in through ancient glass windows, on the altar two candles burned, while above shone the red flame of a lamp. Murphy crossed the aisle, bent his knee, and then went to a *prie-dieu* and knelt again to pray. We watched while the people there (mostly Breton peasant women in their curious white head-dresses) entered and left the place so silently. And as they prayed (I imagined for sons and husbands away to the North), it seemed to me that they looked on the face of God. He was there; not the vague transcendent Spirit we had argued over at college, but the Living God. I seemed to have drawn close to something wonderful for the first time, something everlasting, wholly beautiful, that these people believed in while I, curious and ignorant, was as one intruding upon a feast to which I had not been invited. So as Vespers began I withdrew and outside awaited my friend.

On the way back to camp we questioned him. "Christ was on the altar there," he told us. It was a wonderful thing to be a Catholic, most wonderful of all an Irish, Marine, Catholic. I felt a nonentity, and on top of this a French woman asked me if I were Catholic, and on hearing my negative, said then I would surely go to hell, "*certainement!*"

We entrained for a village in Haute-Marne, near the ancient city of Langres, and in this little place, built around its time-worn stone church, I began to see the simple life of the French peasantry. Each village was a group of houses around a church. Crossroads were marked with crosses and crucifixes. The church was the nucleus of the community, the Christ a constant remembrance, and life was constantly touched by this influence, around which it moved.

My interest in Catholicism being now aroused, I began dropping into the little church to see whether I should find the same feeling of faith that I had found in Brittany. The church was an old structure of brownish stone, with no attempt at architecture. The interior was very bare, yet there was something here that I felt even when I first went in to look, something that the poorly colored stations of the Cross, the rather gaudy statues with their cheap beadwork flowers, the lamp that always burned before the altar—something for which these stood, and which the people who came in knew and felt, a spirituality that made the long list posted in the doorway a glorious thing instead of simply a sacrifice, "*pour la Patrie.*"

Naturally, even in these days crowded with drill, afternoons on machine gun range and nights hilariously gay with cheap wines, I began to think of the near future, of the War's eventualities, and of possible death. It did not occur to me to be afraid, but there began to open up in my mind the realization of how much I had missed in development when I had disregarded the spirit. I was hungry and there was no bread of life for me, and so even with the instincts of a healthy savage I longed for faith and belief in the Trinity of God, in the living Son, God and Man, for a connection between my soul and God's infinity.

Very often I dropped into the quiet dimness of the little church, and there on my knees I started to pray—to think of the God I had not been aware of, to ask not for life but for unfaltering courage and strength. Somehow it helped a great deal. I went more often in the early morning and just as night began. In all the six weeks I spent in that village, I went to a service there only once, that was Vespers. It was all so strange, and in the crowd of soldiers and peasants I felt like an outsider, but when I went alone just to pray and think, it seemed that I, too, was one of God's children, come home at last, and that the Christ was for me, too—only I knew so little of Him.

Now I do not wish to convey the impression that all this time I was going about like an ascetic with eyes fixed upward. I believe that those were the happiest days I have ever known, the days of that busy, gold-blue summer filled with wonder and work. Unhappily, this new-found thing that I now know to have been dawning faith did not always keep me faithful to God. I used to go to Him and pour out the confession of my failures and pray for strength, and gradually as I thought and prayed more, they became fewer; and this faith, that I then seemed to be making for myself, deepened and grew.

I was billeted with the young Irishman whom I mentioned before, and I borrowed a prayer book from the old French woman in the house. Between the two of them I acquired some knowledge of the Catholic faith. One day when we were on a "hike," we rested near a cemetery, and on a tombstone I read these words: "*Expecto resurrectionem mortuorum et vitam venturi sæculi*," and the sentence seemed to sum up the Catholic idea of death.

On Sunday the bunkie and I used to walk over the hills

to a neighboring village. Like most villages, when seen from afar, it seemed just a few houses huddled around a steeple. After a good bottle of red Burgundy, we went to Mass for my first time. There were very few people and no choir. A very old man acted as server and made the responses as if he were the whole choir of Heaven. I understood the idea of the service, and even then it stirred me by its beauty and mystery, the wonder of the Sacrifice made anew.

Soon afterwards we moved a few miles away to another village, built on the banks of a dammed-up lake. Drill and range work became more intense and night parties more furiously gay, the world more poignantly beautiful, than from this standpoint it can ever be again. Just a few yards back of our quarters rock cliffs fell a hundred feet to the lake and here in August, as the sun rose or set, the place seemed indescribably beautiful, and as I climbed the steep way to the village at night, with my eyes saturated with loveliness, I came to a little church, where a candle or two and the lamp always burned, and there was always someone there at prayer as I stepped in.

Suddenly we entrained for Rampont, where we marched into the lines. Days passed, terrible, disheartening, exhausting, hungry days—yet sometimes almost exhilarating. Somehow I had a great certainty of God. It seemed that God was light, the living that made life eternal. All through the Argonne I felt this exhilaration, this strong certainty of the presence of God.

Days came, with death and mutilation—horrors. My men were splendid. Some of them were just babies, some whined, but the majority carried on, hungry, cold, mud-covered, exhausted, through the forty-five days under fire. As I moved from machine gun to machine gun, sleeping next to them in fox holes—living with them as they lived, I felt the splendor of such comradeship with men.

One day a corporal, a special favorite of mine, was shot while I was with him and later died in my arms. A vivid sickness came into my heart. I had cared for the others enough, but to see this laughing-eyed boy suddenly made grotesque and hideous seemed to take out my life. As I looked at his eyes, in which a light had lingered as he died, I was given to realize that the soul is immortal and that the lad lived

on free from torture, a fact I have never since doubted. I pray that I shall never forget.

Several days later on the other side of the Meuse a runner brought word that the corporal still lay by the roadside unburied. I gathered six or seven volunteers, and we went back after the day's advance, down along the canal of the Meuse and then across it and the river, through a ruined town, where I picked up a crucifix in a mass of débris. I remembered the inscription I had seen on a tombstone: "*Expecto resurrectionem mortuorum et vitam venturi sæculi.*"

In an afterglow of day, we dug the grave under an old, gnarled apple tree and, wrapping a blanket around our comrade, we laid him to rest and covered him with earth—as we knelt with our helmets off I tried to pray. I didn't know any prayers and only fragments floated in my memory, "ashes to ashes, earth to earth, and dust to dust." Placing the crucifix in the ground at the head of the grave, I said: "'I await the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come.' I commend the soul of Lawrence Parham to Almighty God in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." I felt the want and hunger to believe in these words I had come so casually to know, and as I uttered them I did believe them.

As we turned away I thought it was, after all, what in army parlance would be called "a hell of a funeral," but I was glad that someone that loved the boy laid him away, and on the way back a man told me: "Larry would rather you'd done it than any preacher alive, lieutenant. He said the other day he'd go to hell'n back for you."

So, walking back along the Meuse in the afterglow of the sunset that November day, as shells buzzed overhead and dropped into the water, making geysers as they fell, peace came to me and the words rang in my mind, with a sound of victory, Resurrection and the Life to come for all who slept. I swore to remember always, Resurrection!

When we arrived at the post five men lay dead in the road. And so the weary days dragged on, and the army advanced over hills and through forests, from one ruined village to another, and relief did not come.

Then one morning the rumor came true. At eleven o'clock the firing ceased, and in the château village of Louppy we searched for a house with a roof. Peace! As I walked into

the little church, which for more than four years had been in the hands of the enemy, German dead lay on the floor among débris of stone and glass, yet all around the arched pillars was hung the tricolor of France, and at the left of the altar Jeanne d'Arc, clad in silver armor, held her sword before her, and aloft in her left hand a banner of white with golden *fleur-de-lys* shining upon it.

That night, walking in the park of the château, which sloped its velvet lawns, hedges and ancient cedars down to a little river, I saw the ancient house ablaze with light. Immaculate staff officers dined in stately halls, and down below in the village men sang and a piano jingled a ragtime air. The moon lighted up the shadows of the trees and red, white and blue rockets blazed into a clear sky from the nearby German lines, a starshell flung its magnificent stream of sparks into the air and they sputtered in the clear mirror of the river. A dead doughboy lay across the path. Peace!

The sudden coming of peace found me physically exhausted, drained of vitality and strength, and with my nervous system wrecked by a dose of gas from which I had not recovered, having been too busy to go to the rear for a rest. The result was a terrible reaction and a plunge into a feverish round of pleasures. The sunlight and the memory of the aspirations of past days seemed shut out by visions of the disfigured faces of my friends. I was haunted by the thought of men snatched from life into nothingness. Yet the consciousness that I was hungry, starving for God, kept recurring even amid this darkness.

The company secured good motor equipment, and at slight intervals we would ride away from our desolate, rain-soaked barracks near Verdun to peopled places that catered to our quest for pleasure, and so I came to see many great churches stretching beautiful towers into the sky and visualizing man's ideal to God. In Verdun—the wrecked, fort-belted city of destruction, torn by countless bombardments—there stood the remains of a noble church—with one beautiful painting left untouched and the sky as a canopy to the Tabernacle.

In Châlons, in a wonderful old building with the sun streaming in through its windows, I knelt to pray again, and then I came to a chapel lighted by a magnificent rose window, under which the Christ hung crucified, and as I knelt before

Him, telling Him the secrets of my heart, I knew that He was my sole hope of my saving my life to live it as I had dreamed. "Jesus, Lord, have mercy on me!" In a shop nearby I bought a silver crucifix which I hung on the string with the tags about my neck, and somehow in the long, sleepless nights it helped to feel it hanging on my chest.

At Rheims the great cathedral stretches up its beautiful arms with all the sightless windows that used to color and inflame its prayers. In a way, I cannot imagine it more lovely in its pre-War perfection than it is now, victoriously beautiful with its scars and lustful injuries. It is too magnificent for expression.

In an evacuation hospital near lay a sergeant who had been in my platoon with a side and lung full of shrapnel and a hole in his throat. I stood by his bed while another sergeant read his news from home, and held his dead looking, tallow-colored hands. I asked him: "Is there anything you want, sergeant?" His thin voice ran out to a whisper as he answered: "Lieutenant, I just want to get back on the job," and as he waited for speech to come, he smiled at us, grinning while the nurse dressed his "beautiful" wound. Then he smiled again and whispered: "You won't mind if I go to sleep?" and closed his eyes with his lips still smiling, to sleep forever.

The thought of how these better men slept made me determined to be a Catholic in fact, as I had tried to be in spirit. At last, after a period of moving from place to place, during which life was filled with duties and so-called pleasures and accompanying temptations, we came home and were demobilized. I had lost the great good of having men to care for and think of, and had to begin to live in a world in which I was not at home. There followed a round of gayety, feverish parties, a stir of sentiment over parades, coupled with a paucity of real help for needy soldiers and worse than all, the shuddering necessity of hearing: "It must have been a marvelous experience!" I felt cut loose from life.

Restless days and sleepless nights led me to a seaside resort where, when a life-guard left his job, I qualified, and from then on spent all the daylight hours on the beach or in the water. The ocean at every hour of the day and night—blue under the sun, gray-green in storm, silver under the moon,

or black breaking white beneath a thousand stars—crept into my thoughts, casting its peace over the recollection of war, brought me again to think much of God.

There was only one church on the island, a Catholic chapel. There I went one Sunday morning and found that the Mass stirred something within me, furnished food and drink to some part of me deeper than my troubled mind. One of the chambermaids at the hotel (a girl from Donegal), saw me at church and asked me if I was a Catholic. She lent me a copy of *Faith of Our Fathers*, which I read and studied on the beach in the shade of a life-boat.

I studied and thought a great deal about Catholic doctrine, reading with especial interest of confession and the Blessed Virgin. The former I felt I needed more than anything, and the latter was in accord with the one divine thing I had. I will not dwell on all that my own mother has meant in my life. I have lost much that she gave me, but our love and understanding could never be broken, even "if I were hanged on the highest hill," which line of Kipling's song she put into my heart years ago.

I was still at the seashore and was considering going to the nearby city to see a priest when I was taken ill and went home again. After a few weeks in bed, during which I read a great many Catholic books that were in our library, I went motoring to some mountain resorts—and there one Sunday, in a hotel, I felt a longing to hear Mass, so I found the church and fed my hungry heart on this new, secret desire.

Soon afterwards I went to New York to take up a course dropped three years before at college. It was unsatisfactory. I wanted to go in the army again, which did not suit my parents, so I settled in New York to work in an office, spending days as an amateur bookkeeper in a skyscraper, which seemed a jail to me.

I would go to the Catholic churches to worship, but as life grew full of acquaintanceships and pleasures my resolution to see a priest grew dimmer. The things of the world seemed to crowd out the things of the soul. My physical vitality was low, the old call to write was killed and, confronted with economic conditions of which I had hitherto known nothing, I was naturally spending a good deal more than I earned. It was a hopeless life.

Then came New Year's eve, and the new day. I determined to begin a new and self-reliant life, to live on my own. So, on twenty-five dollars a week, I built an existence, saving a small weekly sum in order to hear good music. I began to go almost daily to the Cathedral to find peace in prayer and before the beautiful *Pieta*. Before this statue I liked to kneel and ask the Christ to have mercy on me, and many times as I knelt there it seemed as if I could see the tortured Body more vividly. I felt that without confession I could not kiss the Sacred Foot, so I would touch the hand each day as I prayed for strength and vitality and asked for mercy.

One afternoon I saw a notice posted up announcing a mission for non-Catholics and I attended the services. There came a night during the week when it seemed, as I started in the direction of the Cathedral, that all the powers of evil in the world were arrayed against me. I had just had an insufficient dinner at a lunch counter, and in my pocket I had barely enough money to last till Saturday. Only too near at hand were the lights and the warmth and the cheer of the great city—within easy reach. Perhaps, if I gave up my threadbare dreams I could reach out and touch the warmth and color, feel intoxication, know pleasure again, forget everything—and desire crept into my mind, old longings of the flesh, passion for life came to me—what did it matter? Should I go in or not?

Summoning all my resolution, I entered the Cathedral. I fell on my knees and asked Christ to drive such thoughts out of my soul. While I knelt there one of the missionaries entered the pulpit and spoke of Christian virility and manhood, and I knew that the time had come to assert mine. The priest was standing at the door as I passed out and I spoke to him, telling him of my desire to be instructed in the Catholic religion and to be received into the Church. For some weeks we worked together, building up in my soul the walls and spires of Catholicity, and I learned of its shrines and quiet places and its fighting armor.

Daily the vision of the Church Triumphant grew in my mind, of the Christ compassionate and all-forgiving through His Church. Back in the school days the great thing was to be free to see the Beauty of life; in the soldier-time the issue was to serve; and afterwards, weakness and mental agony had seemed to leave me nothing to look forward to in life until

this vision of the Church shone before me: God, the Creator, infinite and beautiful, was related to man the imperfect through Christ the Lord God and Man, Who had lived and died perfect and then risen to defeat death forever.

The Catholic Church for years had told this to the world—even I perhaps had heard this—but through her I came to believe. I cannot yet write of the Beauty of the Truth that she defends, of the Goodness she holds and puts into being everywhere. It is hackneyed to tell how the Church gives blood to fight with, how she makes the wretched spirit clean again, and how she gives Light. Back in the Argonne the sun had given me a strength and a surety that there was a God, the dying made me know of eternal life, and yet back in the world of men it was easy to forget, even when I was hungry to believe. And then in all the darkness and doubt there was the Living Vision and, like the German opening the window, the Church let Light and God come in.

And now if we forget, what does it matter to those who sleep beneath the crosses in a far land? The crucifix may not stand on the buddies' graves, but we, through the Church, know forever and await the resurrection.

Then on the Wednesday in Holy Week I was baptized and went to confession. Early the next morning I knelt in St. Stephen's beside two little ragged urchins who had just washed the conventional front of their faces. I watched them as they went to the altar and then I went up myself and received the Blessed Sacrament. For the first time I had gone to the Eternal Feast, and no awkward words of mine can tell the wonder of it.

Easter came, and I heard the Paulist choristers sing their *Alleluias* to the Risen Lord. The Paulist Father spoke of the victory of the Cross, and in my heart there seemed to be a new peace with *In Hoc Signo Vinces* written over it.

Something I felt and shall always feel in the Mass, a glory and strength I shall always have in Communion, and a humility and cleansing confession will always bring me, for somehow it is not merely Catholic theology I have caught hold of, but the vision and realization of a Living Christ whose Feast and Sacrifice are mine until the consummation of time. All this I felt on Easter Sunday, and I feel it with even stronger conviction now.

That afternoon I went to St. Patrick's again. The great organ was playing, pools of colored light lay over the place, a myriad candles burned, flowers over-scented the air, and crowds of people wandered about or lingered in prayer before the altars. I found my favorite spot behind the High Altar, where the suffering Christ lay in His Mother's arms, and there I prayed. When I finished I leaned and kissed the Master's foot. And this is the beginning, not the end of my story.

ASPIRATION.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

LET us paint Life as a picture-book
Of far-off, dim, forgotten things,
Whose pages flame with Chivalry
Of deeds that cloaked the-dreams of kings.

Wealth choked our souls with gall and dust—
Grown blind, we groped down starless ways;
Our ears were deaf to the Fairies' bells,
We lost the pattern of the ancient days.

O, we shall gather the lamps anew,
And bruise our feet to the topmost spire,
Where Truth smiles down, and the years are notes
That blend in a symphony of fire.

We shall come back!
Ev'n now our eyes redrink the dawn
Through fragrant halls where Duty goes;
Once more shall Beauty warm our hearts
In Love's immortal wedding-clothes.

We shall build lives that heavenward tower,
And proudly cry: "God is our friend!"
We shall make songs as pure as prayers
Unto the end.

LESLIE MOORE: ARTIST-NOVELIST.

BY EDWARD F. CARRIGAN, S.J.



SIGNIFICANT, indeed, is the number of writers who have served their apprenticeship to letters by handling an artist's brush or a draughtsman's pencil. Thackeray, we know, while making caricatures was unconsciously preparing himself to be a writer of novels; and it was at the end of his career as a cartoonist when George du Maurier gave the world his *Trilby*. Similarly, De Morgan found the transition from one art to the other a natural progression: he successively gave up painting pictures and designing stained glass to win a high reputation as a potter. Then, all of a sudden, at the age of sixty-seven, he set out and made a new and wider reputation as a writer. There is no doubt that Stevenson's studies in engineering, and Thomas Hardy's in ecclesiastical architecture were the real foundations upon which were built their success as novelists. Hopkinson Smith affords another illustration of literature's debt to art: like Rossetti, he achieved positive success as an artist and as a writer.

To art, too, are we indebted for Booth Tarkington. We have the author's definite confession as to the originating suggestion of his delightful romance, *Monsieur Beaucaire*. "I had been doing some pictures," he says, "for a little magazine that failed, and after the failure I still had two or three sketches left over. One of these I picked up one night on my desk. It represented a little man in a peruke sitting disconsolately at a table, while in front of him stood a big, tall man in a uniform that I concluded was English. The little man looked to me like a Frenchman, and the other one was big enough to be a Duke. So I began to write around the sketch, and the result was *Monsieur Beaucaire*."

There is also a legend—we do not know how true—that when Gilbert K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc were insignificant young men starting to grub their way in London journalism, they made a compact whereby the latter was to write books and the former to draw pictures for them. The legend may not be true; but we know that the pictures for *Emmanuel*

Burden and *The Green Overcoat* were drawn by Mr. Chesterton, and that Mr. Belloc has been quite successful as illustrator of some of his own books. Likewise, W. B. Yeats, Robert Chambers and Robert Cortes Holliday were all initiated to letters by the palette and brush. Another instance of the same fact is the English artist-novelist, Miss Leslie Moore.

Leslie Moore was born at Shrewsbury in Shropshire. Much of her childhood was spent at Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth, where her father, Colonel Edward Henry Moore, was attached to the Royal Marine Artillery; but upon his retirement from service, the family went to live at Bideford in Devon. Her painting she inherits from her father, who, though untaught, at one time sketched quite charmingly. With Sir Hubert Herkomer Miss Moore studied oil portrait painting, and miniature painting with Mr. Alfred Praga and Mr. Alyn Williams, and has exhibited at the Academy, the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, and at the Society of Miniaturists, of which last Society she was made a member. In the field of mural decoration she has also done some work: the description of the mural paintings uncovered by Corin Elmore in *The Wiser Folly*, is really of some paintings Miss Moore uncovered and restored in a pre-Reformation church at Martley in Worcester. It was while pursuing her painting studies at Bushey that Miss Moore first began writing. A little story called "Jack's Dance" was sent to *Pearson's Weekly*. It was accepted, and more was asked for.

After finishing her training, the young artist went to visit friends in South Africa, where she did miniature painting and gathered material for future literary work. Upon her return to England, six months later, she wrote a children's book, *The Happy League*, which Wells, Gardner & Company published. That was her first published book, and she tells us she was proud of it. At this time Miss Moore belonged to an Essay Club and wrote fanciful stories for it. These were well received by the other club members, but they said in their criticisms it was the only kind of work the author could do; so to prove the contrary, she wrote a rather strong two-act play, which they criticized very favorably, and suggested it would make a good novel. The author was fired to try her hand at that, wrote it as a novel, sent it to a publisher, and it was accepted in a fortnight. That was *The Cloak of Convention*, of

which Miss Moore says she is not a bit proud, nor particularly so of her next book, *The Notch in the Stick*. Then came *Aunt Olive in Bohemia*; and Leslie Moore had now embarked on a career as a writer of books.

Like many others who have contributed to our Catholic literature, Miss Moore is a convert. "All my life," she tells us, "from the time I was quite a small child, I have been instinctively drawn to the Church, though knowing nothing of it." Not, however, till September 30, 1913, was she received into the Church by Father Best at the Brompton Oratory in London. *The Peacock Feather* was written during the time she had made up her mind fully to ask admission into the Church, and is pervaded by a Catholic atmosphere. The story is frankly romantic—not the sheer romance of Stanley Weyman nor of the authors of the popular Graustark and Zenda stories, but more in the order of *Monsieur Beaucaire*: the mere mention of Henry Harland's *The Cardinal's Snuff Box* will indicate the class and its character. *The Peacock Feather* is the story of a young man who, having successfully shielded a friend in a case of forgery, endures imprisonment in his stead. Disowned by his father and renounced by his fiancée, he takes to the open road, with a penny whistle, a Chaucer, a peacock feather in his cap, and the manuscript of a novel, which when published wins for its author the praise of great critics, and eventually the heart of a high-born lady. A death-bed confession puts a stop to Peter's wanderings; and father and son are reconciled. The elements of the story, it is true, are conventional, but its telling is decidedly individual. It has the charm and delicacy of fine spun gossamer, shot through with color that seems to have been softened by age to the unobtrusive but splendid richness which one sees in old tapestries. There is a short passage which may be applied to it and its author:

It's in its style, its finish, its—its texture that the charm and beauty of it lie. . . . It is a modern book, yet with all the delicacy, the refinement, the porcelain-air of the old school. For all that the scenes are laid mainly in the open, and are, as I said, quite modern; it breathes an old-world grace, a kind of powder-and-patches charm, which makes one feel that the writer must have imbibed the finish, the courtesy of the old school from his cradle, as if it must have come to him as a birthright, an inheritance.

A quaint mediæval romance is Miss Moore's next book, *The Jester*. Delightfully written though it is, the tale suffers by comparison with the romance that preceded it. It is not so well constructed as *The Peacock Feather*, and the allegorical vein running through it is too marked to be generally popular.

Next in order of publication is another thoroughly companionable romance, *The Wiser Folly*. The same easy, refreshing and poetic style, the same rare and delicious humor, light and joyous as a truant sunbeam, and the same graceful fancy that gave charm to her previous books here reappear. Again, the theme is an old one, but Miss Moore has succeeded in dressing it in elegance for the delight of new audiences. Delancey Castle in England, which "breathes the very essence of romance and bygone forgotten days," is the centre about which the story moves. At the time of the story, Lady Mary, whom Father Maloney calls a "wonderful woman," is holding the estate for her young grandson, when a descendant from an older branch of the family appears and presents his claim. With the influence that led the American claimant to forfeit his right to the estate, the story proper is concerned, and demonstrates Miss Moore's power of interesting a reader. Situation follows situation with a quickness and naturalness which do not suffer the interest to flag. One is in no great doubt as to the termination, yet quite curious to know the successive turns; and this, we take it, is a tribute to the skill of the narrator.

Antony Gray—Gardener follows *The Wiser Folly*. It has a quiet, stingless humor, clever dialogue, deft love-making, good characterization, lyrically poetic atmosphere and delightful description of the English countryside. Quite original is this tale of a remarkable heritage. A sudden whim puts into the mind of Nicholas Danver the desire to see his last will and testament in operation. With the assistance of a friend, Doctor Hilary, he becomes officially dead, and his heir, Antony Gray, is called to England from South Africa. The conditions of the will are somewhat unusual: the heir must live on the estate for a year as an under-gardener; he must take the name of Michael Field, and neither directly or indirectly must he acquaint anyone whomsoever with the fact that it was a pseudonym; he would be paid one pound sterling

per week and should use no income or capital of his own during the said year, nor receive any help or money from friends. Fulfillment of these conditions is made more difficult for Antony Gray by the unexpected appearance in the neighborhood of the woman he loves. Misunderstandings, of course, arise, but at the crisis of affairs Nicholas Danver comes forward from his retirement, and all ends happily with marriage bells in prospect.

Someone has said that the very acme of art is so close to nature that it sometimes is mistaken for no art at all. This seems to be the case with *The Desired Haven* which, so far, is Miss Moore's strongest and best work.¹ The absolute simplicity of the story is so remarkable that its art may be missed by some superficial and unobservant readers. Written somewhat in the style usually associated with Jane Austen, it sparkles with humor and is rich in sympathy and tenderness. *The Desired Haven* tells the story of Philippa Lester, and tells it well. The author divides her story into three books: "The Child," "The Girl," and "The Woman," showing a master hand in the rare and difficult art of creating a character which grows and develops under her pen. Philippa is a first-rate piece of character-drawing, entirely different from the heroine we usually meet in the contemporary novel; in her purity, delicacy and refinement she takes us back to old-fashioned fiction. She is a person of whose creation any novelist in the history of fiction might be proud.

To enumerate Miss Moore's other successes in character delineation would take too long, but mention must be made of Peter Carden in *The Peacock Feather*, and Muriel Lancing, "an inscrutable mixture of child, woman of the world, and elfin;" of Trix and "Tibby" in *Antony Gray—Gardener*; of Rosamund in *The Wiser Folly*, and John Mortimer and Corin Elmore, "painter, poet, musician, theosophist and fortune-teller; in short, dabbler in the arts and the occult sciences;" and of Great Aunt Sarah Jane in *The Desired Heaven*, whom one has only to know to love. The priest character, too, in each of these novels is lovingly drawn, and the artistic glimpses the writer gives of pastoral activities cannot but win outsiders to recognize the Catholic claim to truth and beauty.

¹ Her latest novel, *The Greenway*, has just been published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York City. \$2.25.

Though sounded openly and resonantly, the Catholic note in Miss Moore's novels never obtrudes; the beauty of Catholic life unfettered by dispute, is shown in such a manner as to strike a responsive chord in every heart. Delightful, indeed, is the deftness with which the novelist introduces points of Catholic doctrine. In *The Peacock Feather*, for example, Peter finding himself in a cottage supposed to be haunted, writes to a Catholic friend, whom he had heard speak of Masses for souls in Purgatory, and asks for aid. After which he becomes conscious of a change of atmosphere in the cottage. "A repose, a peace, hitherto foreign seemed to have descended upon it. . . . Of course, it might have been pure fancy, but Peter did not think it was." In the same book confidence and perseverance in prayer are frequently hinted at. Muriel Lancing, through whom the happy union of the lovers is brought about, is a girl who prays. Father O'Sullivan's answer to her request for prayers is exceptionally good:

And it's a Mass with the intention of things coming right you want me to say, when all the time you're feeling sure they can't. . . . And if I'm going to say it that way myself, what kind of faith do you think I'm going to have in it? . . . Faith, my child, is not asking God for bushels and setting out a pint measure to catch them in. . . .

Similarly in *Antony Gray—Gardener*, Trix Devereaux, worrying for the Duchessa, realizes that telling our dear Lord all about it will be the best way to help her. Anne Sherstone, in *The Desired Haven*, and Elizabeth Darcy, in *The Wiser Folly*, can also flash forth with interesting Catholic doctrine. Particularly well done are Elizabeth's explanation to David of the Hidden Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, and Anne's answer to the suggestion that a priest's position is a remunerative one:

Have you any idea, I wonder, what the remuneration is? Do you realize that the majority of priests have merely the bare necessities of life? That in exchange of this bare sustenance they give up everything that most men value—the sweet intimacy of home life for loneliness, their time for themselves to the needs of others, their own will for obedience to those set over them? A royal exchange from the world's standpoint, isn't it?

More marked than in any of her other novels is the Catholic note in *The Desired Haven*. Philippa, from her childhood, seems to be instinctively drawn to the Catholic Church. It all began when, with her Great Aunt Sarah Jane and a Catholic friend, Mrs. Tremayne, she visited a convent and was shown the chapel by the Reverend Mother.

A strange force gripped Philippa's heart, an awe, a wonder. What it was, what it meant Philippa did not know; yet standing awestruck, something was urging her to her knees. The Reverend Mother and Mrs. Tremayne had both knelt momentarily. Could not, might not she? Strange reasoning of a child's heart. It was their church, it was not hers. She had no right to kneel. Great Aunt Sarah Jane was stiff and upright. Awe in her heart also, had Philippa but known it. What was it? What did it all mean? Her eyes, dark, dilated, were fixed upon the altar. She was trembling, and yet she was not frightened. A sob rose in her throat. They were turning from the chapel. Again Mrs. Tremayne and the Reverend Mother had knelt.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Tremayne. Great Aunt Sarah Jane was ahead with the Reverend Mother.

"I—I wanted to kneel down."

"Kneel then, my dear," she said.

And so for a moment Philippa knelt, her eyes towards the altar. Again, what was it, and what did it all mean? The call of that Voice which long years ago had said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me?" Who knows?

As time goes on, many incidents, which intensify her interest in the Church, come into Philippa's life: conversations with her Uncle Timothy Standish, who at times wished he had been born a Catholic; the discovery of *The Dream of Gerontius* with subsequent explanations by Father O'Grady; hours spent in the little gray Norman church at Yorkshire, where she sometimes "pictured brown-robed monks sitting in choir stalls, fancied she heard them chanting the Magnificat."

A strange half inarticulate regret would stir in her heart that the old chants and praises no longer echoed among the arches; a half inarticulate longing that the old faith preached within the walls were still the faith of England. The longing became one with the childish desire, still at times finding an echo in her heart, that she had been born a Catholic.

Again as a mature woman, when oppressed by mental anguish, she finds peace in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament at the Beaufort Street Chapel. By the prayers of Anne Sherstone and converse with Father Viner her difficulties vanish, and Philippa is received into the Church. It may interest the reader of *The Desired Haven* to know that the mental aspect of Philippa is drawn absolutely from Miss Moore's own life.

As would be naturally expected from an artist-novelist, Miss Moore excels in description. Many beautiful atmospheric vignettes show an eye trained to observe and a pen well skilled to report the vision. These pictures show not merely an unerring selection of details, but the instinct for the specific word—the one word that is always better than its synonym; they are the work of a practiced hand that knows the delicate secret of not too much. Observe this charming faculty in the opening lines of *The Peacock Feather*:

It was sunset.

The sea, which all day long had lain blue and sparkling, was changing slowly to a warm gray shot with moving purple and gold. The sky flamed crimson and amber. But gradually the vivid warmth sank and faded; day slowly withdrew into the soft embrace of night, and a blue-gray mantle covered sea and sky and land. One by one the stars shone forth till overhead the mantle was thickly powdered with their twinkling eyes.

Away across the water the gleam from the lantern of a lightship appeared at intervals, while every now and then a stronger flash from a distant lighthouse lit up the darkness. It flung its rays broadcast, across the water, across the land, bringing into startling prominence a great mass of buildings standing on the top of the cliffs.

In his essay "On Buying Books," John Ayscough shows clearly the position of the Catholic novelist. "There is no doubt," he observes, "that Catholic novelists would obtain far larger audiences if they were content to write what may be called non-Catholic novels; and the laborer in the field of fiction is as worthy of his hire as any other worker. But they are willing to forego larger hire that their work may be in a special corner of the great field of letters. In other words, they

are content with restricted payment of their toil in order that they may help in the supply of a Catholic literature of fiction. Nor is their self-denial merely in the matter of pecuniary rewards; every writer desires to have as many readers as possible, and most writers find that the wider their audience is, the greater is the stimulus to good writing. A novelist labeled in the public estimation as Catholic, must be content to know that ninety-nine out of every hundred novel-readers in England will abstain from putting his or her books upon their library-list. It does seem, therefore, that Catholic novel-writers have some right to complain if they find themselves also unsupported, or very weakly supported, by Catholic novel-readers."

It is, then, the duty of every Catholic, according to his capabilities and opportunities, to promote and encourage in himself and in others the use of Catholic literature. This does not mean that we should praise a book beyond what it deserves, merely because it is Catholic; that would be wrong and absurd. But we should be ready to recognize merit, and not wait until outsiders discover it for us. Too often Catholic writers receive their best and widest appreciation from those to whom their faith and ideals are most alien. Let this not be said of Miss Leslie Moore. May the charm of her novels find recognition among Catholics, and may they have the wide reading their artistry deserves.

THE SIX WOUNDS.

BY FRANCIS CARLIN.

THE Clay of Christ, impassive now,
Still wears the wounds upon Its brow,
Within the hands and feet and side,
And Love's deep Wound of which He died.

Mystic souls on earth may see
The many scars, but only She
Whom Love with Love has crucified
May know the Wound of which He died.

THE CAREER OF ST. PATRICK.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.



THE coming of Patrick to Ireland marks the greatest of all Irish epochs. Of all most momentous happenings in Irish history, this seemingly simple one had the most extraordinary, most far-reaching effect. It changed the face of the nation, and utterly changed the nation's destiny. The coming of Patrick may be said to have affected not Ireland alone, but the world.

Patrick first came to Ireland—as a captive—in the year 389 in the reign of Niall. It was forty-three years later, in the year 432, the reign of Laoghaire, that he came upon the mission which was so miraculously to change the Island's destiny.

In the period of Patrick's coming the great Roman Empire was crumbling, while Ireland with fleets on the sea and armies in foreign lands, had reached the pinnacle of her political power—a time that would seem the least propitious for winning men to the meek and abnegatory doctrines of Christ. Yet was it, in His own mysterious way, God's chosen time for sending His chosen man.

There is endless dispute as to where exactly was the birth-place of Patrick, which, in his Confession, he appears to tell us was in Bannaven of Taberniæ.¹ Many authorities hold that it was near Dumbarton, in the most northern Roman province of Celtic Britain. Others hold that it was in the Celtic province of Brittany in France. In his Confession are pieces of internal evidence that sustain either theory. The fact that St. Martin of Tours was his maternal uncle is one of the strong points in favor of his Continental origin. His father, Calporn, held municipal office in the Romanized town (of Britain or Brittany) which was his native place—was a Decurion, a kind of magistrate, there. His mother Conchessa, was a niece of St. Martin. He himself was christened Succat, signifying "clever in war."

¹ Though strictly speaking the only assurance to be found in that sentence of the Confession is that he was there taken captive.

Wherever he was born, it seems to have been from Britany, from the home of his mother's parents, where he was visiting, that at the age of sixteen he was taken captive, with his two sisters, Darerca and Lupida. It was in a raid made by the men who sailed on a fleet of King Niall, says Keating. They were borne to Ireland, and his sisters said to have been placed in Muirthomne (Louth) while he was sold to an Antrim chieftain, named Miliuc, who set him herding his flocks in the valley of the Braid, around the foot of the mountain, Sliabh Mis.²

His occupation as a herd upon a mountainside was fine probation for the holy career that was to be Patrick's. He confesses in his biography that in his wayward youth at home, he had forgotten God, and from Him wandered into the ways of sin. Alone with his herd upon Sliabh Mis during the day and the night, the months and the seasons, his spirituality was reawakened. And God guided his feet to the path of duty again. "I was always careful," he says, in the affecting picture which he paints of the herdboy's wonderful days on the mountains, "to lead my flocks to pasture, and have prayed fervently. The love and fear of God more and more inflamed my heart; my faith enlarged, my spirit augmented, so that I said a hundred prayers by day and almost as many by night. I arose before day in the snow, in the frost, and the rain, yet I received no harm, nor was I affected with slothfulness. For then the spirit of God was warm within me."

Thus he spent seven years in human slavery, working out with God his spiritual freedom. And his human freedom followed. In a dream that came to him he was told to travel to the seashore at a certain place two hundred miles distant, where he would find a ship on which he would make his escape. He found the ship, and was taken on board—after first getting a refusal and being turned away by the captain—and in the seventh year of his captivity he sailed away from Ireland.

And, be it noted, that the Irish land he had entered as a foreigner, he now left as an Irishman. For, as he was destined to give a new faith and new soul to Ireland, Ireland had given a new faith and new soul to him. In his seven years' slavery, the Irish tongue had become his tongue, and his spirit

² One of his biographers, Frebus, says that it was into the country of Tirawley, in Mayo, that Patrick was sold—and on the mountain of Croagh Patrick herded his flocks.

was the Irish spirit, which at that impressionable age he had imbibed. So, to make him truly one of the people to whom he was to carry God's word, God had wisely permitted his slave service among them during the very six or seven years in which men's characters are stamped with the qualities of those amongst whom they move.

A three days' voyage brought Patrick to the land from which he had been carried captive—after which a trying and distressing journey of twenty-eight days through deserts and wilds, brought him to his home, where the lost one was welcomed with great rejoicing. Yet, though his people resolved never to let him from their sight again, and though it gladdened him to be with his kin, his heart could find no peace for thinking of the country and the people that had grown into his soul, and had become his. There were centred the thoughts of the day, the dreams of the night.

At length he had a vivid night vision: "And there I saw a vision during the night, a man coming from the west; his name was Victoricus, and had with him many letters; he gave me one to read, and in the beginning of it was a voice from Ireland. I then thought it to be the voice of the inhabitants of Focluit wood, adjoining the western sea; they appeared to cry out in one voice, saying: 'Come to us, O holy youth, and walk among us.' With this I was feelingly touched, and could read no longer: I then awoke."

After this, he could not rest inactive. He must prepare himself for the task of carrying the Gospel of Christ to the people of his heart. And despite the tears and entreaties of his relatives, he bade good-bye to them and home, and traveled away to study for the ministry.

A tantalizing vagueness settled over the history of his Continental travels in search of learning and ordination. And very many conflicting accounts of his travels and studies are given. In 396 he is said to have entered the monastery of Marmoutiers near Tours, a foundation of his uncle, St. Martin. Here he remained till Martin's death, which occurred, some say in 397, some in 402. And here St. Martin gave him the monastic habit and the clerical tonsure. Some (doubtful) accounts show him studying next (in 403) with the students of St. John of Lateran in Rome. He visited and sojourned in many holy places, and studied under many holy men—in monas-

teries and in hermitages, in Italy and in Mediterranean islands. He is said to have spent many years in a monastery on the Isle of Lerins, under St. Honoratus and St. Maximus. Afterward, many years seem to have been spent at Auxerre under St. Germanus, the Bishop, a man of great culture as well as piety.

In the year 430 St. Patrick turned up at Auxerre again, his age being now thirty-eight. He had long sought to be commissioned to Ireland. At this time again, backed by the influence of Germanus, he preferred his request to Rome—but was refused because Palladius had then been sent. When finally came the news of the failure and of the death of Palladius, Patrick journeyed to Rome, to Pope Celestine, carrying with him a letter from Germanus. Celestine now granted his request, and consecrated him Archbishop³ for the Irish mission. Also twenty priests and deacons were ordained to be his companions in the undertaking.

Celestine also conferred upon him his new name, the title of Patricius—an ancient name or title of the highest honor among the Romans.

Then the desire of his life being crowned, he, at the age of sixty, with buoyant soul and gladdened heart, amid his rejoicing company, set forward from Rome upon his momentous mission. On his way he stopped with Germanus, who presented him with vestments, chalices, and books, and gave him advice and blessing.

He reached Ireland in 432 in the fourth year of the reign of Laoghaire, son of Niall, High-King. He is said to have first landed near Vartry in the County Wicklow—at about the same place at which Palladius, before him, had arrived.⁴ There he preached and baptized and, like Palladius, was driven out. He sailed northward, and into Strangford Loch in Down, where landing, he was again attacked. Dichu, a chieftain of the Dal Fiatachs, taking Patrick and his company to be a band of British pirates, descended upon them. But Dichu was so struck with respect and veneration when Patrick

³ This may be but the guess of a biographer. Some accounts say that en route to Ireland, a Gaulish bishop, Amator, consecrated him bishop. Germanus, also, is credited with having consecrated him, and changed his name from Succat to Magonius.

⁴ As Palladius was also named Patrick, several of the lifetime events of the two Patricks seem to have got confused. It is quite possible, even probable, this accounts for the supposed first landing of our Patrick in Wicklow, and his preaching there.

faced him that he lowered his arms, hearkened to the words of the apostle, and finally, with his family, was baptized. Patrick afterwards built a church on this spot, commemorating his first conversion in the North. The place has since been called Sabhall Padraic—or corruptly, Saul.

But Patrick craved to bring to Christ his old master, Miliuc. Forth then he fared toward the country of his captivity, and the house of his master. But Miliuc is said to have grown furious when intelligence was brought him that Succat, his former slave, was journeying thence, bent on converting him to a new faith—and that the new faith's appeal, voiced by Succat, no man could resist. Rather than submit the determined old pagan set fire to his house, and immolated himself in the flames.

When Patrick arrived and found what had happened, and that his old master had removed himself from the reach of Christ, he is said to have shed floods of tears. He wended his way back to the territory of Lecale where he had first landed, and there did successful missionary work, converting and baptizing Dichu's people. And having ordained priests for them, he sailed again southward, and landed at the mouth of the Boyne—with intention of proceeding to the court of the High-King, Laoghair, at Tara. He left his nephew, Luman, with some sailors in charge, in the boat, while he traveled inland—toward royal Court.

On his journey to Tara he won the love and the faith of a little lad—Benin—who was destined to shine as the brightest and greatest of his disciples. This sweet-voiced boy became Patrick's psalmist. Later, in Armagh, he became Patrick's coadjutor. And, finally, he heired and worthily filled Patrick's primatial chair in Armagh, and headed the School of Armagh, as well as ruled the Church. And to the learned Benin (Benignus) is now attributed, by many scholars, the authorship of the great and valuable ancient Irish book, *The Book of Rights*.⁵

On the eve of Easter, Patrick's party encamped at Slaine, on the left bank of the Boyne, opposite to and in sight of Tara, and Patrick lighted in front of his tent, a fire which was visible at the king's court. It was a gross violation of royal and ancient order that on this eve any fire should be lighted before

⁵ Others hold that Benin only re-wrote and revised this important work, which, they say, was compiled by Cormac MacArt, two hundred years earlier.

the court Druids should light their sacred fire upon the royal Rath. Accordingly, when Laoghaire's astounded court beheld in the distance the blazing of Patrick's fire before the Druid fire had yet been lit, great was their consternation and high and hot their wrath.

"What audacious miscreant," demanded the king, "has dared to do this outrage?" The Druids answered him that it was indeed the Tailcenn of the old prophecy, come to supersede his rule, and their rule, in Erin. "Moreover," they said, "unless the fire on yonder hill be extinguished this very night, it shall never more be extinguished in Erin. It will outshine all fires that we light, and he who lit it will conquer us all: he will overthrow you, and his kingdom overthrow your kingdom: he will make your subjects his, and rule over them all forever."

Then King Laoghaire, a splendidly determined old pagan, of like nature with Miliuc, angrily demanded that the transgressor should be dragged before him, with all the other foreign intruders who were supporting him. Patrick's camp was raided by Laoghaire's soldiers, and he and his companions ordered to march to Tara.

An old tradition has it that, as, on Easter morning, the missionaries proceeded in processional order, toward the king's court, they chanted the sacred *Lorica*, called the *Faed Fiada*, or *Deer's Cry*, specially composed by Patrick for their protection. It is said that as the minions of the Druids lay in ambush to intercept and kill them, they saw not Patrick and his companions pass, but only a harmless herd of gentle deer, a doe followed by her twenty fawns. Hence the hymn's title, the *Faed Fiada*—the *Deer's Cry*. And through all the centuries since, the *Faed Fiada*—which many old authorities pronounce to be Patrick's own work, and the first hymn written in Gaelic—has been used by the Irish race as a *lorica* for protection:

I bind me today,
God's might to direct me,
God's power to protect me,
God's wisdom for learning,
God's eye for discerning,
God's ear for my hearing,
God's word for my clearing.

God's hand for my cover,
God's path to pass over,
God's buckler to guard me,
God's army to ward me,

Against snares of the devil,
Against vice's temptation,
Against wrong's inclination,
Against men who plot evil,
Anear or afar, with many or few.

Christ near,
Christ here,
Christ be with me,
Christ beneath me,
Christ within me,
Christ behind me,
Christ be o'er me,
Christ before me.

Christ in the left and the right,
Christ hither and thither,
Christ in the sight,
Of each eye that shall seek me,
In each ear that shall hear,
In each mouth that shall speak me—
Christ not the less
In each heart I address.
I bind me today on the Triune—I call,
With faith in the Trinity—Unity—God over all.^o

And having been carried safe by the Lord through the ambushes prepared for them, Patrick led his host into the king's presence, chanting: "Let them that will, trust in chariots and horses, but we walk in the name of the Lord."

In the presence of king and court, Patrick was first confronted with the Druids, who, it was hoped, would quickly confound him. But matching his miracles against their magic, he showed to all that his powers far transcended theirs. He dispelled a darkness, which they, by their magical powers, had produced, but were powerless to dissipate. "They can bring darkness," he significantly said, "but cannot bring light." He preached Christ to the assembly, and won to his Master the queen and several prominent members of the court.

^o This, Dr. Sigerson's rendering of the hymn, is in the same measure, metre, and rhythm of the original.

And, though Laoghaire's pagan faith was unshaken, he was so far won by the man Patrick that he gave him the freedom of his realm to preach the new faith where and to whom he would.⁷

Patrick's next great preaching was to the vast assembly of the men of Erin, who had gathered at the Fair of Tailte. Though at these national fairs the multitude always anticipated hearing and seeing many wonderful things—scholars, historians and poets of their own nation addressing them, sometimes scholars and travelers from far countries, as well as, always, foreign merchants bringing rare merchandise—the Fair of Tailte at the Lammas of 432 furnished to the expectant multitude a rare sensation. When they beheld the procession of foreign clerics, all clad in strange garments, and headed by a beautiful and venerable man, arrive chanting strange new chants, there surely was startling commotion. Astonishing must have been the crush, and vast the crowd, of the tens and hundreds of thousands of fair-goers who now pushed and pressed to get nearer sight of this wonderful procession of chanting strangers—to learn who they were and whence, and what was their object in Erin.

And when the venerable leader addressed the seething crowds, telling them that he was the ambassador of the King of the world's kings, describing to them his King's kingdom, telling them of the infinite love of his King for all of them, of His sending His own Son as His messenger to mankind, of the beauty and goodness, meekness, and loveableness of that Son, and then of His sufferings, His torture and death, at the hands of those whom he came to invite to the enjoyment of His Father's kingdom—how the bearded warrior throngs, and even the eager youths there, must have been impressed, inspired, fired, and melted; how the wild ones must have felt themselves tamed; and the haughty humbled; and the scornful sweetened; and the strenuous soothed; as eventually the mightily moved multitude—including a Prince, Conal, son of

⁷ Laoghaire died a pagan—killed by lightning. The Leinstermen had defeated him in the battle of Athgara, and taken him prisoner, at a time when he had gone to demand from them the Boru Tribute. They compelled him to take oath, by the sun, moon and stars, that he would never again demand the tribute. But he broke his oath and went against them once more. Then heaven's lightning, it is said, visited vengeance on him for the breaking of the oath. He was buried in one of the old pagan fashions—in standing attitude, fully accoutered, and facing Leinster and his enemies.

Niall, whose heart was there reached by the grace of God—bowed for the Tailcenn's blessings.

The next year was spent preaching throughout Meath and Leinster. He went into the province of Connaught in 434. On his way he visited the Plain of Magh Slecht, where stood the great idol, Crom Cruach, before which, in the ancient time, Tighernmas and his worshipping thousands had been slain by Heaven—and threw down this idol, along with the twelve others that stood around it. He met and converted King Laoghaire's two beautiful daughters, Ethni the Fair and Fedelm the Ruddy, who were at the Connaught Palace of Cruachan, under the tuition of the two Druids, Mal and Cop-lait.

On top of the mountain of Croagh Patrick in Connaught, he spent the forty days of Lent, watching and fasting and praying. And the tradition goes as recorded by the monk, Jocelin, that it was from this mountain top he commanded all the serpents and venomous things in Ireland, driving them into the ocean, and ridding Ireland of all viperous things forever.⁸ The Saint at length reached the Wood of Focluit, dear to his memory—reached it at the time of a great assemblage of people, and there preaching to those children of Focluit Wood, whose cries he had heard in his dream, he converted, it is told, the seven sons of the Chieftain, Prince Amalgaid, and twelve thousand people.

In 441, after seven years in Connaught, he proceeded by the narrow way between Benbulbin and the sea, into Ulster, where he spent four years traveling, preaching, baptizing and church-building. After that he preached through Leinster—on the way to which, the Dubliners, it is said, came out in crowds to meet him. And then on through Munster. At royal Cashel in Munster, he converted the King, Aongus. Twelve sons and twelve daughters of the heroic Aongus were consecrated to God. Aongus ordered that henceforth a capitation tax from his people should be paid to St. Patrick and to his successors in Armagh. It was paid every third year by the kings of Munster, down to the time of Cormac MacCullanan in the tenth century.

Patrick convened a Synod at Cashel, where he met his

⁸ Some centuries before, Solinus, the Roman writer, recorded that there were no snakes in Ireland—which belies the honored tradition. The tradition, however, persists, and will always persist in the popular belief.

southern rivals, SS. Ailbe, Declan, Ciaran and Ibar, and after much argument got their obedience. Ibar was the most obstinate, and last to yield. For he was unwilling, says an account, that any one but a native of Ireland should be acknowledged the ecclesiastical patron of the country. After completing his work in Munster the Saint returned north again through Leinster into Ulster, where he was to spend six years more, visiting the churches, organizing congregations, and ordaining priests.

He then founded Armagh—where was to be his See. The Hill of Armagh on which he founded his Archiepiscopal city was given him by Daire, the chief of that district. Here he built the Archiepiscopal residence, the church, the monastery, and the school. He made it the primatial city of the island. But, through the work and the fame of the great schools which were to develop there, it was to become within a few centuries—to quote words of a great Continental scholar (Darmesteter)—“not only the ecclesiastical capital of Ireland, but the capital of civilization.” His favorite disciple, Benignus (Benin), the herdboyc, he put into his See of Armagh, to administer it for him, while he spent these years of his old age for the most part in tranquillity, sometimes in Armagh and sometimes in his first church of Saball.

In all likelihood it was during these tranquil years when now his hardest work was over, that Patrick directed the compilation of the laws known as the *Senchus Mor*. He got the lawgivers to lay before him all the old laws, and, to codify and purge them, called into council upon them three kings, three bishops, three Ollams, and they got a poet “to throw a thread of poetry around them.” Now also, probably, he wrote his famous Confession, and possibly also during this period his second most famous work, his Epistle to Coroticus—works which after fourteen hundred years, still live—and will live.⁹ They were written in the rather poor Latin of which Patrick was master, the provincial Latin of the Roman provinces. For, as he humbly stated again and again, he was not of the very learned, and he was profusely apologetic for his temerity in writing what would be read and criticized by the really learned ones, his contemporaries.

⁹ These, his works, were preserved in the ancient Book of Armagh, into which they were copied by the scribe, Ferdomnach, about the year 810—there, too, copied, as Ferdomnach states from the manuscript in Patrick's own handwriting.

"I, Patrick, the sinner, unlearned, no doubt," he humbly begins his Coroticus Epistle to Coroticus, a British prince, who, making a raid into Ireland, slaughtered many there, and carried off with him many captives—among them some of Patrick's newly baptized children of the Church. "With mine own hand," he says, "have I written and composed these words, to be given and handed to, and sent to, the soldiers of Coroticus." "On the day following that on which the newly baptized, in white array, were anointed with the chrism, it was still gleaming on their foreheads, while they were cruelly butchered and slaughtered with the sword."

In this intense document Patrick first gives utterance to that cry against British oppression which the agonizing heart of Ireland has echoed every year, of the past seven hundred and fifty years: "Is it a crime," he cries out, "to be born in Ireland? Have not we the same God as ye have?" He boldly demands return of the captives, and mercilessly castigates the tyrant who sacrilegiously carried them off.

But, of course, Patrick's *magnum opus*, which will live forever, is his Confession. To others, fathers of the Faith, he had been calumniated. One whom he had held to be a dear friend turned disloyal to him and endeavored to injure him in the eyes of these, his brethren. The Confession was written for the purpose of defending himself against the false charges. Timidly, and with characteristic humility, but still with a great calm, he opens this famous document:

"I, Patrick, a sinner, the most rustic and the least of all the faithful, and in the estimation of very many deemed contemptible, at the time I was barely sixteen years of age, I knew not the true God; and I was led to Ireland in captivity with many thousand persons according to our deserts, for we turned away from God and kept not His commandments. . . . And there the Lord opened the understanding of my unbelief so that at length I might recall to mind my sins and be converted with all my heart to the Lord, my God, Who hath regarded my humility and taken pity on my youth and my ignorance, and kept watch over me before I knew Him, and before I had discretion, and could distinguish between good and evil; and He protected me and consoled me as a father does his son."

The part of the Confession which many authorities adduce

as testimony that Patrick, with his moderate learning, found himself in Ireland among very learned ones and great critics, is this:

“For this reason I have long been thinking of writing, but up to the present I hesitated; for I feared lest I should transgress against the tongue of men, seeing that I am not learned like others, who in the best style therefore have drunk in both laws and sacred letters in equal perfection; and who from their infancy never changed their mother tongue; but were rather making it always more perfect.

“My speech, however, and my style were changed into the tongue of the stranger, as can easily be perceived in the flavor of my writings how I am trained and instructed in languages, for as the wise man saith: ‘By the tongue wisdom will be discerned and understanding, and knowledge, and learning of the truth.’”

Out of some later sentence in the Confession is taken apparent substantiation of Britain’s claim on his nativity where he says:

“Wherefore, however, I might have been willing to leave them, and go into the *Brittaniæ*, as to my country and relatives, and not only so, but also to the *Galliæ*, to visit my brethren.” And: “Again after a few years I was in the *Brittaniæ* with my parents.”

This evidence, while colorable, is far from being positive, in favor of his British birth. For one thing, Brittany may well have been called one of the *Brittaniæ*—which it was: and in the next place, even if he referred to Britain proper, it does not follow that because his family, of which the father was a Roman official, was then in that particular province of the Roman Empire, he and his had been there at the time of Patrick’s birth.

The Confession testifies to idol worship in Ireland, where it says: “Whence Ireland, which never had the knowledge of God, but up to the present always adored idols and things unclean—how are they now made a people of the Lord, and are called the children of God? The sons of the Scots and the daughters of their chieftains are seen to become monks and virgins of Christ.”

We hear again his humility—and also a hint of the accusations made against him—in the following extracts:

"And behind my back they were talking among themselves and kept saying: 'Why does he expose himself to danger amongst enemies who know not God?' Not for malice sake, but because they did not approve it, as I myself can testify, and understand, on account of my rusticity. . . . But though I be rude in all things, still I have tried to some extent to keep watch over myself. . . . Or when the Lord ordained clergy everywhere by my mediocrity, and I gave them my ministrations gratis, did I ask from any of them so much as the price of a sandal. Tell it against me and I shall restore you more.

"... I, poor and wretched, even should I wish for wealth, I have it not, nor do I judge myself, for daily I expect either a violent death or slavery, or the occurrence of some such calamity. But I fear none of these things on account of the promises of Heaven! I have cast myself into the hands of the Almighty God, for He rules everything. As the prophet sayeth: 'Cast thy cares upon the Lord, and He Himself will sustain them.' . . . Lo, again and again, I shall in brief set out the words of my Confession. I testify in truth and in the joy of my heart before God and His holy angels that I never had any motive except the Gospel and its promises in ever returning to that nation from which I had previously with difficulty made my escape."

And the final paragraph of the great Confession from which these few excerpts are taken:

"But I pray those who believe and fear God, whosoever will have deigned to look on this writing which Patrick, the sinner and unlearned, no doubt, wrote in Ireland, that no one shall ever say it was my ignorance (did it), that I have done God's will; but think ye, and let it be most firmly believed that it was the gift of God. And this is my Confession before I die."

This powerfully appealing, and magnificently simple, document breathes in its every line the rare fragrance of a great and sincere, meek, and beautiful heart, reverently bowed down in the palpable presence of God. The faultiness of the language in which it was originally written fails to mar this precious piece of the old world's literature. Patrick's Confession is a great picture of a great soul, painted by one who,

scorning to give art one thought, was a great natural artist.¹⁰

After a full life, rich with great labors greatly done, and by Christ crowned with success, thrice blessed by seeing the fruit ripen from the seed he sowed, Patrick passed away, at Down, in about the year 460—leaving behind him a grief-stricken people who had made this man one of their own, and learned to love him almost to the point of worship. The twelve days of his wake are known as *Laithi na Caointe*, the Days of Lamentation, when a whole nation whom he had brought to Christ, bewailed the most mournful loss a nation had ever known.

Thus passed away one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, that Ireland ever knew, or ever will know—still more, one of the dominant personalities of world history, whose influence will end only with the final running out of the sands of Time. What Confucius was to the Oriental, Moses to the Israelite, Mohammed to the Arab, Patrick was to the Gaelic race. And the name and the power of those other great ones will not out-live the name and the power of our apostle.

One of the secrets of the wonderful power he has wielded over the Irish, and one of the secrets of his world-popularity was the rare combination in him of the spiritual with the human. Among saints, Patrick is eminently saintly, and very, very human among human beings. His shining virtues make him kin of the angels, while his human frailties—Celtic frail-

¹⁰Another work of Patrick's which is lost, is referred to by his biographer, Tirechan, under the title of *Commemmoratio Laborum*.

In the noted work, *The Book of Rights*, ascribed to his disciple, Benignus, is found the Blessing of St. Patrick, which some think is one of Patrick's poems:

"The Blessing of God upon you all,
Men of Erin, sons, women,
And daughters; prince-blessing,
Meal-blessing, blessing of long-life,
Health blessing, blessing of excellence,
Eternal-blessing, heaven blessing,
Cloud-blessing, sea-blessing,
Fruit-blessing, land blessing,
Crop-blessing, dew-blessing,
Blessing of elements, blessing of valor,
Blessing of dexterity, blessing of glory,
Blessing of deeds, blessing of honor,
Blessing of happiness be upon you all,
Laics, clerics, while I command
The blessing of the men of Heaven;
It is my bequest, as it is a Perpetual Blessing."

ities—his passionateness, his impetuosity, his torrential anger against tyrants, his teeming fierceness against sinners in high place, his biting scathe and burning scorn, made men feel that he was a brother to all men—especially to all Irishmen. More surely did these qualities win the Irish Celt when they found in him combined the terror of a warrior with the tenderness of a woman; the ferocity of a tiger, with the gentleness of a lamb. The same Patrick who had tenderly lifted on his shoulders and carried to safety the fawn of Armagh Hill, later thundered denunciations at the plundering, murdering Coroticus and his men—"fellow-citizens of demons," "slaves of hell," "dead while they live," "patricides, fratricides, ravening wolves, eating up the people of the Lord-like breadstuffs!" It was only a man of such terrible passion, and such ineffable tenderness who could have gained, as quickly as Patrick did, complete moral ascendancy over the Irish nation—so amazingly compelling their allegiance, obedience, faith, belief, and trust, as in one generation to work that wondrous change which called forth the testimony by the old poet (put into the mouth of the returned Caoilte): "There was a demon at the butt of every grass-blade in Erin, before thy advent; but at the butt of every grass-blade in Erin today there is an Angel."

And that Caoilte's figure of speech finds its justification in the historical records of those days we shall admit, when we contrast the two widely differing natures of the Irish people, who, before Patrick, were carrying the ruthless law of the sword far over sea and land, and that very different Irish people, who, after Patrick, left the conquering sword to be eaten by rust while they went far and wide again over sea and land, bearing now to the nations—both neighboring and far off—the healing balm of Christ's gentle words.

An unquenchable burning desire for bringing souls to Christ was the passion of Patrick's life. And he pursued his passion with an unremitting perseverance, with a greatness of mind and a grandeur of soul that has infrequently been paralleled in missionary annals, and seldom surpassed.

And this singularly great man was, as we have seen, steeped in humility: "I was a stone, sunk in the mire till He Who is powerful came, and in His mercy raised me up."

It is of interest to note that the traditions of Patrick which linger down the ages represent him not merely as a saint,

lawgiver, statesman, and a brother of the common people, but ever, also, as an admirer of the literary men, scholars, and poets of the nation, and an ardent lover of their profane literature.

In recent times several ingenious people have demonstrated apparently to their own complete satisfaction that Patrick was a Protestant, a Methodist, a Presbyterian, a Baptist—a Jew even—almost everything except what he was—and that he founded in Ireland an independent church which they call the Celtic Church. These absurd contentions are set at rest—if they needed setting at rest—by the Canon of St. Patrick, preserved in the old Book of Armagh—which was finished by the scribe Ferdomnach in 807—a Canon which, those very learned Protestant Irish scholars, Usher and Whitley Stokes, accept as proof of his Roman authority and affiliation.¹¹ “Moreover, if any case should arise of extreme difficulty, and beyond the knowledge of all the judges of the nations of the Scots, it is to be duly referred to the chair of the Archbishop of the Gaedhil, that is to say, of Patrick, and the jurisdiction of this bishop (of Armagh). But if such a case as aforesaid, of a matter at issue, cannot be easily disposed of (by him), with his counselors in that (investigation) we have decreed that it be sent to the apostolic seat, that is to say, to the chair of the Apostle Peter, having the authority of the city of Rome.

“These are the persons who decreed concerning this matter, viz.: Auxilius, Patrick, Secundinus and Benignus. But after the death of St. Patrick his disciples carefully wrote out his books.”

¹¹ Even if, by straining of the imagination, we should suppose this document to be forged by Ferdomnach—without any conceivable reason for forging it then—it shows that, at the time Ferdomnach wrote it, the See of Armagh, the centre of the Church in Ireland, was subordinate to the Pontiff.

Again within the century after Patrick, we find the great Columbanus, when submitting to Pope Gregory the question of his dispute with the Gaulist ecclesiastics, saying: “We Irish . . . are bound to the Chair of Peter.”

MARAGH OF THE SILENT VALLEY.

BY MARY FOSTER.



THE high road led straight up from the sea through the fertile valley which climbed up into the moorland and was transformed into black, rocky country where the stern mountains crept close to each other above the narrowing road. Here, a rough track led up into the hills, and wound round precipitous rocks from which the fertile valley below and the distant blue sea were hidden.

Looking ahead, it seemed as though the pathway must end abruptly against a wall of rock, but it slipped through unexpected turnings, winding upward and onward until, round a sudden bend, the Silent Valley was disclosed to view.

The valley—well named Silent.

It was a wide space, sheltered on all sides by the great rugged mountains with their barren sides and beautiful curved outlines, smooth and rugged, pointed and undulating. No bird sang, no human voice rose on the air. Only the plaintive bleating of the mountain sheep broke the stillness; and from far below the listening ear could detect the murmur of the river, which had hollowed itself out a deep bed. Not a tree grew, no vegetation flourished save the rough mountain grass upon which the sheep grazed, and the glorious heather and aromatic bog-myrtle.

Mystery brooded about the Valley, it had a haunted air in utter abandonment and silence, in the midst of the quiet giant mountains, who surely kept many of earth's secrets in their impenetrable bosoms.

Yet one would grow to love the place, beautiful in its wild solitude, changeful in its very changelessness. Through the hidden windings of the Valley, the mist noiselessly floated in, covering everything with a damp, snowy pall; or it lay lightly upon the mountain tops, letting the sunlight play in the Valley beneath.

At other times, it came flying in from the sea, leaving the heights in the sunlight and enveloping the Valley in its

treacherous white haze, lying about for days, perhaps, until the west wind drew it out to sea again, or a storm from the north howlingly dispersed it to the four quarters of the earth.

Shadows fell fleetingly upon the mountains, and the sun lingered lovingly upon the heather, regretting, no doubt, that his daily visit to the guarded Valley was so brief.

Tucked in a corner of Slieve Bronach, and sheltered by it from the harsh north wind, stood a tiny cottage. It seemed part of its barren surroundings, so gray were its rough walls. The small potato patch which lay in front of the cabin just lent a faint touch of brighter green to the bareness, but the brown tilled earth of the little square of oats was indistinguishable from the heather and the turf.

Slieve Bronach had taken the humble home under his care, and he frowned across at Slieve Gillian, which rose abruptly near by.

Between the two peaks, and close to the cottage, there lay a mountain tarn of unfathomable depth—Lough Shawm, around whose shores hung countless legends. A curiously white gravel strand surrounded the water, which was brackish and undrinkable, but a limpid little stream trickled down Slieve Bronach's rugged side and lost itself in the tarn, its gurgling murmur hushed suddenly in the lake's deep silence, and its bubbling flow swallowed silently in the black waters of Lough Shawm.

The little cottage got all the sunshine of the short days, but no rays played upon the black surface of Lough Shawm. It was ever in shadow, for Slieve Gillian's lofty shoulder jealously screened its waters from the light. Thus they were gloomy and black, and intensely cold.

John Rooney had lived in the Valley all his life, and loved it dearly. He cared for the sheep, year in and year out—the great flocks that grazed all over the mountains, and he knew each sheep as well as he knew every sheep track about for miles. He had taken his wife from the great bog over the other side of Slieve Bronach, and as she, too, was a child of the mountains, she would not have been happy save in their midst.

And her children had known no other home. Her boys were grown up, and had ceased their irregular attendance at the queer little mountain school which lay a couple of miles

beyond where Slieve Ronan raised its rocky summit on the other side of the great torrent. And Maragh, her one girl, would soon be a woman.

She was a lovely child, with curling hair, brown, save where the sun had kissed it and made it gold. Her Irish gray eyes looked out of a round, dainty face which was tanned to a healthy red brown, and she moved with the artless grace of one who has always been clothed with freedom. The short, dark skirt she wore showed bare feet which had never known shoes, and a three cornered shawl did duty for both coat and hat. Her life had been spent in the Silent Valley, under the watchful mountains. She had never been away from their guardianship.

Across Slieve Ronan's shoulder, she trudged weekly with her parents to the chapel on Knock Garvagh's breast, near which stood the school she had attended fitfully with her brothers. Simple mountain folk from the neighboring valleys heard their Sunday Mass at Garvagh Chapel, and welcomed the priest from the fruitful valley far, far away, whence he came to spend a few hours weekly with his mountain flock.

From the chapel door one had a bird's eye view of the valley, which led to the sea. Maragh would stand and gaze at it after Mass, at the green countryside between the mountains where it broadened out to the far away sea. She could just see the great high road which lay like a thread through the cultivated land, and she gazed with interested wonder at the little white dots which denoted the dwellings of those whom she had never seen. Rich farmers, her father had told her with some contempt in his voice, not mountain folk like themselves. They traded with the "town" on the seashore, they even sent their cattle and grain across the seas to other countries. There was much "stirrin'" about those parts, John Rooney would add—he, who had once or twice been down the long, high road to the "town," where lived the priest, and where all the farmers met on fair days.

But Rooney could not see that it was better there than here in the Silent Valley where one seemed to live so very close to God.

Maragh loved to follow her father when he went after the sheep across the mountains. As a tiny child she had pattered beside him, hanging on to one of the wise sheep dogs, Laddie

or Lassie, when her sturdy little legs grew weary. She learned to know the sheep as her father did, she learned to give orders to the dogs as he did and to utter the weird mountain call which carried far further than a whistle in the silence of the Valley.

She loved to go to the lough, too, and gaze at her own reflection in its black, sullen waters; and to wonder and wonder what mystery lay under their surface. But most of all, she loved to run through the heather and bog-myrtle down to where the river flowed in the bottom of the Valley. Here they gathered the turf for their fire, and here Michael Lavery, who lived round Slieve Ronan's side in the valley of the Carrick-cruse, drove his donkey to cut the turf.

She had always loved Michael, and had run to him whenever he had appeared with his long spade, and he took her in his arms and set her upon his old gray donkey between the turf baskets. There she sat as happily as a queen. At first, the donkey had seemed a giant, and her perch upon his back perilously high, and she felt brave sitting there. Then, as she grew taller, it seemed as if the beast grew smaller, until Maragh's pretty head had to bend to kiss the rough gray nose. Then she grew too big to sit on his back at all, so she squatted upon a tussock of heather, and talked to Michael or helped him to load the baskets.

Then her feeling for him changed as she grew older, and love for the handsome son of the mountains, who looked at her so steadfastly and so lovingly, stole into her heart. A shyness came over her, and the happy, familiar intercourse was at an end. Maragh took her walks elsewhere, and the meetings were fewer. When Michael came to pay a visit to the Rooney's cottage, Maragh was always out.

Her feet began to turn in another direction. They sought the track which wound through the mountains, until, with a sharp bend, it faced the wide cultivated valley and descended steeply and tortuously to the distant threadlike road.

Maragh never went farther than this corner. She never attempted to set foot upon the steep descent, but from her lofty perch she would gaze and gaze at what she thought was the great world lying at her feet. Surely this must be the whole of God's great earth that she saw before her, so wide and smiling, so sunny a valley, so many homesteads dotted about. It

looked so fair and so lovely. Long after the sun had left the Silent Valley, he lingered here to play hide-and-seek through the clouds, and to beam upon the snug little farms, and he kissed the green corn golden there, long before he coaxed the yellow to appear in the little patch of oats near her home.

She could see in the dim distance a green wood, and she wondered what the trees were like and if they grew as tall as she was, or if they were like the moss which grew in the Silent Valley, which, she was told, the "good people" used for their beds. From the elevation upon which she stood, everything looked very flat except the towering mountains, but it was not to them her eyes turned, it was to the alluring valley at their feet.

When the wind blew towards her it brought strange sounds upon its wing, sounds from the wonderful life below—the barking of dogs, the bleating of sheep, and once when the wind was high, the sound of human voices was wafted to her listening ears. It was like a wordless message to her from the great world, and she thrilled at the sound.

Maragh always turned back unwillingly; the narrow track grew darker and darker as she followed its windings, and when she entered the Silent Valley all was gloomy and still.

The two sheep dogs looked wistfully after her as she set off on her solitary walks, her father followed his sheep along, casting a questioning glance at her before he went. But he said nothing. The Northerner is a man of few words, and but a poor hand at expressing emotion. So Maragh went her way, and her mother's eyes followed her anxiously, for the old woman thought she saw a change coming over her girl.

And Michael Lavery lingered in the bog, cutting his turf very slowly, but no one came to greet him; and since he had discovered his love for Maragh, he was shy about calling at her house. But one day, as he was walking near the tarn, he descried her figure in the distance, walking up the steep mountain track. It was a beautiful early autumn day. The sun was high in the heavens, riding across his empire of blue, beaming upon the world beneath him. The heather was brilliant, all the soft shades blending into one glorious glow of purple. Even the mountains seemed to revel in the sunshine, and the faintest ripple played across the gloomy waters of Lough Shawm.

Michael turned towards the track, and very slowly he began to mount its steepness. He felt he could bear his suspense no longer, he must follow Maragh and ask her if she would have him, if she could love him.

He came upon her at the top of the path. She was gazing so earnestly at the fertile valley beneath her that she had not heard his step, and she gave a great start as he spoke her name. She looked so pretty, so fresh and childlike and so desirable that the man's self-control gave way.

"Och, Maragh, girl," he burst out, "I can't live without ye."

Her gray eyes dilated as she looked at him, and the warm blood rushed to her brown cheeks. Then her eyes turned back to the valley and grew dreamy and wistful.

"Wud ye take me over then?" she asked, scarcely knowing what she was saying.

He put a rough hand on her shoulder.

"God knows I'd take ye annywheres so be ye'd come wid me. Och, Maragh!"

She looked at him again and her eyes softened wonderfully.

"Oh, Michael, haven't we allus loved each other?" she murmured, creeping closer to him. "An' if I had ye till meself, I cud do widout then, I'm thinkin', an' ye'd take the disthressful feelin' aff me breast."

She turned her back to the valley, and held out her hands to him.

"Help me, Michael. I'm not a good girl, mebbe, an' there's likely manny a bettther wan ye cud pick—but, och, I love ye!"

They went back to the cottage an engaged couple. Mrs. Rooney shed happy tears over them, and John coughed gruffly several times, which was all the expression of pleasure he was capable of giving vent to.

But Maragh did not seem to be entirely happy. Her solitude was still very precious to her, and her lonely walks continued. The mountain track lured her to its summit, and from there her gray eyes gazed over the valley, wondering, wondering about the great unknown world. A restlessness came over her, and the demon of discontent, which she had looked to Michael to exorcise, took possession of her more than ever. She surprised her mother by frequent bursts of irritation which often ended in silly, unmeaning tears.

The old people and Michael concluded that the sooner the marriage took place, the better. Maragh agreed eagerly, and the wedding was fixed for six weeks ahead.

One Sunday, Maragh came back from Mass with quite an excited face. Her mother had not been well and had been unable to go, and as Maragh came into the kitchen, she cried out:

"Oh, ma, who d'ye think was in chapel today? 'Twas Maggie Doran from the village below! Have ye iver heard tell of her? She's Pat Doran's girl, him as owns the grand farm where the mountain sthreet joins the road beyant. My! but she's a grand girl! and her wid the finest of dresses, ma, blue an' red an' wid a real coat, no shawl—an' the loveliest hat iver ye saw!"

"What call had she to be comin' till the chapel at all?" inquired Mrs. Rooney. "Sure, the Dorans, I mind who ye mean, has allus gone till the chapel below in the town."

"Ay, but Maggie fell out wid the leddy as sings high. She sings in the choir, ma, an' they were rude till her below, an' she's come here, an' is allus goin' to. An' oh, Ma! she sang the music lovely! an' all the wee girls was turnin' of their heads to see the sthrange voice. Oh, but it was grand! An' she talked till me afther, ma, outside the chapel door, an' there she had the lovely blue an' red cart dhrawn be the beautifullest donkey iver ye saw. She tould me they had a grand horse in their stable forbye, but that she cudn't be takin' him up the wee roads here. She asked me me name, an' whin I tould her, she said she knew all about us Rooneys, an' that we bid for to be great friends. An' she—"

"Ye'd no call to git talkin' wid the likes of her," interposed old John unexpectedly. "She's too mighty fine for us. She'll stick notions intill yer head, she will."

"Oh, but da, she's so good. She did put a three penny piece intill the plate, for I saw her, an' whin they bid for to give her change she wouldn't take it aff thim. An' she said her beads twict round durin' the sermon an' her lips moved the whole time, they did. An' she says I bid for to go down an' see her in her bewtiful house," the girl added in awestruck tones. "An' that she bid to come an' see me, an' she tould me heaps of things, she did."

Old Rooney shook his head, and put his pipe far into his

mouth as though to prevent himself from speaking. But his wife looked kindly at her child.

"If so be she's a good girl I don't know that I've annything to say against yer takin' up wid her," she said quietly. "Sure, a girl friend 'ud likely be good for the child, father," she went on, turning to her husband. "Mebbe we've brought her up too lonesome like, an' her the only girl. She bid to meet wid other folks whin she's Michael Lavery's wife, an' he livin' in the valley behind where there's a grand wee town only fower mile beyant. Mebbe—mebbe— But, daughter, dear, ye've no call for the grand clothes an' the hat. I mek no doubt she had the boots till her feet—they're mighty fine in the valley, I've allus heard tell. But ye're rared mountain born, ye are, an' ye'll niver have the want for thim onneedful things."

Maragh looked at her mother with shining eyes. She had scarcely attended to what had been said, she only knew that this wonderful girl whom she had seen and spoken to that day was going to be her friend—and a wonderful link with the wonderful outside world.

She smiled into her mother's weather-beaten face, then she drew her shawl over her head and slipped out of the cottage.

"I doubt 'twill make her wuss," remarked John, when she had gone. "'Twill make her oncontented wid us, mother."

But Mrs. Rooney shook her head cheerfully.

"'Twill stir her up, John. She's all for the dhreams, an' her soon to be a wife. Let is make her happy, father, 'tis so long since she sthruke her mind on annything. Be the help of God 'twill put the sinse intill her head that I can't git there. Ye've no call for to be worrittin', John, 'tis wimmin worrits, but they know best."

Rooney put his pipe back into his mouth.

"Ay, the wimmin knows best for sure," he grunted, "whin they has the concarns 'bout wimmin."

Mrs. Rooney heard plenty about Maggie in the next fortnight. It was always: "Maggie says this," and "Maggie says that." It happened that a Mission was going on in the parish, and the mountain chapel-of-ease got its share of the extra services, so the two girls saw a good deal of each other. Maggie Doran liked to patronize. She had had several ardent friendships with most of the girls in her neighborhood, but

she had ended by quarreling with them all. Now she found a girl entirely to her taste in Maragh, a simple girl who admired her genuinely. Maggie found it very pleasant, and she liked making a show of being kind to the girl, that the neighbors might praise her condescension towards such a humble person.

She used to walk half way back from the chapel with Maragh, just to where the mountain path led into the Silent Valley, and once or twice she met her new friend at the top of the steep track which communicated between her valley and Maragh's.

She had wonderful things to relate of the great world in which she lived, the wide fertile land where the mountains were softly undulating instead of rough and rugged as they were in the Silent Valley. She told of the life in the "town," which lay three miles down the straight high road from her home. She described the shops and the grand people who walked about the streets, who all wore hats and coats and boots.

"No shawls or bare feet in *our* town," she remarked once in a superior tone which made poor Maragh look down shamefacedly at her threadbare shawl and bare, tanned feet.

"Ye're too good for this ould place," Maggie had said upon another occasion, as they stood together at the entrance to the Silent Valley. They had walked from the summit of the track and had just left the broad country in which Maggie's home lay, bathed in the last golden rays of the setting sun, and the Silent Valley seemed very dark and gloomy by contrast.

"You should come down to our place an' see somethin' of the world, instead of bein' cooped up here yer life long. I'd eat me heart out if I had to stay in a place like then. Ye'd like the folks over below, Maragh, they'd 'livin' ye up, faith, they wud, an' take the dhramin' look out of yer eyes. Ye don't bid for to live here always," she added slyly. "Wait till somewan wid an eye till his head comes along, an' ye'll not be here manny weeks."

Maragh drooped her head. She had told her friend that she was engaged to Michael Lavery, but Maggie had laughed as if it were an amusing piece of hysterical sentiment, and had told her friend that she, too, had gone through that stage.

Mrs. Rooney made no remarks upon her daughter's

changed conversation until the girl announced one day that she wanted to put her marriage off for a while.

"I'm over young," was the girl's excuse, "an' Maggie says as the happiest time of a girl's life is whin she's engaged to be married."

"I don't hould wid long waitin's," her mother objected, and she glanced over at where Michael Lavery sat quietly in a corner, listening rather ruefully to what was being said.

He shrugged his shoulders upon being appealed to.

"Let the gal have her way," he said, "widout she's not for keepin' me waitin' on her too long."

He was a bit of a fatalist; besides, he was far too fond of Maragh to thwart her in any way. He looked at her rather wistfully as he bade her goodnight, but his rugged face relaxed into happy smiles as she put an arm round his neck and kissed him, telling him that he was patient and kindly.

He spoilt her dreadfully.

When the Mission was over, Maggie brought her friend down to her own home to spend the day.

Maragh had never been outside her Valley before, and the country was something wonderful to her. She looked with breathless awe at the trees and the wild flowers, and she set foot upon the high road with a feeling of pleasurable excitement. She gazed at the white-washed cottages, and listened to the voices which rose from the farms. To her, it seemed as though life were a veritable turmoil here. Children trotted about, and wherever the eye fell, it rested upon some dwelling. Maragh shut her eyes for a moment, and called to mind her home Valley, with its brooding silence and its bareness, unbroken by any sign of human habitation.

And then, the Doran's house! The wonderful white-washed kitchen upon whose walls hung pictures, not only such as adorned her own home—colored oleographs bought at the Missions. Here there were real photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Doran and their eight children, of an American cousin, and a "friend" simpering beside her young man. There was also the portrait of a young gentleman whose name Maggie did not mention, but whose likeness produced a conscious tittering and coy looks on the part of Miss Doran.

Outside there were the cows and pigs and poultry, the donkey and a rawboned ancient horse; and Maragh's eyes

opened wider and wider at all these wonders. She had never beheld either a cow or a pig, and though Michael's donkey was called a "wee horse," the animal that occupied a corner of the shed here seemed very different from her old friend of the bog.

They had a grand tea with sweet cakes, which Maggie had bought in the "town," and Maragh ate them with respect for that reason. There were new-laid eggs and cheese and ham, besides large quantities of jam; and the stranger marveled at the generous fare.

After the meal was over, Paddy Doran, the eldest son, played the concertina, and one or two of the neighbors dropped in and danced. It seemed that wonders would never cease. Maragh gazed spellbound, her best green shawl fallen back from her pretty brown head, her red lips parted eagerly, and her eyes sparkling from over-flushed cheeks.

"Ye'll have to come again soon," said fat, old Mrs. Doran when it was time for the girl to go, and Pat and Maggie and a young neighbor prepared to see her half way home.

Maggie left her brother to escort their guest, and she and the other young man went on ahead, keeping up a flow of ceaseless laughter and loud chaffing.

But Maragh walked very silently beside Pat Doran. Something very wonderful had happened to her today. She had seen the great world, and something within her had rushed out to meet the pleasure, and the old restless longing had returned to her breast intensified a hundred fold.

From that day, Maragh was a changed girl. The demon of unrest had taken possession of her. The old life would do her no more, the little home was too small for her, her wings would fain soar higher than the confines of the guarded Silent Valley. And because she saw no escape, she wearied her heart out in misery, and lived only for the meetings with Maggie who came from the glorious life in the little world beneath her.

When first she appeared at home in a hat Maggie had given her, her father fired up angrily and bid her take it off. The girl rebelled, and there were some bitter words in the little kitchen which had never beheld any ungentler scene than a childish quarrel. She took off the offending head-gear in the end, but she hid it carefully away with an old pair of shoes and stockings that had also come from Maggie.

Now that it was too late, the parents tried to stop the

friendship between the two girls, but Maragh could always find means of slipping out. Michael Lavery tried pathetically to woo her back to his side, but they had all spoilt her too much in happier days, and she had grown headstrong and obstinate. Discord reigned in the little cabin, where hitherto love alone had dwelt, and bitter looks took the place of smiles. The little home had grown very sad.

An autumn storm had broken over the Valley one day in late October, and the wind moaned drearily round the cabin. The sea mist was flying in between the mountains, covering everything with its white, impenetrable pall. It was dark and dreary in the Rooney's kitchen when Maragh came in. John was smoking a pipe before he went out with the dogs, and his wife was straining her eyes over a piece of mending, trying to catch the last of the fading light from the small window.

The girl sat down listlessly, her empty hands on her knee, her gray eyes staring absently into the fire, and Rooney suddenly grew angry at the sight of his idle daughter.

"Ye should be helpin' of yer ma, in place of sittin' lazily there," he broke out. "A great stirk of a girl as ye are, no help till annywan, spendin' of yer days away over beyant colloquing wid a girl as isn't fit company for anny decent sowl. Ye'll bid to quit yer ways, daughter, or—or I'll not have ye here."

The man's temper had risen as he spoke, the pent up anger over which he had been brooding for the past few weeks found an outlet at last, and he bade his wife be silent when she gently reproved him.

"I'll say me say," he continued, taking his pipe out of his mouth and waving it about. "She's a worthless girl, an' we've both got her spoilt enthirely, but I'll spoil her no more! She'll take her share in the work, she'll bid to quit thon walks an' meetings wid thon worthless Doran, ay, an' she'll bid to larn to be a dutiful child an' a good wife till the man what's far too good for her."

He paused and spat into the fire.

Maragh had risen, and was standing before him, her eyes shining queerly.

"Faith, ye've no call for to be sendin' of me aff," she said, "'tis I'm goin'. I came in to tell ye. There's a fine situation a-waitin' me in a fine city beyant. I'm goin' wid Maggie, she's fixed for us both. We're weary of livin' the lonesome lives

shut in from everything as we are, away from the great world where things is fine and bewtiful an' there's people as *lives*, in place of the dullness we call life here. Ay, I'm goin'."

Rooney rose slowly, and looked at her thoughtfully.

"Ye're a fool!" he said, more quietly, however, for her angry words had somehow calmed him, though he did not believe that she spoke seriously. "Ye jist git out an' think it over for a spell, an' ye'll find I'm right."

He re-filled and lighted his pipe, and whistled to the dogs. Laddie rose at once to follow him, but Lassie blinked her eyes at him and put her muzzle into Maragh's hand. Rooney went out.

"I'll be back afore dark," he called over his shoulder.

Mrs. Rooney looked at her daughter's face yearningly.

"He's a bit put out, is yer da," she began tentatively, "an' does not mean all he says, same as you don't. Sure we all takes our turn at times and does be vi'lent whin we've no call to give tongue till the bad words. Sure, Maragh, wid the boys away an' arnin', ye are all we have left, an' we'd be loth to part wid ye, child. Ye cudn't go for to lave us, ye didn't mind what ye said."

Maragh shook her head silently, and her mother saw the gleam of tears in the gray eyes. She put out her arms lovingly and enfolded the girl to her breast.

"There, me heart," she whispered, as she released the unresponsive form from her embrace. "Make up the fire, there's a good child, an' sit the kettle on while I take a run out till the clothes on the heather below. I doubt but there's rain comin'."

"I'll take a turn meself jist now," Maragh replied, in her usual tones, as she busied herself about the fire. "Lassie will come wid me. I'll not be for anny supper, ma. I'll go till me bed quiet, so don't be comin' intill me room. I'll be thinkin', an' would like to be let alone."

"An' there's no bad feelin' between yer da an' you?" asked Mrs. Rooney anxiously, from the door.

The girl shook her head slowly.

"Sure?" the mother insisted wistfully.

"Oh, no, ma. Sure ye're both me father an' mother. I've no call for to quarrel wid yez."

The older woman left the house, and Maragh watched her

till she was quite out of sight in the mist. Then she ran to a corner of the room, sprang upon a chair and felt along a shelf which was roughly set up just under the ceiling. She brought down a battered tin box to the kitchen table, where she carefully opened it. A fat roll of notes and some gold and a few loose coppers lay before her. It was not the first time her eager fingers had rummaged in the old box. Some of the money with which it had been filled had already found its way to Maggie's ready hands, in answer to her insinuating hints regarding a return for the hat and boots and other trifles of finery Maragh had received.

The young girl snatched up a bundle of notes and a handful of coins and tied them into her handkerchief. Then she crept hurriedly into her bedroom where she put together one or two precious bits of finery, secreted them under her shawl, set the hat upon her unaccustomed head, and carrying the boots and stockings, she descended the crazy stairs swiftly.

She found a stump of a pencil on the mantelpiece, and tearing a strip of paper from a book, she laboriously scrawled: "dear ma I am gone as I said will rite from my place."

This she folded up, after writing her name, and kept in her grasp. Then she took a last hurried look round. Everything was very still, save for the increasing moaning of the wind which was driving up through the mist, heralding rain. The old clock ticked in the corner, the fire smoldered under the kettle. Everything was just as usual, but to the girl the familiar little kitchen seemed to have altered suddenly.

She called softly to Lassie, and the dog stretched herself and rose obediently.

Outside, the sea fog was flying rapidly by; so dense was it that it hid the little gate at the foot of the potato patch in its white covering.

The girl and the dog set out, and were swallowed in the mist.

Early next morning, Mrs. Rooney was awakened by Lassie's piteous whine outside. The dog had been out all night, but that was not unusual, though both animals generally sought the warm kitchen when the weather was wild and rough, and the rain beat against the window panes as it had been doing all night.

Dawn was near, and Mrs. Rooney, who was an early riser, left her bed and hastily donning a few clothes, went downstairs to open the door. The poor beast was wet through, and she patted her kindly and rubbed her down with a handful of straw. As she held the dog's collar something upon it caught her eye. It was a sodden piece of paper tied to the strap, and she took it off and unrolled it carefully. The rain had reduced it almost to pulp, but it had been folded so often that the inside was comparatively dry.

Mrs. Rooney was no "scholar," but she could read easy words, and she could just make out a few of the letters which were traced upon the paper she held.

". . . gone as I said . . . write . . . place . . ." and the last three letters of Maragh's name.

Mrs. Rooney sank down upon her knees and buried her face in Lassie's shaggy wet coat.

It was thus, that her husband, who had been awakened by the opening of the door, found her a few minutes later. He laid his hand upon her shoulder, and cried in his loud voice:

"Woman, what ails ye?"

His wife looked up, with the tears streaming down her cheeks and her bosom heaving with sobs.

"She's gone!" she gasped, handing him the piece of paper.

"It can't be so!" he muttered, looking at it dully. "Have ye been till her room?" he added, with a happy thought.

Mrs. Rooney shook her head silently, and he sprang up the ladder, and opened the door of the girl's little chamber. It was empty and the bed was untouched. He descended the steps very slowly.

"Ay, she's gone," he murmured, and the old folks looked stupidly at one another.

Then the man's eye fell upon the old tin box, which Maragh in her haste had set upon the mantelpiece. He took it down and opened it, and his face grew very pale.

"She's thieved us!" he cried. "She's taken our money aff us!"

The mother glanced into the box, then looked pitifully at her man, while the one miserable little excuse that she could find faltered from her lips:

"But not all," she whispered. "She's left us some. She hasn't it all took aff us."

Rooney uttered an oath as he shut the box and set it back on the shelf.

"She's thieved us!" he repeated. "She's no child of ours. Niver will she set her fut here again. Wife, ye'll not speak of her till me."

Michael Lavery's round, good-humored face appeared at the door after the dinner things had been cleared away that day, when John was far out on the mountains after his sheep.

Mrs. Rooney looked up from her washing, and nodded sadly.

"She's gone," she said listlessly, and she told the whole miserable story, except that she made no mention of the missing money. For the Irish are loyal to their own, even when they are sorely sinned against.

"I found this on the dog's collar," she ended, producing the soiled piece of paper. "She had it tied on till it. She had Lassie took wid her, but she'd likely bid her go home when she'd no more call for her, an' the poor baste 'ud obey same as she allus does."

Mrs. Rooney burst into heartbroken sobs, but the man who had just received the death blow to his love stood erect before her.

"I'll go away afther her," he said briefly.

But the mother shook her head mournfully.

"'Twill be no manner of use," she returned sadly. "She'll not come for ye, an' we don't know where she's gone."

"But I bid to thry an' find her," Michael persisted. "An' annyways, I'll go till Dorans."

Mrs. Rooney looked at him wistfully as he stood in the doorway for a moment, his stalwart frame filling the opening.

Then he turned to her again with a sort of shy tenderness.

"Faith, but I'm sorry for ye, mother," he whispered in a shaking voice, "an' sure for meself, the heart's broke on me."

He strode to the door, and the mist received him in its embrace.

When Lavery reached the Doran's after his long walk, he found the family assembled in the kitchen busily discussing their Maggie's departure. He stood by silently, finding it unnecessary to put any question, for the eager information was repeated from every lip.

"I've come for her," he said doggedly, when the tale had

been related again and again, and he looked around as though expecting to see Maragh crouching in some corner.

Old Mrs. Doran, a kindly stupid soul, wiped her red eyes.

"Sure, there's no power on earth cud bring thim back till us," she said sadly, when the hubbub of talk had died down a little. "Go back till yer home, Michael Lavery, and breathe the pure air of yer good valleys beyant. Folks is good there or ought to be, but down here—there's things does be bad sometimes. Ye're too good for her, Michael, she's not worthy of ye, an' our Maggie's as bad, ay, an' worse, for to bring thon good child to this. But she'll not come back for ye, son, an' she's chose her path, so let her larn till live her life in it."

She looked at the young man very kindly, her fat, good-natured face quivering with emotion.

"Sure, I'm no hard, Mike boy," she added softly. "I'm thinkin' what's best for ye. Go back till yer mountains, an' pray for her, an'—an' for us all, God help us!"

That winter passed by very slowly and drearily in the Silent Valley. There were wild storms and torrential rains, in which John had to be out scouring the mountains after his sheep. The snow fell heavily that year also, and the bog was frost bound and the turf hard to get. The old folk were very lonely; and even when Michael stepped in to cheer them, it was a silent trio that crouched round the embers of the carefully husbanded fire.

News arrived from time to time of the girl who had once made the cabin ring with her joyous laughter and who had been the joy of her parents' and lover's hearts.

The priest, who on his weekly visits to the chapel-of-ease, was the bearer of the rare letters which arrived for his mountain flock, had brought two or three missives for the Rooneys. The old people had never received a letter before, and they had not thought that through such means would they hear news of the missing girl. The sheets were but sparsely covered with the round irregular scrawl, but they were spelled out by three anxious people over and over again.

Maragh wrote that she was happy, very happy in her situation in a grand house in Dublin, that she was wearing grand clothes and eating lovely food. Maggie was with her, and all was well. The second letter had not so much of

Maggie in it, the third, after several weeks' interval, did not mention her name. The fourth, received many weary months later, announced that the girls had quarreled and were separating, Maragh to a new place in a town far away, whose name neither the Rooneys nor Michael had ever heard before.

Not even the priest himself knew the name, but he thought it was in Scotland or England. Old Mrs. Rooney wept long and silently on hearing that. Now that the cruel sea flowed between her and her darling, she felt that they were separated indeed. And all hope of the girl's return died in her breast.

After that, no more letters came. Mrs. Rooney fretted sorely, and John, whose wrath had long since died away, would have given ten years of his life for a glimpse of the daughter they had both loved so well. They spoke of her gently, as one would talk of some dear, dead child, recalling all her old loving ways, her sweetness, her fair budding womanhood, glossing over, with the Irish peasants' largeness of heart, all the miserable faults and failings they had taught themselves to forget.

Michael would listen silently, his heart aching with the great void she had left in it, and longing, longing with all his strength for her sweet presence.

But the blank months slipped by, bringing winter again to the Silent Valley, and another spring passed, until the seasons lay unnumbered in the track of the speeding years.

It was a dark day in autumn, six years later.

Mrs. Rooney, aged greatly in her loneliness and sorrow, was crouching over the low burning fire, trying to get some warmth into her old bones, as she dreamed of the past and all its joys and all its sorrows.

The mist was creeping stealthily up the Valley, quietly covering everything and drenching the air with its soft moisture. Not a breath of wind stirred, only the mist crept up and up insinuatingly, like the wave of a tranquil, inflowing tide.

Mrs. Rooney bestirred herself and looked round. The haze had entered the open door of the cabin, the table and chairs were damp under its touch, the glass face of the clock was dim with its breath. It hung very white and dense outside, hiding even the potato patch from view, and Mrs. Rooney turned uncertainly towards the door, wondering if she should

venture out as far as the stream, or wait for a chance clearing of the weather.

Then she stood rooted to the spot, her eyes gazing at something which surely must have been an apparition.

For out of the mist a figure appeared, blurred and indistinct at first, but becoming clearer the closer it drew to the door.

It was the figure of Maragh, the features of Maragh, but such a changed Maragh that the mother instinctively fell upon her knees praying aloud.

"For sure, the child bid to be dyin' somewheres," she muttered to herself, "an' the blissid God has tuk pity on me an' sint her sowl till me the way I should be prayin' for her."

Then she looked up again, and she rose from her knees as the girl approached slowly, and she knew then that this was no spirit, but warm flesh and blood, though it was a sad, miserable object that stood before her.

She stretched out her arms yearningly, and the poor disheveled creature flung herself into them.

"Och, I'm a bad, bad woman," cried the girl, at length freeing herself from the clinging arms and pushing back the tangled hair from her face. "I've no call for to be here at home. I ought to be dead, I ought."

"Whisht!" interrupted the mother with a touch of sternness, "don't go for to be talkin' like that of what is in God's hands."

"I thought I'd just take a peep intill the ould place before—before I wint away. I didn't know what I'd find here after all these years, I didn't look for to see anny of yez, but the mist, it led me farther nor I thought. Now I've set me eyes upon ye wance more, I'll away. I can't go for to stay wid ye, an' me da comin' in mebbe. But I'm glad I've seen ye, ma, but I must go—I must go!"

Mrs. Rooney drew the girl into the kitchen.

"Och, child, ye said the same years ago whin the longin' for seein' the world was burnin' in yer blood. But 'tis the longin' for home now that has the heart ate on ye. Och, how I've wanted ye all these years! an' yer da, an'—an' Michael."

The girl shuddered and drew back.

"Ye don't know who ye're askin' intill yer house," she murmured, hanging her head. "Och, I'm a bad girl, but,"

she added, raising her head for one moment, "I do believe the worst iver I done was whin I—I stole from me own good parents. But I'm bad, bad."

She sank into a chair, and leaning her head upon the table, burst into tears.

"I'm for askin' no questions, child," said Mrs. Rooney gravely, and she put a tender hand upon the bowed head. "What's wrong that ye've done is between yerself an' God. An' 'tis the praste ye bid to tell an' not us poor sinful mortals, an' put yerself right again. Ye're our own wee girl, nothin' can change that, an' ye've come back till the ould home in yer throuble. God help ye. The mist tuk ye wance from me, but it brought ye back, I'll not let it take ye aff me again."

While she had been speaking, two figures had appeared in the misty doorway. She now turned to them.

"Come in wid yez," she said softly. "Here's our Maragh come back till us again."

But the girl cowered back as the men approached.

"Och, let me go!" she gasped. "I'm bad, bad, not fit for yez."

Michael sprang forward, and took the girl's passive hand and gazed into her downcast face.

"Maragh! Maragh!" he cried passionately. "I've been waitin' on ye so long. I can't, God knows I can't, let ye go again!"

"I'd have a lot for to tell ye afore iver I looked ye in the face again, Michael," the girl whispered. "What I've done, what I've lived through—"

"Ay, it has all made a woman of the child as left us, an' iverything as is wrong is for the praste to know, Maragh, not us. Make yerself right wid him an' come back till us. Sure ye were niver called Maragh of the Silent Valley for nothin'. Here in God's own good Valley the bad world does be forgot, the mountains shield us from the life below. Didn't God sind yer steps this way for His own good will that ye should come back an' mind the broken hearts ye left behind ye whin ye were a child, but a child, Maragh? Now 'tis the grown woman ye are wid the woman's cares an' the woman's duties to the man as she's promised till. Have ye forgot yer promise till me, have ye forgot the love I bear ye, an' the longin' I have for ye? Look out at the mist, Maragh, how it is sweepin' down from the

mountains, an' jist creepin' down the Valley, druv be the lightest wee taste of wind. The sun'll be out soon whin the wind has the fog druv out. So 'twill be wid the past. Let the mist bear it away on the wind, far, far out beyant our memories, an' wid God's own sun, let us begin our life together, you an' me, an' da an' mother. Me heart's longin' for ye, Maragh."

His voice had sunk to a murmur and he had drawn the weeping girl to his arms.

Old Rooney made a great fuss about lighting his pipe to conceal his emotion.

"Ay, ay," he muttered, "it bid to be so, 'tis the will of God. Maragh, child, obey yer ould da," and he jerked his thumb in Michael's direction, and nodded his head at his old wife. "Eh?" he asked, and he bent forward suddenly and awkwardly kissed the girl upon her rough, tumbled hair.

Mrs. Rooney bustled forward, wiping her eyes upon her apron.

"Come, child. Things bid to be as they were. Ye'll talk till thim both later. Come up wid yer ma till yer own wee room, an' rest ye. I've a notion for a wee crack wid ye afther all these years."

MAGDALEN.

BY CAROLINE GILTINAN.

Cover thine eyes, O Magdalen,
Thine eyes where thy soul, tear-drowned,
Is staring aghast at the tortured Man
Stretched on the blood-stained ground.

Cover thine ears, O Magdalen,
Hear not the thudding sound.
They are nailing your God on a wooden cross!
. . . His Body is all a wound!

ASCETICISM: AN UNPOPULAR APOLOGY.

BY JOHN KEATING CARTWRIGHT, D.D.



NOT long since I met one who thought the members of an old religious order in a certain country great and foreign fools, because they still obey an old observance of eschewing meat diet in large part and of making fish and beans the staple of their fare. This young person (I am young, too, but not in the same sense) thanked God that he was not as these others. These austerities, he continued, used to have a place in the scheme of spiritual development, but they have a place no more. The nature of man and original sin are different from what they used to be. "*Nous avons changé tout cela,*" so that nowadays perfection may be reached much better by motor cars, and self-knowledge by the cinematograph much more pleasantly and perfectly than by meditation, fasts and many groanings. Asceticism was all very well for mediævals, but it should now be an ecclesiastical memory, just as feudalism and chivalry are political and social memories.

There can be no doubt that this objector is, in some measure, representative of his age. Is it not true that asceticism is frowned upon nowadays by "thoughtful" men? Is it not true that the gentlemen who write articles in the *Encyclopædia Pithecanthropica* have found it out in its tricks and its wiles, and that their opinion is sturdily applauded by that enthusiastic corps of sciolists who write the monthly *Pantipolitan*? We know—for they have taught us—that this proposition of fasting, and wearing hair shirts, and going barefoot and being humble is all a bad business, unsuited to the larger freedom of the present age. Morality, indeed, that helps along our race's comfort, we must have. But anything that means pain, discomfort, sacrifice, is unreasonable, immoral. Has not Nietzsche something good about the "senselessness of pain?" Have not the St. Simoniens and others "rejected the dualism so much emphasized by Catholic Christianity in its penances and mortifications," and do they not "hold that the body should be restored to its place of honor?" Nay, did not the

magnificent Luther win for us long ago the freedom of the intellect to serve the interests of the lower man? This freedom is our race's heritage. This heritage we must not lose by yoking ourselves to the tyranny of an ecclesiastical and inhuman morality.

So the writers argue in *Pithecanthropica* and *Pantipolitan*, "*quæcumque ignorant blasphemantes*," indignant at the hindrance our progress has suffered from asceticism, grateful to the heroes and heralds of revolt that have been their saviours.

But "*quid mihi de iis qui foris sunt judicare?*" Sadly, we have among us many a silly satellite of theirs, even now and then a "*fidelis*," who speaks with the newspaper and periodicals and the world, rather than with the Church. Nay, I have known a woman, pious in a sense, whose only thought of the lovely life of Francis of Assisi was that it is too hard. I would not have asked her to imitate him closely (I do not urge myself to that), yet a more appreciative judgment might have been expected from one who practises dutifully her Friday abstinence and Lenten fast. But so it was; with a mind sapped by modernity, she could not rise to the admiration of even the humane asceticism of Francis Bernardone.

It were vain to deny that there is in things ascetic something arduous not only to the practice but to the thoughts of the natural mind. Life in cavern or in desert, hair shirt and discipline, early rising and meagre diet, cast-down eyes and silent lips, are things bitter to those who have not done them, and it is familiar to witness the reluctances of unspiritual persons even to approach the doorway of a Carmel or a Camaldoli. The loneliness and quiet of such unworldly places, the dearth in them of curious sights for eyes that love to wander, increase the displeasure which soft natures feel at all that reminds them of pain or discomfort.

On the one hand, the general prejudice as to the uselessness of purely spiritual activity, on the other, the failure of weak minds to grasp the reality of the unseen fruits of such endeavor, or again it may be, in believing but still not deeply religious people, that self-reproach which arises at the notion that they themselves should go and do in like manner. All these are so many reasons why the natural man should find a visit to such a place distasteful. And since these causes have always existed, and, for the majority of individuals shall

always be renewed in the ordinary courses and circumstances of human life, it is hopeless to argue and vain to write against them. Yet there is a certain number of people who really think and really have good will, and for these there is a cause of error which does more harm than all the others—the confusion with which they present to themselves two really different things: asceticism and morality, mortification and virtue, sacrifice and perfection, the counsels and the laws, zealousness and dutifulness, the means and the end.

Clear thinking never injured a good cause, and it would be well to distinguish carefully between what are two separate, though related, sets of phenomena in hagiography, the moral and the ascetical. We should group under the former heading all features and incidents in the lives of saints which illustrate the perfection of their *compliance with the laws* of God; under the latter, all practices, severe in character and *voluntary in principle*, by which they strove to render the said compliance more sure and more easy. The first would comprise everything in their lives which they did because they conceived it to be God's will for them; the second includes tasks self-imposed. In the first case it is a question of duty; in the second, one of zeal. In matters of duty, even when fidelity was so tried as to be heroic, it was still fidelity to duty, not to be avoided without sin, and, therefore, not strictly to be called ascetical. In the other cases, even when self-chosen penances were the very props and resources of much-strained virtue, they were still self-imposed, taken from counsel, not from precept, and, therefore, not the saint's moral life, but only the means thereto.

When John Gualberti, forgetting the maxims of his age, overcoming the traditions of his class, letting slip the awaited opportunity, crushing down his long desire and cherished purpose of revenge, allowed his enemy to escape, he did a thing difficult in the circumstances, but a thing he was morally obliged to do; hence this is not an example of asceticism. No more are the deaths of martyrs properly to be called ascetical, although their generosity justly merited God's "*æterna dona*" and the Church's age-long praise. When, on the other hand, we read of Simeon Stylites, living for years on a pillar, or of the renunciation and blessed raggedness of St. Francis of Assisi, or of the dreadful voluntary diet of Benedict Joseph

Labré, we have in these cases instances of asceticism or mortification properly so-called. It is the latter kind of incidents which from the nature of things (and of pious writers) predominate in biographies of saints. For this reason, perhaps, people are misled into confusing them with the essential virtues. Yet valuable and important as they may have been to the saints who wanted to attain perfect virtue, they were only means accessory to that end. They were valued by the saints themselves and by the Church, they were approved by God, not because of any proper loveliness of their own, but because they were instruments in attaining that perfection in the service of God which alone is in itself desirable.

Asceticism, therefore, in the Christian concept of it, is not morality, any more than the means is the end. The two things were never identified in the minds of our saints, though all of them practised austerity as well as virtue. In their biographies, however, there is sometimes a confusion; frequently, there is one in the minds of those who read their biographies without sufficient critical apparatus of Christian philosophy. To this confusion we must attribute much of the hostility, or at least of the suspicion and faint praise with which un-Christian writers damn our saints. One of the great Encyclopædias of the day, for example, in an article on the subject, states that "all asceticism worthy of the name has a moral purpose, and is based on the eternal contrast of the proposition. 'This is right,' with the proposition, 'That is pleasant.'"

Now, whether or not this description applies to other forms of austerity, it certainly is not true of Christian asceticism. Of course, our asceticism has a moral purpose—otherwise, it would be mere superstition; but there is no eternal, *i. e.*, essential contrast, there is only an accidental, although frequent, contrast between the two propositions mentioned. The eternal and necessary opposition is between "This is right" and "That is wrong;" between "This is good" and "That is evil." In this conflict, in the struggle of the human will therein, lies morality, virtue, the fulfilling of the Commandments. To make the right choice in confronting these two standards, all are called by the command of God. Yet, when the choice is made, there remains another choice between "This is pleasant" and "That is better." To make choice here also we are called, yet this time the call is no command but an in-

vation, a counsel. We are free to disregard it and still be friends of God. We are urged to heed it, and be ascetics, heroes, perfect men, choosing the straight and narrow path which is not the only road that leads to heaven, but leads there most surely and most quickly. To morality all are bound; to asceticism all are urged. Morality is the obeying of laws; asceticism, the heeding of counsels. Morality is the standard of those who love God at all; asceticism, the sure way to reach that standard followed by those who love Him perfectly and will not be hampered in this love.

In order to bear out this distinction, we can quote St. Thomas where he says that "perfection consists *essentially* in the Commandments—but, secondarily and instrumentally, it consists in the counsels."¹ But the best argument comes from the etymology of the very word that Christian usage has made classical, "Asceticism." Ἀσκήσις, I practise, was used of the athlete to describe his training for the races. Ἀσκήσις, I practise, is used of Christians in their preparation for the tests of virtue. I practise. I do not content myself with observing the law when necessity requires it; but, knowing that the law is sometimes hard of accomplishment, I practise doing hard things which I am free to leave undone, I suppress my lower appetites even when the things they aspire to are innocent, I accustom my will at all times to dominion, so that when the law demands it, strength of will may be at hand. I do not follow these exercises for their own sake. I am not like the Hindu who sees in "*tapas*," burning, something in itself desirable. I do not suppress my appetites in order to destroy them, but by constant effort and *practice* I accustom them to harmony with the better things.

The stern *practices* of the saints had therefore a reasonable purpose. They were not fanatical vagaries, but were justified by an enlightened philosophy. So Jerome, lacerating his body with stones, or Patrick, spending his nights in cold water, did not delude themselves into believing that these practices were part of the burden of the moral law. Simeon Stylites did not think that to live on a pillar-top is in itself a nobler or a holier thing than to live in an Antiochene palace. They knew their duty better than you or I; but they knew besides that things of duty are often difficult, and, in order to be prepared

always to do what was difficult and commanded, they preferred to do at all times what was difficult but free.

Here then lies the great psychological advantage of asceticism. It is not virtue. But, like virtue, it is arduous; sometimes, more arduous. Therefore, he that is able voluntarily to impose on himself such severe trials need not fear to slip in easier though more necessary things. He finds himself in *all* the actions he performs *voluntarily* exercising that self-control that is *obligatory* only at certain times and under given circumstances; and so, however hard it may be in such circumstances to carry out God's will, he knows that he has done things as hard or harder in the past. Does God's command outrage the lower appetites? Yes; but so has his own will outraged them often by fasting, by watching, by stripes. Do the indignant senses protest to the will against the claims of God? Yes; but so have they often in moments of self-denial. Does the will feel the influence of these unruly passions, when they rebel against God's mandate? Yes; but not so much as it used to, before it had inured itself to sovereignty. For now it is so accustomed to command, it has gone on so long in majestic domination over every lower desire, it has habituated itself so firmly in the execution of its overlordship, that it finds it easy to impose decrees that once might have been irksome; and the appetites, still in themselves reasonless and headstrong, soon give up the fight that is so hopeless against this constant ruler, and no longer disturb that order which is the beauty and well-being of the soul.

So man through asceticism approaches again to that paradisaical condition of innocence where the law of God is not only possible to him, but easy, and evil repugnant; where to do the right makes not only the duty but the spontaneous desire of the ennobled creature; where virtue stands safe above temptation, because lower cravings have perished; where good is triumphant, not only in victory, but in abiding peace.

Sadly true it is that such a beatific state is never perfectly attained by any man in this mortality. Yet it is none the less certain that towards this condition all spiritual progress tends, and that by how much one conquers each succeeding passion and temptation, by so much does he get more near to security of virtue. Was not this the privilege of Adam before the fall, a glorious freedom from lower strivings—was it not this that

made his fall so great since his rebellion was deliberate and unprovoked? Assuredly, it was so; and our better aspirations even now tend ever towards the regaining of that paradisaical innocence which our hearts have not forgotten. It was this that the sagacious and right mind of Aristotle sought when he identified the wholesomeness with the happiness of man, placing as the standard for the perfectness of virtues the pleasure with which they are exercised: "And for a test of the formation of the habits we must take the pleasure or pain which succeeds the acts; for he is perfected in Self-Mastery who not only abstains from the bodily pleasures, but is glad to do so; whereas he who abstains but is sorry to do it has not Self-Mastery; he again is brave who stands up against danger, either with positive pleasure or at least without any pain; whereas he who does it with pain is not brave."² And in another place: "So then this life (of the virtuous) has no need of pleasure as a kind of additional appendage, but involves pleasure in itself. For . . . a man is not a good man at all who feels no pleasure in noble actions, just as no one would call that man just who does not feel pleasure in acting justly, or liberal who does not in liberal actions, and similarly in case of the other virtues which might be enumerated: and if this be so, then the actions in accordance with virtue must be in themselves pleasurable."³ Of course, the great realist was not so blind to the facts of life as to think that this perfect ease in virtue is ever here on this earth verified. He wished simply to portray the ideal or ambition which it is the purpose of every man in the pursuit of virtue to attain.

Dante, the poet of Christian thought, has put this abstract ideal into images of life. The *Divine Comedy* is a great imaginative picture of the future world, but the whole point of the portrayal is to shadow forth the dramatic progress of the soul in this. We cannot recall here all the scenes of that long and trying journey down through the lessening circles and slippery precipices of Hell to its concentrate horror, up by laborious crags and ledges of the steep Purgatorial mountain through regions almost as dreadful, and less sad only because of hope. It will be sufficient to remember that in those first two acts of the divine drama the poet did not mean to prophesy what the other world will be, but that he uses his fancies of it as images

or metaphors to make more clear and strong the lessons of this life.

So, in the first act the terrors of the "endlessly bitter world" are imagined for us only to show how the soul here on earth, using its powers rightly, must come to see the hatefulness of sin. So all the mingled difficulties and beauties of the *Purgatorio* provide in fervid pictures the lesson which the philosopher taught in colder words, that by constant efforts towards good the will is strengthened till it reaches the consummate mastery of self, which is peace. Therefore, the journey has its first respite and reward in the meadows and woods of the ancient Eden. Dante, typifying the human soul, reaches as the end of his efforts that home and condition which were God's original gift to man, and here Virgil, the impersonated Human Reason, takes his leave. Only with "skill and art" has the master led the pupil thus far, but now he finds him perfected to this degree that righteousness and desire are identical. The soul has become worthy of freedom, capable of following his own guidance.

"Both fires, my son,
The temporal and eternal, thou hast seen;
And art arrived, where of itself my ken
No further reaches. I with skill and art
Thus far have drawn thee. Now thy pleasure take
For guide. Thou hast o'ercome the steeper way,
O'ercome the straiter.
Thou may'st or seat thee down,
Or wander where thou wilt. Expect no more
Sanction of warning voice or sign from me,
Free of thy own arbitrament to choose,
Discreet, judicious. To distrust thy sense
Were henceforth error. I invest thee then
With crown and mitre, sovereign o'er thyself."

The aim of pagan philosopher and Christian poet are at one. True harmony of the complex human nature can come only through perfect virtue.

Yet we must note two profound differences between these great minds in the means by which they propose to reach this consummation. The first we may easily guess: Aristotle knows nothing of the need of divine grace. Therefore, Dante is more deep and true when he chooses for the soul's guide not Reason

only, but Reason prompted by Grace, Virgil coming at the request of the tearful Beatrice, "till those bright eyes with gladness come, which, weeping, made me haste." Yet, even apart from this, and keeping to the consideration only of natural means, Aristotle suggests no need for anything but the simple exercise of virtue, the mere avoidance of evil and election of good. One is to become virtuous by doing acts of virtue: a facile prescription. Dante, on the other hand (and here we return to the real point of our essay), Dante with sure instinct knows that not by such means alone can man be made perfect. Even after all the experiences of Hell and Purgatory, after all he has learned of vice and goodness, after traversing all the circles and the cornices, he finds between him and felicity a wall of fire. This fire he must pass through. Hitherto, he has had only to witness suffering. Now he must share in it. Here, for the first time, the joyous angel of God stands on the flames' brink, and proclaims in a voice "much more living" than our own:

"Go ye not further, holy spirits, . . .
Ere the fire pierce you."

Hitherto, he has known only the effort of doing the good that is the burden of the moral law. By this he has been sanctified and is a "holy spirit." But his peace is not confirmed unless he gain perpetual purity by the burning test of penance and asceticism. Terrified at first and shrinking, he, at length, plunges into the torment, and emerges into the freedom of Paradise, with none but his own will to guide him, possessing his soul unto himself.

To sum up, the real proper notion of asceticism is that it is a means, not an end. The end of every Christian life is to please God by practising all the virtues. This is to say by obeying the Commandments. Now obedience is sometimes easy, but just as often it is very hard and tries man's resolution sorely. On this account the will must be well trained, else in critical moments it will fail to conquer. The training consists, first and foremost, in the practice of obedience itself, but this alone will never give security. He who would be sure of himself must expend in the effort the maximum of energy. Besides doing all that is commanded, he must do more, he must

take other safeguards. So, by fastings and watches, hair shirt and discipline, cast-down eyes and silent lips, life in cavern or desert or on pillar-top, in short by a life of asceticism, he makes his will assured of victory.

The writers in the *Pithecanthropica* will point out that this is not historical asceticism, that I fail to consider the Pythagoreans and Cynics, Essenes and Therapeutæ, Manichæans and Celts, Bogomiles and Flagellants, Zulu taboos and Hindu fakirdom. It may not, indeed, be historical asceticism, nor prehistorical, nor ethnological, nor anthropological, nor paleontological asceticism. But it is Christian and correct asceticism. In this article I am occupied solely with asceticism as practised by noble Christian men and women, and as revered by others less strong of will, but fully intelligent. In their lives asceticism has a purpose, in their minds a meaning and value such as I have exposed.

Without aspiring to such high life ourselves, let us yet have the honesty to recognize in it something that is great and holy and precious in God's sight. It is a tradition of which hagiography is too full for it to be despised or unheeded. The lives of the saints should not be to us valuable only as historically instructive, still less as a pastime, still less as objects for our criticism, but as containing matter which yields to humble minds lessoning in the worth and possibility of Christian ideals. Together with the rest of the Church's history, they are a sort of protracted Scripture, a Third Testament, an uninspired, but most inspiring, Bible wherein we may see the imitation of Christ as in the first we saw His foreshadowing. Of their histories it may be said in an applied sense: "Whatsoever things are read are written for our learning." There are here facts and teachings, rich and diversified. There is the miraculous, the prophetic, the heroic, the mystical; but the ascetical forms part and parcel of the magnificent tradition. We see here its necessity for any perfect Christian life. With less we may reach such a standard that worldly men in their rough reckoning shall call us good, high enough, perhaps, for a pagan to call us perfect, but not so high as to merit that appellation in its Christian meaning.

There have been those, however, who have all but attained the level of perfection set by those words of Aristotle, imaged by Dante in his earthly paradise; but they have not

been people like you and me in the convenience of our moralities, and we call them not stoics, nor philosophers, nor heroes, nor demigods. We call them saints. Remember that none of them has reached his sainthood by being content with doing what was commanded. All of them embraced and cherished some of the many forms of that asceticism which we must reverence in word and thought, although we imitate it not in deed.

THE GIFT OF SHAMROCKS.

BY S. M. E.

HE took the small-leaved shamrock from his breast,
As though it were a diamond-mounted crest,
And gave with eyes grown deep with love and pride:
And as I took the gift of mystic green, I knew
He saw, not me, but fields brushed by the dew,
That lay, so green, his mother's home beside.

And still each year I take from that kind hand
The dainty leaves sent from far Ireland—
Though sorrowing Time has come and stood between—
Still see the tear-dimmed eyes the glance so true;
Through them behold the hills I never knew—
The Irish hills where grow the shamrocks green.

THE PURPOSE OF THE STATE.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.



THE State, or civil society, is not a voluntary or optional association, such as, a trade union or a social club. It is a necessary society, a society which men are morally bound to establish and to maintain. This obligation arises from the fact that without a political organization and government, men cannot adequately develop their faculties, or live right and reasonable lives. God has so made human beings that the State is necessary for their welfare. "Man's natural instinct," says Pope Leo XIII., "moves him to live in civil society, for he cannot, if dwelling apart, provide himself with the necessary requirements of life, nor procure the means of developing his mental and moral faculties."¹

This, then, is the general end or purpose of the State, the promotion of human welfare. However, not all human welfare falls within the State's province. Man's spiritual and moral well-being are the special object of the Church. "The Almighty, therefore, has appointed the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil, the one being set over divine and the other over human things."² Nor is the jurisdiction of the State over "human things" exclusive and complete. There is another association, another institution, for the promotion of temporal welfare which, in its own sphere, is superior to the State in authority, and prior to it in point of time. That is the family. In the primitive age of most peoples, the family provided for many of the needs and performed many of the functions that, in later stages of development, have come under the care of the State. Moreover, men have a natural right to form a great variety of voluntary associations for their common temporal advantage, as, in the fields of industry, fraternal insurance, and purely "social" activities. Therefore, the end of the State is to promote the common good only to the extent that this object cannot be attained by the family or by voluntary associations.

¹ Encyclical, "The Christian Constitution of States."

² *Idem*.

This, in a sense residuary, province always exists, and is always very extensive and very flexible. Concerning it, there still exists a theory which is older than the Christian era, appearing among the Orientals, as well as in Greece and Rome. In brief, it regarded the State itself as the end of all individual effort. Hence, the State had for its province the whole field of human action, religious, moral, domestic, economic and social. The State could legitimately intervene and interfere in every department of life; and to it every person and every interest was completely subject and completely subordinate. According to this theory, the province of the State comprised not merely man's temporal interests, but every detail of his existence; and the welfare of the individual, or of any particular group of individuals, was conceived to have no value, except in so far as it served the interests and aggrandizement of the State. "The individual was always under the eye of the State; his conduct was regulated and his life determined for him with such minuteness that he was regarded as existing for the State rather than the State for him."³ In the words of Lord Acton, the ancients "concentrated so many prerogatives in the State as to leave no footing from which a man could deny its jurisdiction or assign bounds to its activity.

If I may employ an expressive anachronism, the vice of the classic State was that it was both Church and State in one. Morality was indistinguished from religion, and politics from morals; and in religion, morality, and politics there was only one legislator and one authority. The State, while it did deplorably little for education, for practical science, for the indigent and helpless, or for the spiritual needs of man, nevertheless claimed the use of all his faculties and the determination of all his duties. Individuals and families, associations and dependencies were so much material that the sovereign power consumed for its own purposes. What the slave was in the hands of his master, the citizen was in the hands of the community. The most sacred obligations vanished before the public advantage. "The passengers existed for the sake of the ship."⁴

In this ancient theory, the reader will have perceived two distinct elements, apparently independent of each other.

³ *Introduction to Political Science*, by James W. Garner, p. 312.

⁴ *History of Freedom and Other Essays*, pp. 16, 17.

Nevertheless, they are closely related. If the State is conceived as an end in itself, to which individuals and citizens are mere means, its province will necessarily be regarded as comprising the whole field of the individual's relations and actions. Since everyone of these affects the prosperity of the State, they must all be under the absolute control of the State. Therefore, the theory of the State as a final end implies the theory of the State as embracing every end which the individual may conceivably seek. And there is a strong tendency for the rule to work both ways. The first element is liable to imply the second.

If the end of the State be coextensive with man's whole life and interests, if it may regard as its proper and exclusive field, not merely the maintenance of peace, security, order and justice, but all the details of man's welfare in his religious, moral, domestic, economic, and purely "social" relationship, the State will sooner or later come to regard its own prosperity and aggrandizement as the final end of all its policies and actions. The narrow sphere assigned to individual initiative and individual liberty, and the immense concentration of power in the hands of political functionaries, will be mutually helpful forces impelling men to look upon the prosperity of the State as superseding and absorbing the welfare of human beings.

The theory of State omnipotence and omnicompetence has been revived in modern times. One of its most notable later forms is that expounded by the German philosopher, F. W. Hegel.⁵ In his view, the State is the highest expression, manifestation, evolution of the Universal Reason, or World Spirit. Since perfection of life consists in the continuous expansion of the Universal Reason, and since the Universal Reason obtains its highest development in the State, all persons and institutions should serve and magnify the State. The individual exists for the State, and bears the same relation to the State as the branch does to the tree. Hence the State is the final and supreme end of human action, is an end in itself.

The number of political writers who have fully adopted the Hegelian theory of the State is negligible. Its philosophical basis is a pantheistic view of the universe which has not found

⁵ *Philosophie des Rechts*; English translation by S. W. Dyde, *Hegel's Philosophy of Right*.

wide acceptance. Nevertheless, the central idea that the individual exists for the State, and not the State for the individual, has been approved in some degree by a large number of political writers and by not a few political rulers. While Professor James W. Garner declares that "modern political thought and practice reject the view that the State is an end rather than a means,"⁶ the Rev. Theodore Meyer, S.J., asserts that this view is held "not merely by one or two, but probably by a majority of the teachers of public law."⁷ According to Meyer, the prevailing form of the theory is this: The end of the State is the indefinite furtherance of human culture or civilization. While this end may, indeed, be identified with individual welfare, it is formulated by the advocates of the theory in such general and abstract terms that little consideration is given to the individual's concrete interests. The latter are always remote, always lost in some future condition of humanity at large. Existing individuals become secondary and subordinate to the general interests of the future. Since the evolution of humanity and the indefinite progress of civilization necessarily tend to be identified with the welfare of the State, the latter comes to be regarded as the supreme end.

A theory of State purpose which can easily be, and sometimes has been, perverted into the doctrine that the State is an end in itself, is that which holds that its primary object is the development of national power (*"der nationale Machtzweck"*). If national power be confined within the limits fixed by natural law and human welfare, and if it be conceived as an intermediate and instrumental end—as a means to the welfare of the people—it is unobjectionable. Occasionally, however, it has been accepted, especially in practice by political rulers, as not only the primary, but also the ultimate end of State activity. Wherever this acceptance and policy prevail, the individual is unduly subordinated to the State. The glorification of the State as a detached entity is sought to the detriment of its citizens.

A more general and fundamental influence in favor of the doctrine that the State is an end in itself, is produced by the almost universal rejection of the doctrine of natural rights. If the individual has no rights that are independent of the

⁶ *Introduction to Political Science*, p. 312.

⁷ *Institutiones Juris Naturalis*, II., 276, note.

State, then the State is the supreme determinant of rights. Theoretically, indeed, men may hold that the end of the State is the welfare of individuals, and that in the promotion of this end the State may disregard the natural rights of particular individuals, or particular groups of individuals. This course may be represented as promoting the welfare of the great majority of individuals, rather than the interest of the State as an abstraction. Nevertheless, the disregard of natural rights in the case of any group of individuals and the assumption that the State is the source of all individual rights, necessarily tend to diminish the importance of the individual as such, and to exaggerate the importance of the State. Therefore, this view gives strength to the theory that at any given time, and in relation to its existing subjects or citizens, the State is an end in itself.

Another source of the doctrine that the State rather than the individual is the supreme end of human action, is found in the modern theory of sovereignty. This is the theory associated with the name of the English jurist, John Austin.⁸ It maintains that political sovereignty is legally unlimited. Two postulates are implied in this theory: first, the State recognizes no other society as its superior or as its equal; second, the State has the physical power to coerce all individuals and societies into obedience to its mandates. The first of these contradicts the Catholic doctrine that, in its own sphere, the Church is an independent, perfect and supreme social organization, and that, in society as a whole, it is coördinate with, not subordinate to, the State. This is a question of moral right, of the requirements of reason; it is not a question of physical power. Whether the State does or does not recognize this moral right and national authority of the Church in the field of the spirit, whether the State does or does not hinder by force the Church's exercise of this right—the right itself exists and endures. The second postulate of the Austinian theory involves a question of positive fact. Is the State always sufficiently strong to coerce at will the actions of all individuals and associations within its territory? History supplies a rather large list of examples in the negative. However, it is correct to say that the State usually has sufficient physical power to overcome any opposing force within its borders.

⁸ *Lectures on Jurisprudence*, 1832.

The conception of sovereignty, or the supreme politico-physical power of the State, as legally unlimited easily passes into the assumption that it is unlimited morally. If sovereignty were defined as the supreme legal, political and physical power of the State to do everything that the State has a moral right to do, this assumption could never be drawn from the definition. When the moral qualification is omitted from the definition, it readily comes to be ignored in thought and practice. Legal omnipotence insensibly passes complete and unqualified omnipotence. Defenders of the Austinian doctrine may protest that the latter conception "is characteristic only of some exponents of the doctrine," that the doctrine "in no way necessarily denies that the State ought to obey the moral law," yet their emphasis upon the absolute character of sovereignty, and their failure to make explicit reference to its moral limitations, promotes the assumption, conscious or unconscious, that no such limitations exist.⁹ After all, the definition of sovereignty merely in terms of physical and legal power has little or no practical value, imparts little or no practical information; for the idea of the State necessarily and immediately implies this measure of power over its territory and people. What is required, is a statement of the *reasonable* power possessed by the State. And the average man naturally assumes that any formal authoritative definition is intended to be of this character, is designed to tell him not only what the State has the physical power to do, but what it may do in harmony with the moral law and the principles of reason.

The influence of the current theory of sovereignty in promoting the view that the State is not bound by the moral law, is reënforced by two particular assumptions. The first is the assumption which denies that individuals or social groups "are possessed of any natural rights which, in effect, limit the power of the State."¹⁰ If the State may properly disregard natural rights, treat them as non-existent, it may logically take the same attitude toward all other elements of the moral law. Indeed, the great majority of conflicts between the State and the moral law have to do precisely with the question of natural rights. The second assumption which lends support to the

⁹ Cf. "The Pluralistic State," in the *American Political Science Review*, vol. xiv., pp. 398 *seq.*

¹⁰ *Idem*, p. 404.

doctrine of State independence of the moral law, is that in case of conflict the State itself is the only authority competent to decide whether or not its proposed action constitutes a violation of morality. In the view of Burgess, the State is the best interpreter of the laws of God and of reason, and is the human organ least likely to do wrong; hence one must hold to the principle that "the State can do no wrong."¹¹

To the extent that men regard the State as the supreme moral authority, as above the moral law which governs the actions of individuals and private societies, to that extent they must logically regard its judgments, its actions and its welfare as the supreme consideration. They come to look upon the State as an end in itself.

At first sight it would seem ridiculously incorrect to enumerate among those who hold the State to be an end in itself the advocates of Socialism. For they profess to desire, above all else, the welfare of the masses; they insist that the Socialist State and administration is to be supremely democratic; and many of the older Socialists went so far as to predict that upon the establishment of the Socialist organization the State would die out, as "a government of persons" to become supplanted by "an administration of things." Nevertheless, their programme of State ownership and management of all the industries that produce for a national or an international market, involves both State omnipotence and State omnicompetence.

A State that controlled both the political and the industrial life of the people, would completely subordinate the individual to a centralized bureaucracy. This would be under the more or less immediate direction of a majority, and not infrequently of a powerfully organized minority, of the citizens. Consequently, the welfare of the majority, or of the dominant minority, rather than the welfare of the individual as such, or the welfare of all individuals, would come to be regarded as the supreme consideration. It would also come to be conceived as simply the welfare of the State. From this stage it is only a step to the position of regarding the State as an end in itself. At least, this would be the tendency if, as most Socialists expect and assume, the constitution of the commonwealth contained no guarantees of individual rights against the autocratic and oppressive action of the State.

¹¹ *Political Science and Constitutional Law*, I., pp. 54-57.

In brief, the acceptance of the theory of the State as a final end would be a practical consequence rather than a formal postulate, an implicit rather than an explicit element, in the Socialist system. Given the invincible combination of political and industrial power, given the absence of a bill of rights for the individual, the inevitable result would be the absorption of the individual into the State and the conscious or unconscious general acquiescence in the theory that the welfare of the State is the supreme end of social and political endeavors and policies. Indeed, the great majority of persons who today exaggerate the dignity and rights of the State are led to this position, not by a metaphysical theory of its nature and end, but through a denial or a disregard of the natural rights of the individual.

Whatsoever may be its sources, and however widely it may be held, the theory of State omnipotence and omnicompetence, is fundamentally false. The State is not, as Hegel thought, the highest expression of the World-Spirit: it is merely an organization of human beings. The main purpose of the State is not to promote the general evolution of humanity, culture or civilization: this aim is secondary and subordinate. While the State is under reasonable obligation to give some attention to the generations yet unborn, the welfare of the men and women now living is paramount. Individuals are not mere means or instruments to the glorification of the State, but are persons having intrinsic worth and sacredness. They are endowed with rights which may not be violated for the sake of the State.

Considered apart from the individuals composing it, the State is a mere abstraction. Considered as a majority or as a select minority of its component individuals, the State has no right, nor any reason, to disregard the claims of any section of its members, since all are of equal worth and importance. National power is a means to State efficiency, not the end for which the State exists. As regards the sovereignty of the State, it is strictly limited by the moral law, and its true end is in harmony with the moral law. Finally, any organization of the State which involves the practical disregard of individual rights and individual freedom, is quite as unreasonable as a system which formally assumes the State to be an end in itself.

To all these theories, which either frankly make the State an end in itself, or tend to do so by exaggerating its authority and scope, we oppose the Catholic doctrine as expressed by Pope Leo XIII. toward the close of his Encyclical, "On the Condition of Labor:" "Civil society exists for the common good, and hence is concerned with the interests of all in general, albeit with individual interests in their due place and degree." In this statement are two significant declarations: first, that the end of the State is not itself, either as an abstraction, or as a metaphysical entity, or as a political organization, but the welfare of the people; second, that the welfare of the people, "the common good," is not to be conceived in such a collective or general or organic way as to ignore the welfare of concrete human beings, individually considered. A brief analysis of the phrase, "common good," as interpreted by Catholic authorities, will enable us to see specifically and precisely what is the true end of the State.

Taking, then, the two words, "common good," as the most concise expression of the purpose for which the State exists and functions, let us ask ourselves, first, what are the beneficial objects denoted by the term "good?" They are all the great classes of temporal goods; that is, all the things that man needs for existence and development in this life. They comprise all these orders of goods: spiritual, intellectual, moral, physical and economic. More briefly, they are all the external goods of soul and body. Hence it is the right and duty of the State to protect and further the religious interests of the citizens; to promote within due limits their education; to protect their morals against external dangers and to facilitate moral education; to safeguard the liberty and the bodily integrity of the citizens from undue restraint, malicious attack and preventable accident; and to protect private property and provide the citizens with a reasonable opportunity of obtaining a livelihood and advancing their material welfare.

That all these objects are conducive to human welfare, is self evident; that none of them can be adequately attained without the assistance of the State, is fully demonstrated by experience; that they all come within the proper scope and end of the State is the obvious conclusion.

Now these objects, spiritual, intellectual, moral, physical and economic, are the end of the State, not under every aspect,

but only in so far as they are or can be made "common." While the State exists for the individual, rather than the individual for the State, it is not the business of the State to take cognizance of every individual, as such, and to provide him directly with all these goods, after the manner of the provision made by a good father for his helpless children. Were the State to attempt this it would injure, instead of promoting, the welfare of the vast majority of individuals. This is the verdict of experience. All that the State can do, therefore, is to *make these goods available*. It can bring them within reach of the individual only through general acts which aim to produce a *common* effect. It can provide common *opportunities*; the individual must take advantage of the opportunities and make them fruitful for his peculiar needs. As a rule, therefore, the State promotes the common good by general laws and institutions, not by particular benefits.

On the other hand, the common, or general, or public good must not receive a rigid or an exclusive interpretation. The end of the State must, indeed, be conceived as common and universal, in the sense that no class nor any individual is to be positively excluded; but not every act of the State need affect all citizens in the same way, nor be directly beneficial to the whole community. As a matter of fact, few, if any, laws or other civil acts have precisely the same effect upon all individuals. Conspicuous examples of this fact are tariff laws, tax laws, industrial legislation of all sorts, and, indeed, substantially all the enactments of any legislative body. Even such elementary public institutions as the police force, the fire department and the public school affect different classes of citizens differently and unequally.

In the second place, acts of the State need not always benefit the community as a whole. While the State is obliged to pursue the common good of all, it is not required to make *every one* of its acts serve that end immediately and directly. While it must confer general rather than particular benefits, it often fulfills this obligation through enactments whose immediate effect is to promote the welfare of only a single class. Indeed, it is required to do this very thing if it is to attain its final end. For its final end is the welfare of all its individual members. Since its component individuals are grouped in different classes, economic and other, they necessarily have

different interests. Unless these varying interests are recognized and adequately cared for by appropriate State action, some of the classes of the community will not be justly treated by the State. In respect to these, the State will have failed to promote the good of all.

The specious objection to class legislation is based entirely upon *a priori* assumptions. It derives no support from the facts of contemporary society. Its roots are to be found in the individualistic theories that pervaded political thought when the Government of the United States was established. The political thinkers of that day assumed that all men were so nearly equal in capacities and opportunities that all would benefit equally by the few laws that were required to promote the common welfare. While even then the population of the country was divided into at least two important economic classes, the agrarian and the commercial, and while these interests clashed more than once in the legislation of the time, and even in the making of the Constitution, the diversity of class interests was neither so pervasive nor so sharp as it has since become; and the leaders of political thought believed that class differences and disadvantages would tend to diminish rather than increase. Thus began a misleading tradition which has in all the succeeding years stood in the way of the correct doctrine concerning the end of the State, and prevented the enactment of necessary and humane social legislation.

If the State is to promote the common good in an equitable and adequate degree, it must consider both the good of the whole and the good of the various classes. The common interests of all the citizens can be cared for through uniform and general legislation; for example, laws for the protection of religion and morals. The varying interests of the different classes must be provided for by enactments which differ according to the different needs and deserts; for example, laws concerning industrial combinations, coöperative associations and labor organizations. To avoid all class legislation will mean discrimination in favor of certain classes, namely, those that are exceptionally powerful. These will be left free to exploit the weaker classes. Hence, in the sentence quoted above from Pope Leo XIII., the State is said to be concerned "with individual interests in their due place and degree." Earlier in the Encyclical, the great Pontiff expresses the cor-

rect principle with more amplitude and precision. "Whenever the general interest, *or any particular class*, suffers or is threatened with injury which can in no other way be met or prevented, it is necessary for the State to intervene." The principle laid down in the italicized section of this sentence is still more specifically and emphatically stated in other passages of the same Encyclical. For example: "The richer class have many ways of shielding themselves, and stand less in need of help from the State; whereas those who are badly off have no resources of their own to fall back upon, and must chiefly depend upon the assistance of the State."¹² The Catholic who denounces all class legislation puts himself in opposition to the formal and specific teaching of the Church.

The *common* good means not only the good of all in general, or as a whole, but the good of every class and, so far as practicable, the good of every individual. To put the matter in summary terms, the State is under obligation to promote the welfare of its citizens, as a whole, as members of families, and as members of economic classes.¹³

How far the State should go in the pursuit of these objects; whether it should directly provide the various kinds of goods required by the various classes, or merely create and guarantee the opportunity of acquiring them; by what principles and rules the State should be prevented from encroaching upon the proper sphere of the individual, the Church and private associations—are questions which concern the State's *functions*. They will be discussed in a succeeding article.

¹² The whole section of the Encyclical on the part of the State in the reform of industrial conditions is fundamental.

¹³ Cf. Costa-Rosetti, *Synopsis Philosophiæ Moralis*, pp. 479-495.

THE CHANGE OF INAUGURATION DATE.

BY HERBERT F. WRIGHT.



EVERY four years—just about the time of the inauguration of a new President—the Congress of the United States renews the discussion of the question: Whether it is advisable or expedient to change the beginning of the presidential term to some other day than March 4th?

In this connection it might be worth while to note just how the fourth of March was selected as the day on which the Executive Head of our Government was to be inducted into office. Article I., Section I., of the Constitution adopted by the Federal Convention on September 17, 1787, and submitted to the States eleven days later, says:

The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his office during the term of four years, etc.

It was impossible for the framers of the Constitution, the delegates to the Federal Convention of 1787, to fix a day for the commencement of the presidential term of office. No power to arrange any matters regarding the starting of a new form of government had been given to the constitutional convention; it was merely instructed to draw up a constitution. It was the Congress, which, by its resolution of September 13, 1788, named the first Wednesday in January, 1789, as the day for appointing electors in the several States, the first Wednesday in February as the day for the electors to assemble in their respective States and vote for President, and the first Wednesday in March as the time for commencing proceedings under the said Constitution.¹

This first Wednesday in March in the year 1789 happened to be the fourth of March. On this day for the meeting of the first Congress under the Constitution, the previous Congresses

¹ Cf. Hunt and Scott, *The Debates in the Federal Convention of 1787, which Framed the Constitution of the United States of America*, reported by James Madison (New York: Oxford University Press. 1920), p. 689.

having been under the Articles of Confederation, only eight Senators appeared and took their seats, and these not constituting a quorum, they adjourned from day to day until March 11th, when "it was agreed that a circular should be written to the absent members, requesting their immediate attendance."² No additional members appearing by the following Wednesday, "it was agreed that another circular should be written to eight of the nearest absent members, particularly desiring their attendance, in order to form a quorum." One Senator appeared on March 19th, one on March 21st, one on March 28th, and on Monday, April 6th, "Richard Henry Lee, from Virginia, then appearing, took his seat, and formed a quorum of the whole Senators of the United States," the quorum of the House having been secured much earlier.

On this memorable day, the votes of the electors for President and Vice-President were opened and counted in the presence of the House and Senate, George Washington receiving 69 votes and John Adams 34 votes, with 35 votes scattered among ten other candidates. These two were accordingly named President and Vice-President respectively. Washington himself did not take the oath of office in New York City until Thursday, April 30th. Three years later, by the Act of March 1, 1792, the Congress fixed the commencement of the presidential term as follows:

The term of four years, for which a President and Vice-President shall be elected, shall, in all cases, commence on the fourth day of March next succeeding the day on which the votes of the electors have been given.³

Under the present laws, the presidential electors, equal in number to the number of Senators and Representatives,⁴ are appointed on the Tuesday after the first Wednesday in November.⁵ On the first Wednesday in December of the year in which they are appointed, they meet and give their votes.⁶ They make and sign three certificates of all votes given by them, each certificate containing two distinct lists (one for

² The quotations concerning the First Congress are taken from *Annals of the Congress of the United States, First Congress, Vol. I.* (Washington, 1834), pp. 15, 16.

³ Revised Statutes of the United States, passed at the First Session of the Forty-Third Congress, 1873-1874, Section 152 (Second Edition, Washington, 1878), p. 24.

⁴ *Ibid.*, Section 132, p. 22. ⁵ *Ibid.*, Section 131, p. 22. ⁶ *Ibid.*, Section 135, p. 22.

President and one for Vice-President), and having attached one of the lists of electors furnished them by the Governor of the State.⁷ They then seal up the certificates and certify upon each that the lists of all such State's votes for President and Vice-President are contained therein,⁸ disposing of the certificates in the following manner:

One. They shall, by writing under their hands, or under the hands of a majority of them, appoint a person to take charge of and deliver to the President of the Senate, at the seat of Government, before the first Wednesday in January then next ensuing, one of the certificates.

Two. They shall forthwith forward by the post-office to the President of the Senate, at the seat of Government, one other of the certificates.

Three. They shall forthwith cause the other of the certificates to be delivered to the judge of that district in which the electors shall assemble.⁹

Whenever a certificate of votes from any State has not been received at the seat of Government on the first Wednesday of January, the Secretary of State shall send a special messenger to the district judge having custody of a certificate, who shall forthwith transmit that list to the seat of Government.¹⁰ Congress must be in session on the second Wednesday in February succeeding every meeting of electors, and the certificates (or as many as shall have been received) shall then be opened, the votes counted and the results declared.¹¹ Mileage of twenty-five cents for the messenger by the most usual road to the seat of Government from the meeting-place of the electors is provided for,¹² and every messenger, accepting appointment as such under Sections 140 and 141 and neglecting to perform the services required of him, shall forfeit the sum of \$1,000.¹³ This year, in view of the political landslide, the electors have failed to grasp the full significance of this last provision, so that it has become necessary for Senator Smoot of Utah to propose the remission of the \$1,000 fine and the payment of mileage to the messengers of the electors, who arrived late, but before January 31st.

For the past thirty years or more, attempts have been made to change the date of Inauguration Day, but in vain. The new

⁷ *Ibid.*, Section 138, p. 23.

⁸ *Ibid.*, Section 139, p. 23.

⁹ *Ibid.*, Section 140, p. 23.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, Section 141, p. 23.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, Section 142, p. 23.

¹² *Ibid.*, Section 144, p. 23.

¹³ *Ibid.*, Section 145, p. 23.

dates proposed have been November 4th (Senator Works in 1913), April 4th (House Joint Resolution 46 in 1909), the last Wednesday in April (Senator Depew in 1909), May 4th (Senate Resolution 83 in 1898) and the second Monday in December (Representative McArthur in 1921). At least eight proposals were made in 1909. These efforts were centred upon amendments to the Constitution, because under the Constitution the official term of members of the House of Representatives is fixed at two years (Article I., Section 2); and the Continental Congress having fixed March 4th as the time for the commencement of that term, the commencement and termination of each succeeding House of Representatives was thereby established and can be altered only by an amendment to the Constitution, each Representative being entitled to his full term of service and the people to their constitutional representative. We can readily draw the inference that, in order to change the date of Inauguration Day, the Constitution must be amended.

As Senator Hoar of Massachusetts once vigorously declared, the Constitution should never be amended unless there is some great principle involved in the proposed change. The only changes made up to his time were made, he said, to cover points purposely obscured in the original document for the sake of harmony. Even these amendments have lessened the respect and reverence with which the instrument is regarded. In view of this, how undesirable and short-sighted it would be to enact changes therein, except for purposes that the nation as a whole, not merely that small percentage of the nation present at the inauguration, urgently requires, since those who advocate the change in question give only two reasons: the inclemency of the weather, and the insufficiency of the time allotted to the Congress to legislate the thirteen great appropriations. Let us consider these in order.

It is an acknowledged fact, they say, that March 4th is always rainy or stormy or snowy or extremely disagreeable. The last Thursday in April, the anniversary of the first inauguration, is, they maintain, an ideal day for inauguration. It might be interesting to note, however, before we see if statistics bear out the above statement, that in April, 1898, when a bill proposing such a change was up before the Congress for discussion, the last Thursday was the coldest day of the winter.

On May 10, 1898, Senator Perkins of California delivered

a speech on this question in the Senate chamber. In reply to his query as to the weather conditions of Inauguration Days from 1789 to 1897, Professor Willis Moore of the Weather Bureau furnished him with comparative tables showing the state of the weather on the fourth of March and the last Wednesday in April in each year from 1873 to 1898 and indicating the direction and maximum velocity of the wind, the highest and lowest temperature and the condition of the weather. Before 1873, when the Weather Bureau was established, the information was supplied by Mr. Ainsworth R. Spofford, then Librarian of Congress. According to this information, of the twenty-eight Inauguration Days between 1789 and 1897, seventeen have been fair and pleasant days, nine have been stormy days and two have no existing record.

Using the Weather Bureau Statistics from 1873 to 1897, there have been sixteen clear, fair or partly cloudy days falling on the fourth of March, and seventeen clear, fair or partly cloudy days falling on the last Wednesday in April.¹⁴ There have been ten rainy, snowy or threatening days on the fourth of March and nine rainy, snowy or threatening days on the last Wednesday in April. There has been snow or sleet four times on the fourth of March in twenty-six years and snow or sleet once in April, but this storm was more severe than any on the fourth of March. There has been rain six times on the fourth of March and six times on the last Wednesday in April. The only advantage of April over March in all these years, seems to be that on three April days there have been high winds and threatening weather in place of light snow or sleet.

Surely we would gain nothing by changing from the fourth of March to the last Thursday in April or some similar date. Experience should "show us that there is no necessity for changing the Constitution to adapt it to the clerk of the weather unless we can so control the elements that we will have assurance that we will have a pleasant day on the last Thursday in April."

But most of the Congressmen advocating the change claim that the more important reason for it is that Congress needs about thirty days more in which to legislate the thirteen great appropriation bills. This is obviously untrue, since as Senator

¹⁴We have taken Wednesday because a record of this day was obtained by Senator Perkins from the Weather Bureau, and will serve as an example of weather in the latter part of April.

Perkins pointed out, Congress in its short session has had no difficulty in this direction during the past century and a quarter of its existence. Senator Allen, in speaking on the subject, said:

Rarely anything is done in December. There is plenty of time to legislate if we only would. But the difficulty is that when we come here, instead of starting at our work as though we intended to accomplish it, we begin skirmishing for position in party politics. Every needed law, every needed appropriation bill, everything necessary to be done by the Congress of the United States for the benefit of the people of this country can be done in five months for the whole two years if we would sit down here and go to work.

Moreover, if, as some Congressmen desire, in order to secure a longer period for the passage of the appropriation bills, the time of the assembling of the second session of the Congress were fixed for the second or third Monday in November, adding two or three weeks at the beginning of the session, and the session prolonged until April 30th, adding nearly two months at the end, this, of course, could be done by statute; but if that be done the members of both the House and the Senate must be absent from their State elections, which occur on the second Tuesday in November, and absent two years out of every four years from the national elections and the national campaigns, where they are expected to give an account of their stewardship.

Neither the inclemency of the weather, therefore, nor the insufficiency of the time of the session of the Congress warrant such a serious step as is proposed. A more important objection, however, to the present state of affairs—an objection which is really well-founded and too little stressed—has to do with the excessive interval between the elections and the assuming of office.

In the case of a Senator or Representative, thirteen months elapse between election day and the actual beginning of work at Washington, unless the President sees fit to call a special session. In the case of the President, four months elapse between election and inauguration. These lapses of time are altogether too long, for they often permit legislative and executive authority to remain in the hands of individuals and political parties that have been discredited at the polls. The

remedy for these conditions, however, need not be sought in a constitutional amendment because the time of elections and the time of congressional sessions may be changed by Act of Congress, according to Article I., Section 4, of the Constitution.

An additional reason is to be found against fixing a day of the week instead of a day of the month for Inauguration Day, for under this arrangement the term of the President will be two days or more longer than four years. In other words, the last Thursday in April, which might fall on the twenty-fourth in one year, would fall on the thirtieth in the next; so that four years later the last Thursday would fall on the twenty-eighth, making a term of four years and four days. It certainly would not be a fixed period, and another constitutional amendment would be required to give the President an indeterminate term of four years more or less, otherwise the outgoing President would have the constitutional right for the term of two days or more to exercise the duties and functions of his office after the other President has been inaugurated. Even if this be considered substantially four years, the term of Senators, who are chosen under the Constitution (Article I., Section 3) for a fixed term of exactly six years, would have to be modified. Likewise, the terms of the Representatives, who are chosen for two years, would have to be modified, since their election and terms depend on that of the President.

The advocates of the change in date might claim that this same technicality exists when the fourth of March falls on Sunday. Since the first inauguration in 1789, the fourth of March has occurred on Sunday in inaugural years only four times: Monroe's inauguration in 1821, Taylor's in 1849, Hayes' in 1877 and Wilson's second in 1917, all of which took place on the following Monday, the fifth of March. Moreover, only twice during the rest of the present century will the fourth of March fall on Sunday in inaugural years: in 1945 and 1973. Whereas, in the other case two or more days are added to or subtracted from every President's term, in this case a difference of only a few hours exists only three times in a century. The latter is at least in keeping with the spirit of the Constitution, while the former is a radical change.

Many persons, Governors as well as Congressmen, have expressed the opinion that former inaugurations have taught the nation a lesson. They point to the large death list, deaths

which have been caused by unnecessary exposure to bad weather during inaugurations. They infer that the date should be changed so that the patriotic people, who have journeyed from afar and who, perhaps, may never secure the opportunity to come to Washington again, might be better enabled to view the ceremonies in comfort. The weather fallacy has been discussed above. The parade and the pageantry are very minor affairs.

The earlier inaugurations were comparatively simple, though clothed with the dignity fitting the occasion. Washington's first inauguration was naturally a time of national rejoicing and was accompanied by elaborate ceremonies for that time. His second one, however, was not nearly so pretentious. Without much ostentation, he was conveyed to Independence Hall (the seat of Government having been moved from New York to Philadelphia) in a coach and six. John Adams' inauguration, also in Philadelphia, was featured by the absence of street parades or any showy display. Jackson's second inauguration was marked by neither procession nor military escort. Jefferson's inauguration has long been considered the model of democratic simplicity.

But there is no need to hark back to the early days of the Republic. The new President-elect has had the courage to treat the country to a return to democratic simplicity in the celebration of a "safe and sane" fourth of March! This, no doubt, is an aftermath and a salutary fruit of the Great War, which plunged the United States, together with all the other nations of the earth, headlong into a state of indebtedness from which they can hope to emerge only with the most rigid economy.

So, avaunt to a change in the date of Inauguration Day! The associations of March fourth are sacred and dear to every patriotic American. George Washington's first inauguration, is it true, was on the thirtieth of April, but every other President since that time, with the four exceptions when Sunday fell on that date, has been inaugurated on the fourth of March.

New Books.

AMERICAN LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD. By Henry C. Semple, S.J. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

Throughout this volume Father Semple has emphasized his idea that American liberty is the noblest because the most complete and most sane to be found in the world today. This conception, supported by decisions of our Supreme Court and by the recognition of God in our public documents, runs like a golden thread through these essays, and endows them with a poetic, as well as a logical, unity. The introductory essay, which gives the volume its name, attacks the contention of John Austin and others that there is no moral sanction in the case of international law, and points out that such a contention fundamentally implies a denial of God. Father Semple ably vindicates his thesis, and points out that American judicial opinions, either implicitly or explicitly, recognize the potency of moral law and the existence of its God.

In his essay, "American Equality and Justice," Father Semple declares that the guarantee of liberty and equality is greater in the United States than in any country in the world, with the possible exception of the British Empire, supporting his claim by references to decisions of the Supreme Court, especially in the case of *Lee v. The United States*, and *The Municipality of Ponce v. The Roman Catholic Apostolic Church in Porto Rico*. The essay called "*The Case of Socialism v. The Roman Catholic Church and The United States*," is a telling indictment against the main tenet of Socialism, community of goods, which he holds to be directly contrary to the natural rights of mankind. He does not stop at proving Socialism anti-Catholic, but anti-American as well, concluding with this ringing sentence: "How America should love the Church and the Church America; nay, how the whole world should love the Church and America, as the two mightiest guardians of principles which are saviours of society from envy, madness, anarchy, misery, and slavery!"

The fourth and last essay is a study of the divine right of kings which every student of history should read, for it demolishes the fallacy, accepted in some quarters, that the Catholic Church has been the bulwark of absolutism, and that this doctrine rested primarily upon her authority. Against divine right the author calls to his support Bellarmine, who in turn fell back

upon the "common teaching of all the Doctors," and upon Suarez, who did not hesitate to write: "According to ordinary law, no king or monarch has, or has had, political sovereignty immediately from God or by divine institution," adding, "this is a fundamental axiom of theology."

Father Semple has done a good service in publishing this volume, and merits praise not only as a scholar, but as a citizen of the great nation to whose principles and ideals he has paid eloquent tribute in its pages.

A CENTURY OF PERSECUTION UNDER TUDOR AND STUART SOVEREIGNS. By Rev. St. George Hyland, D.D., Ph.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$8.00 net.

The Loseley Records, preserved by the descendants of Sir William More of Loseley Hall, are the sources from which Dr. Hyland draws the materials for this illuminating study. To quote from his introduction: "In 1835, Alfred John Kemp, Esq., F.S.A., copied and edited a selection of the Loseley manuscripts. The work was published by Dr. John Murray. It was not intended to be exhaustive, and, although full of interest, it still left a quantity of material for future writers to publish, wherewith could be weaved a story of astounding interest." It is this task, here suggested, that Dr. Hyland has essayed with marked success. Interesting and authoritative is the history of the English Reformation unfolded in these pages by means of the contemporary documents. With an excellent ordering of his material to bring into relief the acts of that fateful drama, he first sketches a picture of Catholic community life near Loseley on the eve of the Reformation. Next follows a description of the manor of Loseley and its occupants at the time. Then, addressing himself to his main purpose, he elucidates from private letters, statutes, decrees of Court, etc., the process by which England was wrested from her allegiance to the Faith. As we read the drastic measures enforced by the Tudors and Stuarts against recusants; the letters which divulge the politic conformity to Protestantism of nobles like Southampton and Montague; the accounts of the Seminary Priests who braved Tyburn to stem the tide of perversion, we get a panoramic view of the spectacle of a nation's apostasy. The chapter, "In the Wine-press," with its description of the dungeons of the Tower, is a notable illustration of the manner in which the author vivifies his documentary evidence of religious persecution. Most fascinating are the written memorials in which we glimpse the personalities of Cardinal Allen, Fathers Robert Southwell, Alexander Bryant, Robert Parsons, and Edmund Campion.

Among the transcripts made in full are the pastoral of Cardinal Pole to the people of London, and his letter of reprobation to Cranmer, with its dubious indulgence toward Henry. An appendix containing the list of the records quoted, together with the originals of the Latin documents translated in the text, and a complete index, make the book serviceable for purposes of reference.

THE UNITED STATES. By Carl Becker. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.

This brilliant study in American history is sub-entitled, "An Experiment in Democracy," and the sub-title reveals something of the plan and aim of the book. Has the United States been successful in its experiment in democracy? is the question Professor Becker poses, and, having with great skill and no little literary charm assembled the data, leaves the reader to answer. The account of the development of American history is extremely well done, Professor Becker successively considering democracy in relation to Government, Free Land, Slavery, Immigration, Education, and Equality. Throughout there are shrewd and sound annotations of American character and types; and especially keen is the author's analysis of American higher education, with which he has been long and honorably connected. The reader will find this book an admirable supplement to the classic work of Bryce.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTIANITY ACCORDING TO LUTHER AND HIS FOLLOWERS IN GERMANY. By Very Rev. M. J. Lagrange, O.P. Translated by Rev. W. S. Reilly, S.S. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.25 net.

These ten lectures on the history of rationalist exegesis in Germany for the past one hundred and fifty years were delivered in the Catholic Institute of Paris, in the fall of 1917, by Father Lagrange, the eminent Director of the Biblical School of Jerusalem. They cover the same ground covered by the Sulpician Father Fillion in his *Les Etapes du Rationalisme*, which was reviewed on its appearance in these columns by the present writer. Father Fillion's book was more complete, for it recorded the attacks upon the Bible, not only in Germany, but in France and England, which borrowed so much of its pseudo-Scriptural scholarship from German sources. On the other hand, it is not so useful a volume to the tyro in Scriptural study as the popular treatise of Father Lagrange, which not only records the attacks upon the Catholic position, but shows by positive arguments their unfairness and inaccuracy.

An introductory chapter deals with the exegesis of the Catholic Church. Father Lagrange shows that the Church Catholic is alone able to discuss adequately and accurately the history of Christian origins, and confronts criticism with courage and sincerity, confident of the backing of the collective opinion of nearly two thousand years.

After a brief discussion of Luther's failure to understand either St. Paul or St. Augustine, Father Lagrange discusses the chief theories of German rationalists from the days of Lessing and Reimarus to the present day. He answers the accusation of imposture of the early Deists, shows the arbitrary character of Paulus' denial of the supernatural, and refutes in turn the myth theory of Straus, the Petrinism-Paulinism of the Tübingen school, the radicalism of Bauer and the Liberals, the eschatological Messianism of Weiss and his following, and the Judaeo-Pagan syncretism of Bousset. Finally, a word is said about the modern denial of the existence of Jesus—a *reductio ad absurdum* of years of superficial and arbitrary criticism. As Father Lagrange says: "It is remarkable that the divinity of Christ appeared to certain critics so well established at the beginning of Christianity that it was easier to deny His human personality than the divine character which he had in history." To give the Germans their due, it must not be forgotten that this absurd denial of the Christ is of English origin, the first book mentioning it being *Christianity and Mythology*, published by John M. Robinson in London, 1910. Other defenders of this theory are the American, William B. Smith; the Englishman, Whittaker; the Dutchman, Bolland, and the Poles, Lubinski and Niemojewski. Drews, its popular orator, is a German professor.

Our lecturer concludes: "No criticism of the texts, no elimination of the testimonies, no declaration against the authenticity of the Gospels or the Epistles suffices to take away from the figure of Jesus its supernatural character. If you do not reject absolutely all, like the mythicists, if you retain a residuum, however little, of the historical tradition concerning Jesus, it must be admitted that He held and manifested claims to a supernatural rôle, and that He died for having done so. You are then ever brought back, after many devious windings, by German exegesis itself, into the presence of Jesus, an object of contradiction, and you have to decide either to insult Him or to adore Him."

The title of the book is very misleading to one who does not know the French original—*Le Sens du Christianisme d'après l'Exégèse Allemande*. The translation is unfortunately poor.

THE HAPPY BRIDE. By F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00 net.

Perhaps Miss Jesse's work would not seem so aggressively modern were it not for the inevitable comparison with the poetry of her celebrated great-uncle, Lord Tennyson. But the fact remains that it is modern, and nearly always in an admirable sense. It is free and first-hand in its concepts; and if it sways toward an unnecessarily brutal imagism in "The Sparrow and the Motor Bus," it achieves in such poems as "I, Now an Old Woman Grown," the strong and (apparently) simple music of a primitive ballad or lament. There are few among the younger group of contemporary English poets whose development will be watched with more interest than that of F. Tennyson Jesse.

DANTE. By John T. Slattery, Ph.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.00.

As Dr. John H. Finley says in the preface to *Dante*, by John T. Slattery, Ph.D., "the study of Dante's *Divine Comedy* will ever be both a discipline and a delight, calling forth the deepest emotions of our being." To see Dante as Dr. Slattery does, surely confirms this statement. Here in one of the latest additions to the great library of Dante appreciations, interpretations, and criticisms, we have a series of five interesting lectures delivered during 1919 and 1920 before the New York State College for Teachers at Albany.

In the first, the author treats at length of the Age of Dante, and then of Dante, the man, followed by three lectures on the great trilogy itself. Throughout the Catholic attitude is ever apparent. The author, thoroughly imbued with his subject, takes time to answer some of the commoner criticisms of Dante's life and work. He attributes to him the spirit of the Psalmist, who "seeks to love as God loves, and to hate as God hates."

Dante, the Catholic, earnest and intensely religious, is emphasized constantly. The reality of Beatrice is treated at length, and in this connection Dr. Slattery gives what he believes to be the chief reason for the permanence of the *Divine Comedy*:

"Because the world ever loves a lover, and because Dante is The Lover *par excellence*, whose love story is one 'to which heaven and earth have put their hand,' he stands forth with a hold on humanity that is both enduring and supreme."

The style of the book is attractive and well adapted for reading. The author's knowledge of Dante and of Dante authorities is comprehensive, and he draws on many of these frequently. In brief, the book offers an excellent study of Dante for new readers,

and is sure to increase the delight of Dante students. Its appearance at this time is most appropriate, since the year 1921 is the six hundredth anniversary of Dante's death.

THE WESTMINSTER VERSION OF SACRED SCRIPTURES. *The Second Epistle to the Corinthians; the Epistle to the Galatians; the Epistle to the Romans.* New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Scripture scholars and Catholics in general interested in an intelligent study of the New Testament, owe a debt of gratitude to the patient workers who devoted themselves to the task of furnishing us with a readable English translation of the Bible from original sources. A work of this kind needs to be done with the approbation of Church authorities. Other versions will always labor under this defect of the lack of official recognition.

A complete analysis precedes the Epistles translated in this volume. This is very useful for private study as well as for class work. The translation is clear and correct; it brings out the meaning of the many difficult passages of these Epistles much more clearly than the English version now generally used. A few examples may be here indicated. The chapter on justification in Romans, chapters three and four; Galatians, chapter three. The cumbersome, heavy style of our present translation is avoided in this edition; the English style makes the reading of these Epistles a pleasure and a profit. As in the preceding volumes, the present rendition adheres strictly to the original version.

THE EVOLUTION OF SINN FEIN. By Robert M. Henry. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$2.00.

Professor Henry of Queen's University, Belfast, has written a clear, forceful, and eminently readable account of the Sinn Fein movement. He defines it as "an expression in political theory and action of the claim of Ireland to be a nation with all the practical consequences which such a claim involves." He brings out clearly the fact—which many in this country do not know—that in its beginnings Sinn Fein disclaimed the use of physical force in absolute contrast to the National movements of '48 and '67, and began not as a republican but as a constitutional party. It appealed in defence of its position to the Renunciation Act of 1783, and declared that the Act of Union was a clear breach of that Act. As a political party, Sinn Fein began in 1905, although its spirit had been manifested for many years in the utterances of Irish leaders, and its beginnings outlined of late years in such papers as the *Shan Van Vocht* and the *United Irishman*. Its

origin may be traced logically to the resolution of the third annual convention of the Cumann nan Ghaedail in October, 1902, which urged the Irish members to stay away from the English Parliament, as the Hungarian Deputies had done in Austria in 1861.

Professor Henry sketches briefly the history of Sinn Fein up to 1918. He tells in unimpassioned language the story of England's dishonesty, tyranny, and hypocrisy, the unfair treatment accorded to the traitor, Carson, and his following, the foredoomed Convention of 1917, the "faked" German plots which were always being discovered when arrests were deemed necessary, the fight against conscription, the constant "trimming" of Lloyd George and the Rising of 1916.

Although a Protestant himself, he is honest enough to admit that the whole Irish difficulty is at root a religious one—the Protestant minority of the North does not wish an independent Ireland for fear of losing their usurped ascendancy.

LITERATURE IN A CHANGING AGE. By Ashley H. Thorndike.
New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.00.

The twentieth century has been so crowded with events tumbling over one another in their rapid sequence that one with difficulty places Queen Victoria's death twenty posts back. It is only when one recollects the men and fashions at the beginning of the century that one realizes that twenty years are, after all, twenty years.

But it is not with the changing years of the twentieth century, however, that Professor Thorndike's book deals, but with another changing age, the span between 1830 and 1890, the period familiarly known as the Victorian Age in English literature. The work is not a vindication of the Age of Victoria, or an essay in praise of the poets and prose writers of that period; it is, incidentally, if at all, directed against those whose favorite adjective of contempt is the word "mid-Victorian." For, although like every sound critic, Professor Thorndike believes in the greatness of the literature written during the reign of the nineteenth century queen, he leaves its defence to those who have another theme to pursue. His own task is the analysis of the reaction on literature caused by the developments in industry, democracy, and science during the sixty years ending in 1890. While the book is not designed to make a particular appeal to "literary" people, it probably can be read somewhat critically only by those who are on terms of rather easy acquaintance with the masters of nineteenth century thought.

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One of the most interesting chapters in this study is that entitled "Beauty and Art." In this Professor Thorndike discusses the relationship between content and technique in the poetry and prose of the Victorian era. But the volume is, as an entirety, an interesting book, stimulating the reader to thoughtful, calm judgment of his own. Once in a while the careful reader will find himself at odds with the viewpoint of the Columbia University professor, but for the most part he will be glad to adopt Dr. Thorndike's opinions as his own.

EXPOSITION OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. Part III. By a Seminary Professor. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. \$3.00.

The third volume of the *Exposition of Christian Doctrine* keeps up the high standard of its predecessors. Its teaching is accurate, its method clear and brief, and its spirit full of unction and piety, the most essential gift of the teacher of youth. The third volume treats of Worship, and is divided into four sections: Grace, Prayer, the Sacraments, and the Liturgy. We know of no catechism that treats so fully the divine liturgy—its meaning, its history, the altar, the vestments, the ceremonies of the Mass, devotions and feasts.

The writer's method is best seen by the words of warning which he himself always heeds most carefully: "In matters of dogma there is nothing so dangerous as to make the Church say what she has never professed, to teach as of faith what is merely an opinion, or, on the other hand, to attenuate or minimize the truths that she proposes to our belief. In moral questions, it is as dangerous to exaggerate the prescriptions of the divine law in one direction as in another. Straight is the way that leadeth to life. We must neither widen nor narrow it, lest we might create a false conscience. In one case, we might encourage evil; in the other, we might lead men to abandon virtue as impossible of attainment."

THE CHRONICLES OF AMERICA. Edited by Dr. Allen Johnson, Professor of American History in Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press. Fifty volumes at \$3.50 per volume by the set.

Our Foreigners, by Samuel P. Orth. Dr. Orth has written an agreeable, popular sketch of the westward movement of races to America. The matter is not new, and the treatment is entirely descriptive, eminently conservative, and in no way analytical. There is offered a readable, superficial account of the racial ele-

ments, which make the American nation, with a hint as to their contribution, and an occasionally carefully worded suggestion of the problems, which immigration has brought in its wake. Hardly enough emphasis is placed on naturalization and restrictive immigration legislation to impress the reader with the problem of assimilation of foreign enclaves among us and the even more vital question of a selective policy for our post-War immigration. A short bibliography is added, though oddly enough there is omitted a scholarly Yale study by Professor Fairchild on the Greeks in America.

The introductory chapter considers the races in the Colonies prior to 1776, with the comment that they were essentially the races of the British nation. Dr. Orth observes with truth that this element settled the early West, impressed their culture upon later settlers, and retains preponderant leadership. Another essay in lecture form deals with the negro without stressing the problem or its possible solution. A chapter on the "Irish Invasion" gives a very fair summary of the Irish people in the United States, their early arrival, increasing numbers after 1820, causes of their exodus, nativist opposition, their glorious service in the Civil War, the unfortunate "Molly Maguire" episode, and their present economic success. Under the caption, "The Teutonic Tide," another euphonious success, he considers the German element somewhat from a late war-time viewpoint. So briefly noticed are the early French, the French-Canadians, the Swiss Scandinavians, Bohemians, Poles, Finns, Jews, Greeks and Italians, that the reader is scarcely more than prepared for the statement that: "Thus the United States in a quarter of a century has assumed a cosmopolitanism in which early German and Irish immigrants appear as veteran Americans." Only the "Sons of the Revolution" will appreciate this humor, and they rarely read books on *Our Foreigners*. One wonders if the title was judiciously selected. Two concluding chapters describe the Oriental immigration and racial infiltration.

Dr. Orth nicely interprets foreign as an attitude of mind, rather than a reference to the place of birth, but without developing this thesis as it deserves. He is inclined to question: "American ideals and institutions have borne and can bear a great deal of foreign infiltration. But can they withstand saturation?"

Armies of Labor is a much less popular, but more weighty, volume from the same pen. Indeed, this volume teems with information. In popular form, Professor Orth has made available the results of the scholarly labors of the Webbs, Ely, Commons,

Hoxie and others in the field of trade unionism, as well as the writings of such practical union leaders as Gompers, Mitchell, and Powderly. The tone is extremely favorable; the writer is in sympathy with Labor and its programme; he appreciates what organization has done to elevate the working masses; he is unusually fair in his judgment of individual leaders. A good bibliography adds critical value to the work.

In introduction, a chapter is allotted to describe the early English labor situation. Mr. Orth points out the gradual decline of the estate of Labor from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century because of the restrictive legislation, harsh apprenticeships, industrial revolution, and a growing aristocracy's fear of political Jacobinism in every attempt at organization. Indeed, not until 1824 were workmen allowed to bargain collectively. Two valuable chapters describe American labor conditions until after the Civil War. Colonial labor if unindentured was considerably better off than the working population of England, for wages were higher, but the worker faced slave competition, wore a distinctive garb, and always feared a debtor's prison. The Revolution improved matters, wages rose, business after a short period of depression was prosperous, the frontier lands were opened for settlement, and war in Europe made America rich. After the war of 1812, there was a continued labor shortage despite the ever-increasing immigration as the country entered an era of unprecedented development. Western lands at a dollar and a quarter an acre robbed the eastern labor market of manpower. Roads, canals, shipping, internal improvements, railroads, required labor at fair pay in an amount to exhaust the market. To obtain labor was the problem. The panic of 1857 brought hard years, but the Civil War gave a new impetus, for with two million men under arms and immigration light, labor was at a premium. During the pre-war epoch, there were local craft societies, local strikes, and a successful agitation for the ten-hour day. Yet, it is the decade after the war which marks the beginning of our labor question, the struggle of united Labor against concentrated Capital, the development of national organizations and the large scale strikes and industrial wars.

In the discussion of this decade, the reader is made acquainted with the fight for an eight-hour day from its Federal recognition in 1868 on national work, its progress in the States, and Wilson's pronouncement in 1916 that the eight-hour day has "the sanction of society." The origin, phenomenal growth, and decline of the Knights of Labor under the conservative leadership of Terence Powderly, is dwelt upon with parenthetical allusions

to the creation of a labor bureau, strikes of 1886, and the 1888 law for voluntary arbitration in railroad disputes. A long and very full chapter describes the origin, organization, strength, and general policies of the American Federation of Labor, with eulogistic sketches of Samuel Gompers and John Mitchell, as ideal leaders, imbued with their responsibilities and obligations to their following and to society. One is impressed with the Irish contribution to conservative, non-socialistic labor leadership which these pages intimate rather than develop. Other chapters deal with the Railroad Brotherhoods, the Trade Union, Labor and Politics, Issues and Warfare, centring about collective bargaining, the strike, boycott, and union label, and with the I. W. W. as the New Terrorism. In the discussion of Labor in politics, the writer believes that Labor has only met rebuff at the hands of the voters because of the very general failure of its candidates at the polls. He underestimates the political power exerted, and its success nationally, as well as locally, in procuring desired legislation. To judge the influence of Labor in the dying administration by the poll of labor votes and radical third parties would lead one into error.

The New South, by Holland Thompson, is an industrial and social history of the land bounded by the Ohio, Delaware, and Rio Grande Rivers, from 1865 to the present. The term has passed current since Editor H. W. Grady lectured in New York in 1886 on that subject, painting a picture of the changed South and its reformed spirit. With the inclusion of Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, and Oklahoma, in the South, which we associate with the Rebellion, many will disagree, and none so violently as citizens of those States. Again, it is apt to be somewhat confusing, for Delaware and Missouri are hardly a part of the same economic section as Virginia and Texas.

Reconstruction misrule passed away, only to see the South retarded under the reactionary leadership of the ex-Confederate soldier. It was an honest enough rule, even to parsimony, but under a class who could not accept the results of the war. As late as 1882, seventeen of the South's Senators were ex-Confederates of high military or civil record. The breach had not healed. Cleveland, as one would anticipate from a Democratic President, gave the South, for the first time, weight in national affairs. Bayard of Delaware, Lamar of Mississippi, Garland of Arkansas, were of his Cabinet; Carlisle of Kentucky was Speaker, and Mills of Texas was Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. Yet, the South was not grateful, for Cleveland was no spoils-man. Sec-

tionalism was giving way. The author might have suggested the further blotting out of the old line by the Southern valor in the war of 1898 and Wilson's care of Dixie's Democracy.

The decade of 1880 saw an interesting revolt under the standards of the Granger and Populist Parties, which crashed the old State machines and retired many a veteran, placing radicals of the Tillman type in power. The Democratic Party was compelled to meet the desires of the common man, the small landholder, or accept factional divisions, with the possibility of Republican or Negro rule. The Force Act of 1890 defeated in Congress taught the South that if the spirit of the Civil War amendments was to be violated, it must be done "legally." Hence, commencing with Mississippi, the Southern States adopted constitutional qualifications for the suffrage, which effectively deprived the negro of the vote, while safeguarding the ballot for the illiterate, and the not infrequently as shiftless poor white. And the North refused the challenge, chiefly because Northern Capital desired peace and prosperity in the Southern investment area. The labor problem, the breaking up of plantations into farms with white or negro tenants on a rental or share basis, and the racial strife, are all treated in a broad and thoughtful manner. Negro education is considered in connection with the splendid foundations for that purpose created by the philanthropists, Slater, Jeanes, Phelps-Stokes, and Julius Rosenwald.

The industrial revival is best treated, for this is Mr. Thompson's chosen field of research. Much space is given to the rise of the cotton mills, from 300,000 spindles in 1860, to 12,711,000 in 1915, requiring more cotton than the Northern mills. In part, this has been caused by cheaper labor, and lower over-head expenses, and little legislative interference in the way of woman and child labor. Cotton by-products have become utilized. The South cuts half the lumber used in America. Alabama mines six per cent of our iron ore. Birmingham has become a Southern Pittsburgh. Tobacco products are being centred in Durham, Winston-Salem, Richmond, New Orleans, and Louisville. Bituminous coal is mined extensively in Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, and especially in West Virginia. Such is the South of today, more materialistic and less doctrinaire.

Paths of Inland Commerce is written by Dr. Archer B. Hulbert, editor of the sixteen volumes of *Historic Highways of America*, who knows the early Indian trails, roads, passes, waterways and fords as minutely as one would anticipate after such a training. His microscopic intimacy with the primeval forests, its

blazed trees and rock markings, is somewhat akin to that which was possessed by a Jesuit missionary or a *courier des bois*. One can descry the writer in the leathern and fur garb of a scout, leading a party of frontiersmen along the Bay State Trail, up the Hudson, and across the Mohawk into the region of the Great Lakes. To him the roadbeds of the New York Central, Boston and Albany, Pennsylvania, Erie, Nickel Plate, Lehigh, Baltimore and Ohio, are the narrow worn trails of the redmen. From one so conversant with the frontier and hinterland, a volume of historic value and stimulating interest would naturally be expected; and the expectation has been indulged.

Western commerce is traced through its various stages in chapters dealing with the trails, the mastery of river courses, the turnpikes along which rolled the unwieldy, six-horse conestoga wagons, the flat-boats floating down the Ohio and tributaries to the Mississippi and the port of New Orleans, the development of steamboats, canal building, breaking through the Alleghanies, and railroad beginnings. The romantic side has not been suppressed; and romance clings to the frontiersmen, the lawless stage-drivers, the hardy ruffians of the flat-boats, and that distinctive class of inland sailors on the lakes and Western waters. There is opened a new vista to the reader, who has not pondered over the political and economic significance of easier communications between the East and West, and who has not thought statistically in terms of internal commerce. Students of our economic history can best evaluate the author's contribution.

Adventurers of Oregon, by Constance L. Skinner, is hardly serious history, certainly no more so than her earlier volume in the series. It would seem too superficial even for a popular series. It is the work of a novelist imbued with the romance of the adventurous pioneers and determined to chronicle their labors in dramatic relief. It is pleasant reading, the kind one associates with a fireside rather than with a scholar's study.

An opening essay deals with the obscure origin of the name "Oregon," with the Nootka Sound episode, the discoveries of George Vancouver and his lieutenants, Baker and Puget, and the fortunate finding in the mouth of the Columbia safe anchorage from a storm by the Boston merchant-captain, Robert Gray. This is followed by a lengthy description of the journey of Lewis and Clark (1804-1806) through the region of the Sioux, Mandans, and Shoshones to the Columbia. An interesting tale is told of the Hudson Bay Company's activities and of the fierce rivalry of the trappers of the Mackinaws, Northwesters, and Missouri Fur Com-

pany of St. Louis. Several chapters deal with the Astor American Fur Company, its settlement at Astoria, and its conquest during the war by the Northwesters. A fascinating chapter describes the writer's hero, Dr. John McLaughlin, the "King of Old Oregon," his rule of the territory, struggles between Canadian and American settlers, Catholic and Methodist missionaries, American trappers and the Hudson Bay Agents, and the ultimate acquisition of Oregon to the forty-ninth degree by the United States. One is sorry that the writer did not enter more fully into the work of Fathers Blanchet, Demers, and DeSmet and into the conversion of Dr. McLaughlin, one of the ablest pioneers and one of the foremost Canadians. Scotsmen will read this chronicle with spirited pride, as they see Alexander Henry at Fort Michilimackinack in 1761 and on Lake Winnipeg in 1767, Frobisher building forts on the Saskatchewan River, McTavish organizing the outlaw Mackinaws Company, Mackenzie, a fur clerk, starting out in 1789 from Fort Chipewan, a thousand miles from Lake Superior, to explore his Arctic River and later cross the Rockies to the Pacific, David Thompson plotting on a huge chart the whole fur country, Simon Frazer trapping and venturing into the trackless snow fields of the far north, and Ross, Mackay, the Stuarts, McDougal, Day, Clarke and the others whom Astor enticed from the older British companies. Leadership was largely Scottish, though the fur men, outposts and guides were still French-Canadians.

THE ALTAR OF GOD. A Story Book of the Mass for Children. By Mary Virginia Merrick. With a Preface by Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P. New York: The Paulist Press. \$1.50.

Too many books for children do not appeal to them, because of a pseudo-childishness; but this volume of Miss Merrick's rings true, for its contents are within the compass of the child mind, without degenerating into twaddle. Yet, with all its simplicity, it is a unique book inasmuch as it is also scholarly. It takes the priest to the altar, and there follows him through the Mass, telling in plain, accurate language the meaning of his prayers and actions. The author draws her material from a varied source. She brings in the symbolism of the vestments and motions, draws historical parallels, recalls the types of the Old Law and illustrates by parables from the Gospels. Joined with all this, but not obtrusively so, are little recommendations of devotion and reverence, yes, and even, now and then, gentle rebukes for the thoughtless.

The publishers are to be congratulated on the form of the book, which is in perfect accord with the sweetness and artistry of the contents. Few pages are not enlivened by a verse of poetry

or an appropriate insert, while full page prints of famous paintings are abundant. The book cannot be too highly recommended to all who wish to reveal to the young the mysteries and treasures of the great Sacrifice.

DIVORCE. By Charles Williams. New York: Oxford University Press. \$1.80.

Mr. Williams' volume is one of the more serious experiments in recent verse-making, and in nothing is it more notable than in its contrasts, or rather, its evolutions. For it is, indeed, a far cry from the opening poem (*not* a discussion of marital shipwreck, but a highly traditional and academic tribute to the poet's father!) to the blithe and mystical musings of the later pages—somewhat derivative, as they are, of what we have learned to call the "Chesterbelloc."

THE JUNKMAN, AND OTHER POEMS. By Richard Le Gallienne. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.75 net.

There is always pleasure waiting for us in a volume of Richard Le Gallienne's poems—not, perhaps, pleasure of a very soul-stirring or heart-shaking kind, but the pleasure of graceful fantasy, experienced music and sentiment neither ashamed of itself nor afraid of "going to seed." And Mr. Le Gallienne, who bravely confesses to being a "late Victorian," shows in the present book that he can still give us the shock of novelty—in the title-poem, for instance, and still more so in that delicious bit of serio-comedy, "To Narcissa—Dressing for the Theatre."

OCTOBER, AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Bridges. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50 net.

For most American readers, the chief interest of this volume will lie in the fact that it contains the most recent work, including the War poems, of the present Poet Laureate of England. Doctor Bridges is, as all the world knows, a scholarly and accomplished technician in verse, with the keenest sense of beauty; but it is not often that his lips are touched with the burning coal of divine lyric energy.

IN *The Political and Financial Independence of the Vatican*, by John A. Godrycz (Philadelphia: National Publishing Co.), it is a pleasure to note the great love and veneration on the part of the writer for the Papacy, and the seriousness of his arguments for the defence of its political and financial independence. The writer lifts his voice against the action of the League of Nations in ignoring the rights of the Holy See and its moral and political influence over 300,000,000 of Catholics. Even were the opportunity offered the Vatican, the exercise of

its rights would be in great measure conditional on the financial funds at its command. To the mind of the author, the best method of establishing a sound financial basis is the collection of war bonds in the United States and the other nations of Europe, and building up therewith the financial resources for the Vatican. An amount of twenty-five millions of dollars would secure the international credit of the Papacy and pave the way to the acknowledgment of its political independence.

Of considerable interest are the considerations concerning the Jews in Palestine under British protectorate. The Jews are exceptionally favored in their dreams of financial imperialism. Under British rule, Palestine will have its Jewish autonomy, will become a kind of a Jewish Vatican, and all the Jews living without its frontiers will be considered, at one and the same time, citizens of the independent state of Palestine, and citizens of the countries wherein they live. The privilege of double citizenship granted to Jews is something unheard of in the history of the civilized world, and its consequences are extremely grave from a religious point of view.

The main interest of the book lies in the novelty of its subject, and the logical strength of its argumentation. It deserves the attention of readers who long for an equitable solution of the Roman question.

LIMBO, by Aldous Huxley (New York: George H. Doran Co.), is the first book of a youthful English author. It is quite eerily clever, and shows, for a beginner, a remarkable mastery of narrative art. It contains seven more or less long short stories, of which the first, "The Farical History of Richard Greenow," is by far the longest, the cleverest, and the most entertaining. This extraordinary fantasy—to adopt one of Arnold Bennett's classifications—is alone worth the price of the book. It has that inexplicable exciting quality which makes one keep an eye out for the future work of Mr. Huxley.

THE CROSS OF ARES, AND OTHER SKETCHES, by Lawrence Perkins (New York: Brentano's). Mr. Perkins was a "Y" secretary at the Front, and this slender volume is an attempt to visualize for the reader certain more or less unlovely sides of war. The little book is an effort rather than an achievement. The aspects of life with which it deals must always tax the powers of the most skillful artist. As the writer can scarcely be classed as such, it need not be matter for surprise that he strikes wide afield of any treatment that might be regarded as finished. The title-sketch itself is badly bungled, and the very humanly dramatic elements in the succeeding chapters are not cleverly utilized.

It is regrettable that *The Cross of Ares* helps to perpetuate the semi-simian, semi-buffoon type of Irishman with which the vaudeville stage and the comic supplement have supplied us *ad nauseam* during the past quarter of a century.

Nevertheless, Mr. Perkins' writing holds a germ of promise which we trust may be amply realized in the future.

AN AWAKENING AND WHAT FOLLOWED, by James Kent Stone, S.T.D., LL.D. (Notre Dame, Ind.: The Ave Maria Press), was published originally some fifty years ago by a man then recently converted to the Catholic Faith, but best known to his fellow countrymen as the President of Kenyon and Hobart College. The book from the moment of its appearance attracted the attention of thoughtful men, and has ever since remained a favorite with the serious-minded reader of religious discussions. It comes before the public today with a new title, and with the valuable addition of eleven new chapters containing a partial record of the career that has made the author—now Father Fidelis, Passionist—well known throughout South America as a zealous and successful missionary. This supplement rounds out the story of his conversion in earlier life, and shows the fulfillment in actual fact of those spiritual hopes and holy ambitions that led him into the fold of the Church a half century ago. The book as a whole is a beautiful tale telling “the whole romance of a life touched and transformed by the grace of God,” and is a splendid argument in behalf of Catholicism.

ROADS TO CHILDHOOD, Views and Reviews of Children's Books, by Annie Carroll Moore (New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net). Miss Moore's work with children in the New York Public Library has enabled her to prepare a practical book for those who must select reading for children. Such things as book lists, of course, must always be a lasting cause of dispute, and all of us who read the titles she mentions will think of others we should like to see added. However, as far as it goes, the present volume is helpful.

IRISH FAIRY TALES, by James Stephens, illustrated by Arthur Rackham (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$5.00) and *The Sons O' Cormac*, *An' Tales of Other Men's Sons*, by Aldis Dunbar (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50). A new book by Mr. Stephens is an event for every reader, young or old, who possesses, consciously or otherwise, a sense of poetic beauty. The book just announced, moreover, has been illustrated by Arthur Rackham, which makes the event still more important. The charm of Mr. Stephen's poetic prose is already sufficiently known to all the world. In these thrilling stories of the beginning of things, of prehistoric kings and ladies and hunters and fishermen and boys and dogs, new snares are created for the imagination of all readers worth considering. Aldis Dunbar's *Tales O' Cormac* are concerned, too, with the warlike heroes and the stirring events of legendary Irish history. Of course, they move the reader to delight, although the author's device of attempting to reproduce the brogue is, we think, not a wise one.

IN his preface the reverend author expresses the hope that *The Divine Office*, a study of the Roman Breviary, by Rev. E. J. Quigley (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd.), may serve as an introductory manual to the study of the Breviary. We think it may well do so. Also

that it will be of special service to priests. It presents in one volume of two hundred and eighty-eight pages, information about the Divine Office drawn from history, liturgy, theology and ascetic literature. The work is in four parts. Part I. treats of general questions concerning the Breviary. Part II. gives the rules from moral and ascetic theology for the recitation of the Breviary. In Part III. the Canonical Hours are discussed. Part IV. is devoted to Heortology.

THE PATH OF HUMILITY, by the author of "Spiritual Progress," etc. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00). This translation from a French work consists of a series of meditations, studies of general outlines, short explanations and reflections dealing with the virtue of humility. It is thorough and well done. If its directions are faithfully followed we believe sure progress will be made in the acquirement of this all-important virtue. We recommend it, therefore, to all who are desirous of self-improvement.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD, a Practical Treatise by a Master of Novices (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.15). The practice of the Presence of God is one highly favored of the saints and spiritual writers. It offers a sure way to keep one's self from becoming too much immersed in the affairs of this life and to live in the world and yet not be of it. The present volume of one hundred and ten pages treats of this practice. It tells how it may be exercised, and gives copious extracts from various writers showing its necessity and beneficial effects. While somewhat academic in parts, it will be of value to those who have not already adopted this practice as part of their religious exercises.

A SHORT METHOD OF MENTAL PRAYER, by the Most Reverend Father Nicholas Ridolfi, O.P., translated into English by Father Raymund Devas, O.P. (New York: Benziger Brothers). Real piety is always charming. There can be no doubt that this seventeenth century Master General of the Dominican Order possessed it as well as scientific knowledge of the ways of prayer. His holiness it is that adds a perennial freshness to this little treatise. Father Ridolfi's heart, even more than his learned mind, speaks here to our own.

WHAT FATHER CUTHBERT KNEW, by Grace V. Christmas (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.35). Father Cuthbert, with his pipe, his humorous twinkle, his fun and good sense and deep spirituality is a typical, yet a highly individualized priestly character. He is on astonishingly easy and familiar terms with all sorts and conditions of ghosts, yet so sane and natural is his relation with them that though we read every story in the book during the wee, sma' hours, and then went to bed without a night light, we slept tranquilly, and suffered no qualm of fear or indigestion.

Wasn't it Mark Twain who asked in wonder how the writers of the Old Testament narratives so marvelously kept themselves out of their stories? They wrote them in such a way that the reader never thinks of the writer. Miss Christmas has done the same, and this through the always difficult impersonation of a man (the "Dudley" to whom Father Cuthbert tells his stories) by a woman.

But two of the twelve stories seem to us to trespass on ground too sacred for light fiction. We do not like the solemn act of Consecration and administration of Holy Communion to be performed under the circumstances related in one of them; and only in rare instances do we like to read of fictional apparitions of Our Lord. That in "Under the Rambler Roses" is not one of these rare instances.

CATHOLIC HYMNAL, by Rev. John G. Hacker, S.J. (New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss). This collection of standard Catholic hymns, thoroughly revised and intended chiefly for the use of Catholic colleges, academies and schools, is of unusual worth. It is an ideal hymn book for congregational singing as all the hymns are written in a very simple style, and for one voice only. The contents are not only dignified and devotional, but also pleasing and tuneful. The superior literary value of the hymn texts will appeal to all who have realized the great defect in this regard with most of our Catholic English hymnals.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

A Commentary on the Code of Canon Law, by Rev. Joseph Noval, O.P. Book IV., *De Processibus*. Part I., *De Judiciis*. (Rome: P. Mariette. 18 fr.) Dr. Noval, the eminent professor of Canon Law at the Dominican Seminary, the Angelico, at Rome, has written an excellent commentary on *De Judiciis*, which is beyond question the most difficult treatise in the whole code. He has in mind chiefly the young Roman student, and therefore is most painstaking in his clear-cut and detailed commentary. His method is scientific and practical: the scientific portion (*Expositio Rubricæ*) treats of the nature, origin, history and development of the Canon Law, while the practical part discusses the meaning of every word of the particular canon discussed. Following St. Thomas, the arrangement is in the form of question and answer—a catechetical treatment that makes for simplicity and clearness.

In *Un Caractère (Le Cardinal Mercier)*, by Eugène Roupain, S.J. (Paris: P. Téqui. 2 fr.), we have another study of that great world figure, this time from the French point of view. The author divides his study into three parts: the great Cardinal's principles, his strength of spirit and as an ideal religious. The writer believes the Cardinal's fame cannot change, except to grow greater, and that in these days "of reconstruction," his genius and talent must and will be given to relieve suffering humanity.

Les Soucis d'une Femme du Monde, by Monseigneur Tissier (Paris: Pierre Téqui), is a series of discourses addressed to French women counseling them in their duties to God, their country and their homes. The author exhorts them to work for the safety and peace of France. He cites France's newest saints, Margaret Mary and Joan of Arc, as exemplars. The addresses cover such modern topics as the care and education of children, the servant problem, dress, amusements, and devotions.

A Commentary on the Code of Canon Law, by Rev. Guido Cocchi, C.M., Book I., *Normæ Generales* (Rome: P. Marietti. 6 fr. 50), covers the first book of the new code, canons 1 to 86, which treats of the *Normæ Generales*. He discusses canon by canon the nature and history of Canon Law, its sources, the necessity, origin and authority of the new code, the interpretation of law, the value of custom, rescripts, privileges and dispensations. He sums up for his pupils, as he says himself, the views of such eminent canonists as D'Anibale, De Luca, Bucceroni, Noldin, Bargilliat, Vermeersch, Wernz and Maroto.

Conferences for Young Men, three volumes, by Rev. Charles Vandepitte (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 12 fr.), are the result of twenty-five years of teaching experience among French schoolboys and collegians. They are simple, instructive talks on the Catechism—on our duties to God, our neighbor and ourselves. The doctrine of the Church is stated clearly, and illustrated by scores of incidents from the history of the Church, especially from the lives of the saints.

Essays on Patrology and the History of Dogmas, by Rev. J. Tixeront (Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre. 7 fr.), gives us life portraits of St. Justin, Martyr, Tertullian and St. Cyprian; analyzes for us the Shepherd of Hermas, the Apology of Athenagoras, and the Pedagogue of Clement of Alexandria; refutes the false thesis of André Lagarde on Confession in the pages of St. Gregory the Great; shows us the teaching of the Fathers of the fifth and sixth centuries on the concepts of nature and person, and discusses the question of the animal sacrifices of the primitive Armenians, known as the rite of Matal. The book is as fascinating as any novel. The chapters on Tertullian and Cyprian discussing the outrageous dress and fashions of the third century might be taken from the pages of a moralist of the twentieth.

Studi sul Romanticismo Inglese, by Federico Olivero, Professor of English Literature in the Royal University of Turin (Bari: Luis. Laterza e Figli), and *Nuovi Saggi di Letteratura Inglese*, by the same author (Turin: Libreria Editrice Internazionale). These two books rank among the best critical work on English literature in Italian. The author examines the works of thirty-five different authors, and has produced masterpieces of criticism, which should be known to everyone familiar with the language of Dante, particularly teachers and professors of literature in high schools and universities.

Recent Events.

France.

On January 17th President Millerand promulgated a decree creating a new Ministry under former Premier Aristide Briand, after M. Raoul Peret had failed to form a Cabinet to succeed that of M. Leygues. The new Ministry contains every political element except out-and-out Royalists and Communists. The first announcement of M. Briand was that war restrictions on trade would be abolished as soon as possible, and this, coupled with immediate abandonment of coal control and suppression of the National Coal Bureau, gave general satisfaction. The most important task, however, to which the new Premier at once addressed himself, was the matter of the German reparations, which was taken up at the Inter-Allied Conference at Paris on January 24th.

After several days' discussion, the Allied Premiers approved an indemnity plan, the two chief features of which provide: first, Germany shall pay over a period of forty-two years a series of annuities ranging from two billion gold marks to six billion gold marks; and second, Germany shall pay to the Allies for forty years a twelve and one-half per cent tax on the sum total of her export trade. The grand total of the indemnity, according to the first provision, would amount to 220,000,000,000 gold marks, or \$55,500,000,000. What the second provision would bring it is impossible to say, as no one can tell what the twelve and one-half per cent tax on Germany's exports will be twenty years from now.

Two important observations made of the plan are that it does fix the definite total Germany must pay, and second, it is not effective without German consent. The reason that the new plan requires German consent for its validity, is because the Treaty of Versailles provides that Germany shall pay her indemnity in thirty years, whereas the latest scheme lays down the basis of payments at forty-two years.

The announcement of the Allied decision met with universal disapproval in Germany, where all classes declare that the indemnity imposed cannot possibly be raised. In the United States and Switzerland the opinion has been widely expressed that the reparation figure is too high. Moreover, the opinion was prevalent in these two countries that the Germans cannot pay twelve

and one-half per cent on the value of all exports, since that percentage generally exceeds the margin of profit. According to official statements, by the Allies, however, the reparation plan does not contemplate a direct tax of twelve and one-half per cent on German exports. Instead, this is to be regarded as a tax placed on Germany equivalent to twelve and one-half per cent of her exports. In other words, the twelve and one-half per cent tax is merely taken as a measure variable with the indemnity. Germany must pay, and this is to be raised by Germany just as she must raise any other item in her budget or the fixed indemnities themselves. Germany enjoys the same latitude in paying a variable indemnity as a fixed indemnity, and can relieve her exporters of the entire burden if she sees fit to take the necessary measures, such as increasing her per capita taxation or by inaugurating tobacco and liquor monopolies.

The next meeting of the Reparation Conference was set for March 1st, and to this the German Government was invited. Germany has accepted the invitation on condition "that negotiations will take place also on propositions the German Government intends to present to the Conference." This is taken to mean that Germany intends to make certain counter proposals for reparation, and for the preparation of these the Government has nominated a special executive committee to act in conjunction with Government departments. The personnel of the committee indicates that the German Government is bringing together its biggest men for a great campaign. The Committee of Fifteen represents the concentration of the leading figures in German industry, finance, agriculture, and shipping. It includes Hugo Stinnes, the richest man in the Republic, and his rival in the race for wealth, the steel magnate, Strauss. Some of the other members are Walter Rothenau, President of the General Electric Company; Kuno of the Hamburg-American Line, and Wietfeldt, Director of Krupps.

This attitude of Germany serves to emphasize the situation in France, which today is divided politically into two camps. One, led by M. Briand, and backed by President Millerand, would maintain the entente with England at almost any cost. The other, led by former President Poincaré, would compromise no further and, if need be, cut loose from England and use militant force in bringing Germany to terms. On February 9th, the Chamber of Deputies gave to the Government a vote of confidence, which was demanded by Premier Briand as a condition of his going to the London Conference. The vote, however, was 387 to 125, and came only after four days' strenuous debate, in which

the reparations agreement was subjected to severe criticism. The significance of this is that, while Premier Briand will go to the London Conference with free hands, it will also be with the knowledge that if he abates in the slightest degree the terms of the Paris agreement in favor of Germany, his Ministry will scarcely last beyond the date of his return. The general feeling in France today is that Germany must be made to pay, and to pay quickly, a sentiment reënforced by the fact that the tax rate in Germany is lower than that of France, which is staggering under the immense weight of war pensions, indemnities, and reparations for the devastated regions, all of which Germany is eventually to pay under the Treaty of Versailles.

The place of meeting for the next session of the Council of the League of Nations on February 21st has been changed from Geneva to Paris. The Council will have before it a number of important international questions, including those not solved by the first Assembly of the League in November and December last. In addition to a committee of international jurists to discuss amendments to the Covenant of the League of Nations, six other committees must be appointed by the Council to deal with various subjects which must all come before the next plenary Assembly of the League in September. One of these subjects is the Soviet-Lithuanian Treaty, just filed with the Council of the League.

A renewed military occupation of Constantinople has been threatened by the Allies, and the Inter-Allied representatives there have notified the Grand Vizier of the measures they propose to take. Franco-British reënforcements will be quartered in public buildings requisitioned in Stamboul, where already there are several thousand Inter-Allied forces. It is considered that the troops are required to guard against threatened disorder, owing to the presence of followers of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the Nationalist leader, and Bolshevik elements, and the failure of the Turks to ratify the Peace Treaty.

On the other hand, Turkey's delegation to the Turkish Peace Conference, scheduled to begin at London on February 21st, will contain a large Nationalist delegation. The purpose of this Conference is the revision of the Treaty of Sèvres, whereby Thrace and Smyrna were handed over to Greece. Because of the recall of Constantine to the Grecian throne despite Allied opposition, the disposition now seems growing among the Allies to return these territories to Turkey. Meanwhile, in order to hold Mustapha Kemal well in hand, the French have recently taken from him Aintab, a city of some 40,000 inhabitants, just within the

French zone of influence under the Treaty of Sèvres, and from which the French have been trying to oust the Kemalists ever since they seized it last year. Kemal's fortunes have been on the mend since M. Viviani induced the League of Nations to ask President Wilson to undertake negotiations with him to save Armenia. In fact, they mended so rapidly that he was inclined to defy his French sponsors. But now that he has lost Aintab, the French expect that his Ambassadors will be more reasonable at London. In general the French press hails the capture of Aintab as a great French victory.

Early in February it was officially announced that total subscription to the new six per cent French Government loan, which closed towards the end of January, amounted to 27,888,417,300 francs. Of this sum, 10,998,236,097 francs was new money.

Italy. The outstanding feature of the month's events in Italy has been the crusade of violence conducted by the Nationalist fac-

tion against Socialist and radical newspapers and labor clubs in reprisal for the communistic excesses of the last eighteen months. Destruction of the principal property of the revolutionary organization throughout Italy was evidently the plan of the campaign. Most of the rioting occurred in cities of northern and central Italy, with Milan as the chief centre of disorder. At Bologna the splendid Chamber of Labor was burned to the ground. This building was the headquarters of Communistic Socialism in Italy, and its total contents, including the administrative department's archives concerning the ramifications of the movement throughout the kingdom, were destroyed by the flames. Other chambers of labor were burned down at Modena, and at Taranto. At Trieste and at Florence the plants and buildings of prominent daily Socialist papers have been completely burned. At Milan Nationalists raided the publishing house of the Socialist journal, *Avanti*. At least fifty persons have been killed or wounded in the various clashes.

Owing to the gravity of the situation in the Provinces of Bologna and Modena, Premier Giolitti ordered the revocation of permits to carry arms, and directed the Prefects to arrest any person found in possession of arms, which were ordered to be surrendered within a specified time. Bologna, Modena and Ferrara Provinces defied the Government ultimatum, and leading political and patriotic associations dispatched deputations to Rome to demand the withdrawal of the decree, on the ground that the Government has shown itself impotent to protect the lives and

property of citizens. For the time being, the Minister has been obliged to extend the term of delivery beyond the allotted time, as fully half a million rifles are known to be in the district in question. The Nationalists justify their campaign by affirming that they have uncovered proof of a plot against the State, and that they have found secret circulars addressed to Communists, bidding them to be in readiness to play their part in a great revolutionary outbreak planned over the whole of Italy for the near future.

Disastrous anti-religious rioting is also reported from various parts of the country. Recently a horde of unemployed peasantry stormed the Tuscania Cathedral in the Roman province in a fury of iconoclasm. The invaders smashed up altars, crucifixes, pictures and statuary. Besides the material destruction, estimated at over \$20,000, almost the whole of the rich treasury of votive offerings, engraved gold and silver, representing the gifts of many generations of pilgrims, was ruthlessly pillaged. Sanguinary disorders have also occurred at Castelamare di Stabia, on the Gulf of Naples, and fierce political strife has broken out between Socialists and Clericals in Central Italy.

Ever since the memorable factory-seizing campaign in Italy last fall, the Giolitti government has been endeavoring to evolve a scheme for redeeming its pledges to the workers for joint control of the larger industries. According to a bill, soon to be presented to the Parliament by Premier Giolitti, it is provided that the employees in each industry shall elect a National Council composed of nine members, and each Council in turn will appoint two representatives for participation in the management of each factory, their power to extend to technical, financial and disciplinary arrangements, including the fixing of prices and the purchasing of raw materials. Factory owners strongly disapprove of the proposed law, as do the Communists, who are opposed both to the Government and the employers. At the coming session the Catholic Party will also present a measure dealing with a plan for workmen to share in the management and profits of the plants.

The question of raising the price of bread is still absorbing public attention. The refusal of the Government to accept the Socialists' amendments to the project now before the Chamber has met with general approval. The aim of the Government is to provide some way to cover the enormous deficit in the budget, caused chiefly by fixing the price of bread at a low figure for political effect.

Late in January at the Socialist convention at Leghorn the communist section of the Italian Socialist Party was defeated

in its attempt to secure endorsement by the party of the Third Internationale of Moscow. After the rejection of their motion, the Communists left the convention and formed the Italian Communist Party, which advocates violence, when necessary to attain its ends. The vote on the question of joining the Moscow Internationale was as follows: Socialists (against adherence), 112,241; Communists (for adherence), 58,900. The Socialist organization will retain its newspaper, the treasury and coöperative enterprises.

Heavy fighting occurred in Fiume late in January when some of the military forces in the city, in conjunction with legionaries, seized the barracks and made an attempt to overthrow the Provisional Government. A Government militia force finally succeeded in overcoming the rebels. D'Annunzio left Fiume for Italy shortly after the conclusion of the Peace of Rapallo, and his present place of abode is unknown.

A bitter political struggle is developing in Fiume, eight parties having placed themselves in the field for the Constitutional Assembly elections. These include the old adherents of annexation, the Nationalists, Autonomists, Croats, Socialists and Communists. The elections are to be held about the middle of March. The various Annexationist groups are expected to form a coalition, but the strength of the Autonomists is conceded to be the most formidable. Business at the port of Fiume is still at a standstill and the city is burdened with a large debt. The present Provisional Government is making efforts to have Italy reëstablish the city's credit.

Count Sforza, the Italian Foreign Minister, in the Chamber of Deputies on February 7th, made the important announcement that at the recent meeting of the Supreme Council in Paris, it was decided to reduce the expense to Germany of the Allied occupation of the Rhine to 240,000,000 gold marks. On Italy's initiative this sum will include the expenses of the various Inter-Allied commissions. By this means the cost of the Rhineland occupation will be reduced to about £12,000,000 sterling, which is only about one-sixth of the present cost—a saving to Germany equivalent to \$300,000,000 a year.

The most important topic of discussion in Germany during the month was the indemnity fixed by the Allied Premiers as described above. The Ministry of Finance has reached the conclusion that the utmost sum Germany can pay in reparations is one hundred and fifty billion marks (about thirty-six billion dollars), this including all she has so far paid in cash and goods.

This sum would be paid off in thirty years under the plan outlined. In addition, the Foreign Office has made public the data prepared by a committee of business experts for the use of the German delegation at the forthcoming London Conference. The figures show that Germany's imports in 1920 amounted to eight billion paper marks and her exports were five billion. In a statement accompanying the estimates, it is pointed out that the amount of exports must be increased sixty per cent in order merely to strike a trade balance. Against the French contention that the tax rate in Germany is not as high as that in France, data is given to the effect that the total of taxation in Germany, national, state and municipal, amounts to two hundred and fifty-three marks per capita. According to these figures the Frenchman pays thirteen per cent of his income to the government in taxes, whereas the German pays twenty per cent.

Dr. Walter Simons, Foreign Secretary, has threatened to resign if the majority of his Cabinet does not stand behind him in opposing an unyielding front to the Allied demands, and press comment from all parts of Germany approves his attitude. Nevertheless, there is a general call for a broader Cabinet, which should include, it is suggested, members of all parties except the Communists to impress the world with Germany's unanimity and determination. Germany, according to a statement by Dr. Ernest Scholz, Minister of Economics, will not affix her signature to a compact that cannot be fulfilled, and holds that the Versailles Treaty prescribed an entirely different procedure, for arriving at the amount of the indemnity Germany was to pay, than that adopted by the Supreme Council at Paris.

"In view of the serious times through which Germany is passing," the Prussian Minister of the Interior has directed all provincial Governors and the Police President of Berlin not to issue any more licenses for balls for the carnival season at this period of the year, and to restrict, as much as possible, the entertainments for which licenses have already been granted. The Socialist Labor Party in Munich at a large mass meeting passed a resolution demanding a plebiscite of the German people, and asking the German people to enter upon a national strike, if necessary, to evade the Allied indemnity demand.

The German Government has sent to the Reparations Commission a note saying that Germany will not deliver the amounts of coal called for by the Commission for the next six months. This is in reply to the notification that Germany is expected to deliver 2,200,000 tons monthly, instead of the 2,000,000 provided for at Spa, and also to make up the 500,000 tons by which she

has failed to meet the Spa arrangement. The German note says that German industry needs the coal and that Germany cannot deliver more than 1,800,000 tons per month, and that only on condition that the Spa payment arrangement is strictly adhered to.

A detailed list of the various deliveries made by Germany to the Allies up to December 31st, in execution of the Treaty of Versailles during the first year it was in force, has just been issued by the Reparations Commission. The chief item is coal, amounting in all to 17,818,840 tons. Next in importance on the list are dyestuffs, of which 10,787,827 kilos were delivered. The list contains various cables which have been delivered, but which have not yet been allocated by the expert conference now sitting at Washington, to which the work was intrusted. In all there are seventeen cables in various parts of the world, and the long delay of the Washington conference in their allocation has risen from difference of opinion between the United States and Great Britain and Italy on the one side and France and Japan on the other.

In a lengthy statement to the Reichstag, Dr. Simons, the Foreign Secretary, recently explained the Government's attitude toward the resumption of diplomatic and trade relations with Soviet Russia. Dr. Simons declared that Germany's objection to resuming diplomatic relations with Russia was due to the failure of the Moscow Government to make due amends for the murder of Count von Mirbach, the German Ambassador to Russia, and also to the persistency with which the Soviet régime had attempted to carry on political agitation in Germany. As for attempted resumption of trade relations through unofficial channels, Dr. Simons stated that progress in this direction could not be expected until the Russian Government produced tangible evidence that they were in possession of export commodities, that the Russian transportation system had received needed improvement, and that the East had ceased to be a theatre of war.

Ratifications of the provisional German-Hungarian commercial treaty were recently exchanged in Budapest. The treaty contains the most-favored nation clause, and also provides for the exchange of the railroad rolling stock belonging to one country and located in the other. It runs for three months, and will be renewed automatically for another quarter unless renounced before the expiration of the first period. On the other hand, by a vote of the Cabinet, Czecho-Slovakia on February 11th, rejected the draft of a treaty of commerce with Germany, prepared in collaboration with German representatives and approved by the Minister of Commerce.

Controversy over the Bavarian "Orgesch" and other home-

guard organizations came to a head on February 7th when the German Federal Government notified the Bavarian Prime Minister that the Federal Government refused to take any further responsibility for the situation in Bavaria, and that the Bavarian Government must risk occupation by France if it did not immediately fulfill the demands of the Allied disarmament note. The Bavarian Government replied in a note, explaining that while Bavaria adhered to the standpoint that the disarmament and reparations decisions should not be treated separately, Bavaria would no longer oppose orders which the German Government, consistent with the Constitution, considered necessary.

Official Government statistics, recently completed, show that Germany today has a total population of 60,282,602 as against 65,000,000 in 1913. The census shows that the nation owns 3,500,000 horses, 16,500,000 cows, 5,000,000 sheep, 11,500,000 pigs, 4,000,000 goats, 51,000,000 poultry, and 7,500,000 dogs. In 1914 Germany owned about 22,000,000 cattle and in 1916 about 21,000,000. In 1910 Germany had close to 65,000,000 head.

Germany will be obliged to import 3,000,000 tons of grain to meet domestic needs in 1921, according to an official reply to a question concerning the country's immediate requirements of foodstuffs from abroad. The Government admits the appraisal submitted at the Spa conference will prove inadequate, owing to the failure of last year's crops, which did not come up to the expected yield.

Russia. The Treaty of Peace between Soviet Russia and Poland was finally signed at Riga on

February 11th, according to a wireless dispatch from Moscow. The preliminary Peace Treaty between the two countries was signed at Riga on October 12th last. Shortly afterwards negotiations were taken up at Riga by Polish and Soviet representatives, and these negotiations have been dragging along ever since. The foregoing message from Moscow embodies the first report of any definite conclusion of the Riga negotiations.

Any peace signed at Riga will only be a truce so far as Soviet Russia is concerned, according to secret Soviet military documents recently discovered by French officials. To repel a possible Bolshevik offensive, which was planned for April, President Pilsudski of Poland went to Paris early in February, and endeavored to induce France to enter into a military alliance with Poland. The most he could obtain, however, was a declaration of the French Government recognizing the community of interest uniting the

two countries. Nevertheless, the declaration has importance, as showing that France has accepted President Pilsudski's assurance that Poland has adopted a pacific policy, and is without aggressive intentions against her neighbors, thus justifying France in coming to her aid if she is attacked without provocation. On the other hand, Poland and Rumania are negotiating a defensive alliance which will not only include military affairs, but will also contain economic and commercial features. It is expected that this treaty will be concluded in the near future.

On his Parisian visit, President Pilsudski made a formal promise to the President of the Council of the League of Nations that Vilna will be evacuated by the Polish irregular troops under General Zellgouski as soon as the date for the Lithuanian plebiscite is fixed and an international occupation contingent has arrived. The Swiss Government, however, has refused to allow the passage of these troops of the League of Nations through its territory on the ground that the troops sent, although on a peaceful mission, might become involved in hostilities at Vilna. The Council of the League has requested the Swiss Government to send a representative to its meeting at Paris on February 21st to discuss this question.

In addition to the Swiss attitude, the Vilna situation is further complicated by a message of the Russian Soviet Government to Lithuania that it will consider it a definite act of hostility on the part of Lithuania if a League of Nations army is allowed to occupy the Vilna district. This is looked upon as a definite Bolshevik threat against the military authority of the League.

One of the decisions arrived at by the Supreme Council in its meeting at Paris was the recognition of Latvia and Esthonia as sovereign states. Action regarding Lithuania and Georgia was deferred, pending further information. The recognition of Latvia and Esthonia is in direct opposition to a note of President Wilson to the Allies earlier in the month, appealing for the maintenance of the integrity of the former Russian Empire. The view of the American Government is that the Powers should not take advantage of the stricken condition of Russia to dismember that country, and until a responsible and representative government shall have been erected in Russia, the Powers should not attempt to dispose of Russian territories. Since their recognition by the Allies, Latvia and Esthonia have invited Poland and Lithuania to a Congress at Riga. The purpose of the proposed Congress is to reach an economic agreement which it is hoped will be the foundation for a political entente of the Baltic States and Poland. This hitherto it has been impossible to negotiate.

Conflicting reports of the fate of the trade agreement between England and Soviet Russia have been the order of the month. Leonid Krassin, the Soviet representative who carried on the negotiations in London, early in January, returned to Moscow with the text of the agreement for ratification by the Soviet Government, but to date nothing definite has been done and dispatches report the Bolshevik leaders variously, as in favor of, and as opposed to, the agreement.

Diplomatic advices lately received indicate that, while the convention under discussion between the Persian Government and Soviet Russia has not yet been signed, there is a good prospect that it will be ratified, as the Persian Cabinet is reported in favor of it. The treaty, if ratified, would make Persia an ally of Soviet Russia, and provide the latter with a military base for operation against the British in the Near East and India, as well as a base for general propaganda. It confers on Russia the right to send military expeditions into Persian territories, provided Persia is invaded by an enemy of the Soviets. Later reports state that Tartar Bolshevik troops have entered the town of Kasvin, Persia, ninety miles northwest of Teheran, and British forces in the latter city are reported to have begun a withdrawal.

Authentic information recently received by the United States Government, shows that the fuel famine has now become so acute in Soviet Russia that all traffic has been suspended on nineteen principal railroad lines and twelve secondary lines, making a total of thirty-one railroads over which no trains are moving, except in cases of emergency. Practically all of the mines in the Don region have been shut down because of water in the pits, resulting from lack of sufficient fuel to operate pumping machinery. Only five cables for the transmission of electric power are now in use in Petrograd, and the street cars are operated only four hours daily, between the morning hours of 7 and 11 o'clock. The report says the street railways face a complete suspension of operation unless fuel is obtained immediately. Factories that failed to obtain sufficient coal last summer, have been obliged to shut down. Repair work on ships has also been abandoned because of lack of fuel, and Odessa and other ports are clogged with vessels for that reason. Beginning with January 1st, all currency was abolished as a medium of exchange in Russia, and the only such medium now in use takes the form of "work cards," which pass as currency. The existing economic breakdown is the severest Russia has ever experienced.

February 17, 1921.

With Our Readers.

THE worth and even necessity of visible religious unity are becoming more and more apparent to the leaders of many of the Protestant denominations. The Lambeth Conference, held some months ago in England, at which were present two hundred and fifty bishops of the Anglican Church, issued this (for them) extraordinary statement, "that the much-desired Christian unity could only be realized by those who were united in the fellowship of one visible Society, whose members are bound together by the ties of a common faith, common sacraments, and a common ministry."

Such an aspiration after the true life with and in Christ is both comforting and encouraging.

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FROM the encyclical issued by the Lambeth Conference, from the pronouncements made by the Episcopal Conference on Faith and Order, and from the statements concerning religious unity emanating from other denominations, it is apparent that, while all deplore the disruption of Christian unity and the multiplicity of sects, all likewise suppose that the different religious bodies, the Catholic Church as well as the others, are on the same level: tainted by the same sin: equally guilty, in a qualitative if not in a quantitative way, of having broken away from or lost the unity of Christendom. In other words, they all suppose that the visible, knowable Church of Christ has failed: and that all the so-called Christian sects had best get together and build it up again.

The implication back of all this is that representatives from the different Churches should meet and, according to their corporate judgment, make concessions, and compromise upon a common Christian creed. Such a manner of thought misses the real character and basis of the unity of, and in, Christ. That unity was not made by man, and can never be made by him. It cannot be broken up by man, neither by his ignorances nor his sins. Desirable as the mind of man may judge it to be, of and by himself man could never accomplish it. Why? Because by its very nature it is entirely beyond man. Our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ is Himself the source, the origin, the foundation, both of our union with Him and our religious union, in Him, one with another. He is God. Anyone who denies that truth, makes religious unity impossible, for he immediately throws it back upon

human debate, investigation, and compromise. And therefore it can rise no higher than human knowledge, which is variable, inconstant, progressive.

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AS soon as it is seen that Jesus Christ is God, the whole attitude of the individual man towards His teaching must change. First of all, the individual will see that Christian teaching is the word of God. It is as fixed, immutable, and eternal as God Himself. It can no more be changed than God can be changed. It comes from God: it is not brought by man to God, nor is it the result of human deliberations and conventions, in which men have sought to find the best approach, or the nearest expression of Christ's truth and Christ's purpose—which God in His good will, will later confirm. No: The revelation of Jesus Christ is not dependent on the will or the mind of man. It is not born of man's needs. It is the voice of God, in the Person of Jesus Christ, both God and Man, reaching us in human accents through the lips of Christ, but weighted with the immutability and eternal changelessness of God. Jesus Christ came, and He is the Truth and the Life and the Way. He declared that He was such for all men through all ages. The New Testament might be quoted to show how He established His Church to which He committed all truth: to which He gave His own authority, making it so explicit as to say: "He that heareth you (the Church) heareth Me." Similar quotations might be made at length. In like manner, to forestall the doubts and sins of men, Our Lord Jesus Christ declared most positively that the Church which He founded would be visible as such to all men at all times. It would be as a city placed upon the mountain-top. The gates of error would never prevail against it.

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TO declare that, in the course of the ages, this Church of Christ has been scrambled among a number of so-called Christian sects, is to deny Christ. And to escape this dilemma by asserting that Christ gave the gift: Christ established His Church, but men were unable to guard it faithfully; and through their fault, not through His, it lost its unity in Him—is to deny His Divinity: to mock His word, and to assert that He did not know what He was attempting; that He made a promise which a higher wisdom and a better knowledge of human nature would have taught Him was vain.

And yet this is practically the attitude assumed by the Lambeth Conference, and by many who loudly proclaim the virtue and necessity of religious unity. Surely they do not mean this, for

many of them have a real personal love of our blessed Lord, and a desire to serve Him. But their express writings will in themselves allow of no other conclusion.

They look upon the particular church, to which they have long given allegiance, as a part of the true Church. If it hasn't got all the truth, it has some of the truth: and therefore it is entitled to consideration in every discussion on Church unity. Each one must find his way to heaven as best he can; and they argue: "If I followed my church faithfully, I would certainly never do anything wrong. Other churches are good, too: yet they have their faults. We have all no doubt lost something of the primitive truth, and our simplicity has grown sophisticated, and perhaps tainted, through the ages. Our divisions are due to human weaknesses, from which none of us is free. It would be well if these might be lifted. But can they? Well, if we all got together, agreed that some blame rested upon all of us, made mutual concessions and acceptances, perhaps we could. But all must agree so to foregather and give due consideration to all claims. When such a sense of justice reigns, unity may be possible; but it can never be born of anything else but justice."

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IF the whole of the argument were as true as the last phrase, it would be unanswerable. But it is built upon an entire forgetfulness of the fact that Jesus Christ came and gave His definite truth to men, and promised that He would keep that truth undefiled, intact, through a visible Church that would live as a visible Church until the end of the world.

A garment without seam with which every man is bound in conscience to clothe himself: and a patchwork of human guesses, compromises, and opinions, with which he vainly strives to warm his shivering soul—that is the difference between the right and the wrong idea of Christian unity.

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IN this very report of the Lambeth Conference, the truth of the establishment of the Church is firmly stated, and then its consequences deftly shirked. It declares that Our Lord founded the Church and sent His Holy Spirit to abide therein forever—and then, instead of declaring that men are subject to the Holy Spirit and must follow His truth, it makes the Holy Spirit and His Presence in the Church subject to the differences, the vagaries, the sentimentalities of men. "God sent forth His Son, both to reconcile the world to Himself and to reconcile men one to another. And His Son formed a new and greater Israel, which we call the Church, to carry on His own mission of reconciling men to God

and men to men. The foundation and ground of all fellowship is the undeflected will of God, renewing again and again its patient effort to possess, without destroying, the wills of men. And so He has called into being a fellowship of men, His Church, and sent His Holy Spirit to abide therein, that by the prevailing attraction of that one Spirit He, the one God and Father of all, may win over the whole human family to that fellowship in Himself by which alone it can attain to the fullness of life.

"This, then, is the object of the Church. In the prosecution of this object it must take account of every fellowship that exists among men, must seek to deepen and purify it, and, above all, to attach it to God. But in order to accomplish its object, the Church must itself be a pattern of fellowship. It is only by showing the value and power of fellowship in itself that it can win the world to fellowship. The weakness of the Church in the world today is not surprising when we consider how the bands of its own fellowship are loosened and broken."

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THE fellowship of men is born of their brotherhood in their acceptance of Christ: Christ is not born of the fellowship of men. If we were all to abide in one another and yet not abide in Him, we would have no life in us.

The workers after Christian unity frequently turn things upside down. The fundamental error in this pronouncement—and in much else issued on the question—is that corporate love of a denomination or of an organization excuses or lessens one's direct, personal responsibility to God. Religion is not a matter of adherence to a church—as the word "church" is today understood by non-Catholics. In the Catholic sense, the Church is not an institution, but an organism: the living participation by ourselves in Christ living in the world: in Christ feeding us in the world. It is not only God with us, it is the Life of God with us and in us—the Truth, the Light, the Life.

It is the fulfillment of that first and greatest Commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind." This is the primary obligation of the creature, which he must meet in himself and by himself: and from which no human institution, no human multitude, however they be bound to him or he to them, can free him. No one else can permit an individual to do wrong: no one else can excuse him from not having done right. And to this primary moral duty, between every man and his God, many who discuss Christian unity seem to be blind. They will approach the vision: the light seems ready to break over the hill, which

they have so laboriously and courageously climbed—and then they turn back and seek the valley where the crowd lives with whom they have lived so long. “We must be part of the true Church,” they say again in the darker shadows, “and we will go over together.” The truth haunts them: pursues them—for none can have so much of the light and not yearn for more. Indeed, unity of religious truth, like the synthesis of human truth, is an instinct in the soul of man. He seeks it ever, even though he knows not that he seeks it. Were he to realize that it is a personal, independent responsibility and dignity, based upon the eternal worth before God of his individual soul, he would see in a sacrificial but a clearer light.

Thus does the Catholic Church follow insistently upon the religious thoughts of men, and rightly do they say: “If we could get that Church, we surely would have unity.”

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BUT the Catholic Church is not merely a corporate body of believers. Every member of it has accepted its teachings on the authority of God. And through that personal acceptance does he receive life in Christ and membership in the kingdom of God. It is this life—and not numbers—that makes majestic and secure the Catholic Church.

And, since it is the life of man with God, the Church looks upon heresy as the greatest of sins, because it is the destruction of the very source of life with Christ, the denial of Him as the Truth and the Light. Other sins offend Christ most grievously; other sins crucify Him afresh: but this sin denies Him absolutely as the Divine Teacher of men and the Saviour of the world. Consequently, from the days of St. John, no sin has been denounced in such severe, angry, and almost ungovernable terms by the Fathers, the confessors, the saints, the teachers of the Church throughout the ages.

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WE deplored, therefore, a statement made in the *Blackfriars* of last August: that while the saints and prophets of the Church condemned disunion, they denounced still more the crimes of those even in the highest quarters, which brought it about. No one wishes to excuse in any way the crimes that have led to disunion: but surely every saint and prophet of the Church knew that the greatest of crimes is the denial of the Church: the denial of Christ, which has resulted in the disruption of Christian teaching and the loss of His divine life and light to millions for centuries past.

The statement seems to infer—and the *American Church*

Monthly has made the inference—that all the sects and denominations, including the Catholic Church, have sinned, and that we should all likewise do penance. But the truth of Christ, and of His Word, does not depend upon man's sinlessness. Were the religious unity desired by both those magazines an accomplished fact, both writers know that sin would still continue; that crimes even in high places would not cease, and that there might be times when, as Cardinal Newman says, the Church, through the faithlessness of her children, might appear to some, even as Christ once showed Himself, in the arms of the devil. If the claim of the Church is to be tested by impeccability, one sin of one unknown member is as weighty an argument as the notorious crimes of those who sat in high places.

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PERHAPS the most unfortunate moral tendency of the day is to shirk one's personal, direct duty. It is characteristic of us in the political, the civic, the industrial fields. We lend ourselves to a corporate morality, which after all is no morality at all. The virtues are becoming more distant: less concrete, because the necessity of personal illustration is lightly grasped. Man's first duty is to his God. If he is not right with God, he cannot be right with his fellows. And even if the whole world go wrong, he cannot make himself right by going with it. The obligation to seek and to accept God and His Son, Jesus Christ, is direct, immediate, for every soul; and no corporate activity, however good and promising, should be permitted to dim this eternal truth.



TO this issue of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, Mr. Williams contributes an article on the Catholic Press: and Edward F. Carrington, S.J., at the end of his paper on Leslie Moore urges us to be more interested in Catholic literature.

The present month of March has been set aside by the Hierarchy of the country as Catholic Press Month. The primary purpose of this campaign is to help our periodical publications—weekly and monthly—particularly our diocesan papers. But we feel sure that the Bishops would wish some attention given to the wider question of Catholic literature and our responsibility to cultivate not only Catholic books, but what might be termed the chronic Catholic mind.

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DIVERSIFIED are our occupations and our interests in life. To their ruling we may bring many motives and sometimes no motives at all except our casual feelings, sentiments, passions and

prejudices. The very diversity of them, and oftentimes the aimlessness, makes our hearts grow weary and our minds bewildered. We long for a rest, and a rest means the opportunity and the blessing to see life right and see it whole.

We deceive ourselves into thinking that to be distracted is to rest. Distraction means only a postponement of the problem. It may have its accidental good office in helping us, when we again look at worries and cares, to view them in a more exact measure. But the newspapers: the movies: the illustrated magazines: the chance talk of friends never give us real rest—peace with ourselves: our occupation: our home: peace with God. That comes from a mind that is master of itself and that knows the way through the highways and the bypaths of life. Since each one of us must touch upon many interests: many questions, this matter of knowing our way clear is not so easy as it sounds. To see the truth and duty: to live up to both: to stand firm in the face of opposition that is almost overpowering: to see clearly when arguments, seemingly unanswerable, come against us, well-phrased and many, demands a mind that has fortified itself with strong meat.

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THERE is no man today who in the course of a week or a month is not forced to speak his opinion on questions such as the labor union: the right of collective bargaining: the right of capitalism to organize and to coöperate: the living wages for women and girls: the dignity of marriage and of the home: the education of children. To many there is both opportunity and necessity to speak about Catholic teaching and Catholic doctrine: or some mooted question of history of our own, or some other, country.

We can help ourselves immensely in the whole intelligent appreciation of our Catholic inheritance, if we get into the habit of reading Catholic books; and by the same habit we can help many others, for all of us have our circle of friends, great or small. With this habit of reading, even if it be but for half an hour a day, will grow our knowledge and love of Catholic truth, our added sense of self-dignity and self-mastery.

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IT is sometimes said that the output of Catholic literature is small or that its standing in the literary world is not great. The output might indeed be greater: but as it stands it is noteworthy and the literary merit compares favorably—and at times more than favorably—with secular literature of the day.

Let us take a hurried survey of some of the Catholic books that have been issued within about a twelvemonth. Our survey

is casual: not by any means exhaustive. As Catholic reading can help us interpret rightly any field of human thought, we will confine ourselves to no one subject. We will give a list that surely ought to hold some invitation for any one who likes to read: and let us hope—if there be any so unfortunate—for those who do not like to read.

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TO begin with the beginning of all things, Catholic truth, there is the volume of Rev. G. H. Joye, S.J., *The Catholic Doctrine of Grace*, which will add fresh, inspiring light on the supernatural life which we all lead if we walk with God. If you wish other devotional, instructive books, select St. Bernard's *Sermon on the Canticles*, the first volume of which has just appeared; or *Exposition of Christian Doctrine*, by a seminary professor—a book for the “plainer” people; or *Credo: A Short Exposition of Catholic Belief*, by Right Rev. A. Le Roy. Perhaps, someone has asked you about the reported miracles at Lourdes and as to how we know they are miracles. It would be well—and you will find it interesting—to read *The Logic of Lourdes*, by John J. Clifford, S.J.

The student at our Catholic colleges will find his time well spent if he reads *The Catholic Student*, by Michael Hickey. And no one, whether student or not, should be without a knowledge, and indeed a living interest, in the history of our own country. Therefore, we recommend *The History of the United States*, by Charles H. McCarthy. Our younger, and our older folk, too, ought to be somewhat versed in the greater events of Christian history. The younger will be interested by *A General History of the Christian Era*, by N. A. Weber: the older, by *Credentials of Christianity*, by Martin J. Scott, S.J.

For more particular studies in history, we would mention *Europe and the Faith*, by Hilaire Belloc; *English Catholics in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, by John H. Pollen, S.J.; *Ireland a Nation*, by Robert Lynd; *The History of England Series*, telling of the suffering of Catholics, and refuting the errors of Protestant history by Ernest R. Hull, S.J., or *The Women of '98*, recounting the stories of the heroic Irish women, by Mrs. T. Concannon. For other historical studies in different lines, we must recall the recently published volumes: *Mediæval Medicine*, by James J. Walsh; *An Essay on Mediæval Economic Teaching*, by George O'Brien, which latter gives a good appreciation of the industrial world directed by Catholic philosophy; and *The Modern World*, by Francis S. Betters, S.J., and Alfred K. Kaufman, S.J.

Spiritualism and its allied subjects are still widely discussed.

A useful volume on this subject is *The Menace of Spiritualism*, by Elliott O'Donnell. On the industrial question we have, most recently, *The Church and Labor*, by John A. Ryan, D.D.

If one thinks all this has been too serious and heavy, let him turn to such lighter works as *Points of Friction*, by Agnes Repplier, where he will be struck by many wholesome truths not altogether pleasantly administered; or *Abbotscourt*, by John Ayscough; *The Grey Nuns of the Far North*, by Rev. P. Duchaussois, O.M.I., a thrilling tale; or *Eunice*, by Isabel C. Clarke.

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WE might extend the above list to twice its size. We but wished to show to any doubting reader that Catholic literature is alive, and to ask that its life be appreciated and further nourished by the support of the Catholic body.

We plead this not so much for the literature itself as for Catholics themselves. For mind rules us and mind rules the world. And we should see to it, through the Catholic cultivation of the mind, that the truth of Christ rules the world. Right reason ought again to be placed upon its throne. Through the vagaries of false philosophy and false religion, truth has not only been denied: but the office of truth has been forgotten. Wild and radical theories born of error, of lawlessness, of emotion, have been proclaimed masters to take her place. Their very unreasonableness will eventually be their undoing: but until that is fully known, they will continue to work great harm. To expose their unreasonableness the more readily, there is no more effective agency than the clear, attractive light of Catholic truth.

ASLANDEROUS article, pretending to portray the real situation in Poland today, appeared in the February 16th issue of *The Nation*, under the heading of "How Long Will Poland Last?" In an attempt to paint the blackest picture his most vivid imagination could suggest, the author has stooped to prejudiced personal interpretations of real and imaginary situations affecting the most vital parts of Poland's Government, her ideals and her peoples.

The opening paragraphs deal with opinions on the creation of Poland, likened to an attempt at the fulfillment of a romantic dream; of a supposed lack of democracy in a government which fails to function and is controlled by nobles and aristocrats, and whose sole business is waging ineffectual war to enlarge her territories. Those opinions are presented with the cold manner of one whose only motive is complete destruction. This tone is not even softened to portray a good beginning in the creation of a

buffer state between the most dangerous factors blocking the present trend of events toward peace in Europe.

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TO refute the statement regarding democracy, we have but to quote the words of Paderewski, the venerable patriot of Polish liberty: "It is useless to try to teach American ideals of democracy to the Poles, for they have had them for a thousand years."

Poland, emerging from a grave of one hundred and fifty years, assumed the task of erecting a new government after years of oppression under the Prussian heel, the Russian yoke and Austrian domination. The energetic efforts of her people, under most adverse circumstances, were a revelation to those Americans who were privileged to view the results with eyes, unclouded by racial prejudice or political hate. The Polish Government is new, but Poland is old, and, having outlived oppression, will easily survive the inevitable governmental changes which naturally precede equilibrium and stability in a government of, by and for the whole people.

Only a great catastrophe can prevent Poland from assuming her rightful position amongst the civilized nations of Europe. Her traditions, nurtured through many years of diversified oppression, broke forth into life, immediately the hands of the oppressors were withdrawn. The solidarity of intention of the classes and the masses is bound to spell success for the new Republic.

The Government at Warsaw does function. Nobles and aristocrats, as such, have no place in Poland's Government today. That Government is by the masses. The largest party in the Polish Diet is that representing the small farmer or peasant, and presiding as Premier is the peasant, Witos. Can one rightfully say that it is class rule which governs Poland now?

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A PARAGRAPH could hardly have been devoted to the subjugation of the peasant had the author known that the Diet in 1919 divided the land in Poland, including all large estates, into the following groups: Very large farms, middle-sized estates, big peasant farms, small peasant holdings. The plan is that none shall own more than three hundred acres. An exception is that specialized industries, forming an industrial unit supporting colonies of peasants, shall be left intact. Poland here accomplished by deliberate and sane methods what others in central Europe had tried and failed—the division of the land. True it has come slowly, and is, even now, only in process of adjustment. The deliberate method is the very cause of its success.

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AS for waging wars. Poland has fought a defensive war to protect these confines established by the League of Nations. The advance upon Kiev is perhaps the most quoted of her supposed efforts for expansion. Yet in that, the carefully announced intention of the Polish authorities was merely to support the Ukrainian against a common enemy. A further provision was that a Ukrainian must be the civil governor of Kiev (and it was so), and that the Polish army would withdraw immediately after the Ukrainian defence had been made secure. The statements regarding Poland's greed for territory and her desire for war have often been refuted by dependable and well-informed people of the highest moral character. It is a known fact that Poland intends to abide fully by the mandates of the League of Nations respecting her boundaries, even though it necessitate relinquishing lands already considered hers.

WE take pleasure in printing the following notice: "The American Committee for Relief in Ireland, 1 West 34th Street, New York, is anxious to get all possible material bearing on the needs of the population in Ireland. Persons who have received letters from friends or relatives in Ireland which give a picture of present conditions, are urged to send a copy of the letters, addressed to the Publicity Department of the A. C. R. I. First-hand human interest material of this character will aid the Committee greatly in its drive for funds to relieve the destitute women and children."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Mother of Christ. By O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R. \$2.50 net. *Faith and Duty.* By J. F. Smith. \$2.50 net. *St. Paul.* By P. Coghlan, C.P. \$2.50. *Meditations on the Litany of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.* By F. A. Forbes. 50 cents. *The Gospel According to St. Mark.* By R. Eaton. \$2.00. *A Scottish Knight-Errent.* By F. A. Forbes and M. Cahill. \$1.75. *The Message of Francis Thompson.* By a Sister of Notre Dame. *The Fringe of the Eternal.* By Rev. F. Gonne. \$2.00. *In Mallow.* By W. O'Brien. \$1.25. *Marriage and Motherhood.* By A. Lady Lovat. \$2.00. *A Spiritual Retreat.* By Father Alexander, O.F.M. \$3.00.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Ireland in the European System. By J. Hogan. Vol. I. \$5.00 net. *Victoire de Saint-Luc.* By Mother St. Patrick. \$1.40.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

Principles of Freedom. By T. MacSwiney. *Among Italian Peasants.* By S. Cyriax. *A Tour of American National Parks.* By H. O. Reck. *Saint Columba of Iona.* By L. Menzies. *Naturalism in English Poetry.* By S. A. Brooke, LL.D.

THE CENTURY Co., New York:

Glimpses of South America. By F. A. Sherwood. *A Study of Women Delinquents.* By M. R. Ferrald, M. H. S. Hayes and A. Dawley.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

History of the United States, 1850-1877. Vol. VI.—1886-1872. By J. F. Rhodes, LL.D. *Social Reconstruction.* By J. A. Ryan, D.D., LL.D. \$2.50. *The States of South America.* By C. Dornville-Fife. \$5.00. *The Church and Labor.* By J. A. Ryan, D.D., LL.D., and J. Husslein, S.J., Ph.D. \$3.75.

JOHN LANE Co., New York:

The Watch-Dog of the Crown. By J. Knipe.

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THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

BY GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

I.



EVERY once in a while there arises in us as a nation the praiseworthy desire to find out what we are really like "inside." People have been talking and talking; at intervals, no longer leisurely, a journalist appears in New York harbor, takes a taxicab to the Biltmore, the Twentieth Century Limited to Chicago, and a special train to the District of Columbia. Shortly afterward, we are regaled with variations on several standard themes: the impressiveness of our grain-elevators, the sky-line of Toledo, Ohio, Chicago poets, and college football. Our idealism is admired with a smile; our lack of artistic sensibility is deplored, and our natural resources (of which the great journalist receives a comfortable sample) are declared magnificent. Occasionally, some less popular guest stays long enough to venture successfully a bit of illuminative criticism, but it is only a bit after all. Again, some of our more radical compatriots indite books in which the chaos of American life is duly contrasted with the superb, though isolated, symmetry of the author's philosophy. And the upshot of the whole business is that laudable question: "What are we really like?" Some of us are growing a little impatient for the answer. Nobody seems able to discover behind the vague formula of "Americanism" anything like a formative spirit.

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There is no obvious tradition, no apparent collective effort. We resemble some rather turbulent ocean, in constant upheaval, but never "getting anywhere."

Nevertheless, there are discernible in our life as a nation certain definite spiritual forces, not all of which have been eminently desirable, but which, generally, have been sufficiently self-conscious for expression. It is the *mêlée* resultant from their interaction which makes us what we are: and a tentative effort to disentangle this is all that we shall try to do here. The scope of American life has been regal, involving so complex and thrilling a migration of souls, so evident, and yet so disguised, a shifting of moral course, that one feels constantly in the presence of tremendous drama. It is true that we have given these things no adequate expression. Literature, always the log-book of the national soul, is with us only vague reading. Still, for all its brusqueness and incoherence, the tale has been written with some attempt, even, at art.

One naturally begins the story where it began. Among the numerous vessels of discovery, the *Mayflower* is almost the only one popularly remembered by name. The reason for this rather peculiar fact is that the Puritan stepped from its deck. He is a strange figure, not altogether attractive, but it is he who made America and whose character explains so largely the product. It must be borne in mind that he came to establish not freedom, but the Puritan, and that he succeeded rather well. Of equal importance is the fact that living in primitive America he was free from the volatile influence of the past, and could be serious to his heart's content. As one reads the sober, Hebraic accounts of that straight-jacketed Colonial life, one cannot help agreeing with Cotton Mather that "the devil was exceedingly surprised when he perceived such a people here." And they allowed the Evil One no respite. The furious persecution of witches, a harrowing affair not altogether bottomless, was, like modern Spiritism, the product of a generation that looked steadily at hell, but quite forgot the existence of heaven. Never has a people dwelt more intimately with thoughts of perdition than the Puritans: they made a veritable atlas of the netherworld, building, with remorseless fervor, ghastly cities for the damned. Yet, despite this fearful intellectual energy, the Puritan was really weak. He was a fighter like Cromwell, but not so great and grim; he was a

poet like Milton, but not nearly so great and grim. It is significant that there came out of his ranks no supreme warrior like Grant or Lee, no master-poet like Lanier, Poe or Tabb, and no towering statesman like Jefferson or Lincoln. He did do something for education and even for Democracy, but his most enduring achievement was putting the seal of reticence upon America's lips. It has not yet been broken.

This odd and rigorous reserve of speech was entirely the result, not of conscience which everybody has, but of the habit of suspending a microscope over that conscience. As the Puritan neared hell, he seemed to congeal, to freeze with fear. The sexual reticence which hangs over American art is not Victorian drapery, but frost, and the sad trouble is that when it thaws there are ugly streaks. One must admit, however, that there was a praiseworthy nobleness about all this Spartanism; an intense hardness of intellect and will that stood and struck like steel. When Thanksgiving Day was celebrated in the shadow of Indian massacres, when the fighting farmers stayed put at Lexington, when the knell of slavery was sounded, the Puritans sang their way to death with hymns that roll with the ominous stolidity of stones. Such firmness can fashion heroic pioneers. And if the American woman, like Lot's wife, did turn (very nearly) into a pillar of salt, she at least averted corrosion. It is to be regretted that she has not been able to figure either in realism or romance; but the average American is secretly glad that she was his mother.

Puritanism never truly entered literature until it had compromised, but it did color subsequent writing with its abstemious gray, or rather it acted like a control-lever on the national heart. Its own productions are scarcely worth preserving even as history, consisting as they do of insipid hymns and boresome tracts, which attain occasionally to a sombre dignity, as in Jonathan Edwards' treatise, *On the Will*, or Julia Ward Howe's "Battle-hymn." In general, this literature was mere twaddling on raucous strings, and its atmosphere was as humorless as a death chamber. For a long while novels and drama were kept in subjection as mere ungodliness, but finally the greatest artist of American Puritanism sat down to write the story of sin. Nathaniel Hawthorne was haunted by beauty which, however, never conquered him, but shadowed his mind as something intangible and lonely,

something that reaked of a splendid witchery and was just as unfathomable. This shy and inflexible artist dwelt with the problem of evil, and in *The Scarlet Letter* looked deeper into the human heart than any other American of his time. About all his work there is a delicate, vibrant imagination that pierces life like a rapier, but with almost the same objectiveness. Primarily his tales and novels are statuesque fairy stories, Red Riding Hoods made of luminous granite. It is worthy of note that when he finally came in touch with the older, symbolic art of Europe, he was bewildered and almost hurt. *The Marble Faun* uncovers the incorrigible Puritanism of its author.

The man who looks best inside the elusive Hawthorne is the blunt farmer-poet, Whittier. Nobody would look to him for melody, religious experience or dreams; but in his rise from the soil Whittier brought along not only the ruggedness of the landscape, but also the vigor of the field. No other poet, even in New England, has said "Right" so emphatically and "Wrong" so fanatically. He put the Puritan conscience into angular quatrains and nailed the lids. And yet, because he was really a fervent Quaker, his harshness is saved everywhere from cruelty. Having seen slavery and other matters that wounded his heart, he cried out fiercely; but his primal interest was peace. Love of nature and of the simple domestic joys of farm life cast a cheerful glow over *Snowbound*, his masterpiece. No other strictly Puritan poet attained such stature. Only in the twentieth century, in the figure of Robert Frost, has there appeared a singer to tell the farmhouse story in an equally autochthonous way.

II.

It was inevitable that Puritanism, always an exclusive cult, should degenerate into a caste. For the doors of the American world were gradually thrown open: cargoes of people came in, and cargoes of books. Neither had been selected with discrimination, but they did a world of good. The nice provincialism of early days was gradually ground to bits and blown like fine sand over cornfields and mining towns, mushroom cities, and extremely serious colleges. As Thomas More, in his far-off day, had looked eastward to the Athenian dawn, so the best of the Americans opened their windows to

Europe and began also to construct Utopias on a land they scarcely knew. This business of retrospection was sporadic, but finally successful. Our trouble to this day is not that we have looked to Europe, but that Europe is not altogether a good thing to look at. In two overlapping streams the Protestant culture and the modern philosophy rolled in upon us, and for a while bade fair to bowl us over. The Puritan struggled in the waters but did not drown; indeed, his share in establishing the first great political ideal of America, independence, was great and commendable. However, that finer, broader dream, Democracy, really sprang up in the South, where Rousseau found a disciple in Jefferson and thereby wrote the first *Contrat Social*. The Virginian was a pacific deist without the brilliant wit of Voltaire; nevertheless, he is a greater man, for he was really a Democrat. Others may deserve more credit for the actual structure of American government, but it was Jefferson who laid the immutable foundation, which is liberty.

Although the Declaration was signed and the Constitution written before the opening of the nineteenth century, the intellectual independence of America really began later on. We had escaped from the shell, but it took time to learn how to stand on two feet. The first successful efforts for the liberation of the national spirit were made by Irving and Cooper, purveyors of romance. Neither became quite satisfactorily a man of the world, but they left globe-trotting children: Rip Van Winkle, Leatherstocking and Tom Coffin. Moreover, though both were aristocrats, they wrote for America that folklore which is so indispensable a part of popular civilization. Meanwhile, however, two great poets began the battle for Democracy in the very stronghold of the Puritan. To place Longfellow and Whitman on the same intellectual story may be a critic's sin, but it is historical common sense. The virtues of both have been challenged, and justly; the faults of both have been forgotten, charitably. But between them was fought out a very exciting contest for the common people, and the victory is still in doubt. Longfellow saw, attenuated with distance and dim with twilight, the shining towers of mediæval Christendom; Whitman, with a certain raucous egoism, beheld the ancient horn of Triton in the hands of a German professor. This was the real issue between them, despite the extraneous

quarrels about Longfellow's hexameters and Whitman's lack of them. Both strung their lyres to greet Democracy, and both failed to meet with the expected response. Longfellow was too weak and outnumbered a man to bring into America the Christian saints; Whitman was too much of an egoist to keep them out permanently. But when all has been said, the people preferred Longfellow; his simple songs fitted into their homes with a touch of beautiful friendliness that went to their hearts. They knew the Blacksmith and Paul Revere; even Evangeline was one of them. And despite the attempt of intellectuals to appeal to foreign judgment for a deification of Whitman, it needs no great learning to realize that the people of England and the Continent have never heard of him, though they delight in Longfellow.

Here the rift in Puritanism was already wide enough to admit the breath of the Middle Ages and of the Greek heyday, but the battle for freedom was fought out even more bluntly in prose. The most exclusive families of Boston supplied two men, the witty and urbane Doctor Holmes and the broad, interesting man of letters, James Russell Lowell. The latter, an optimistic Matthew Arnold, read many books and criticized them well, but he did even better things: he put before the world a New England "Courtin," a Yankee politician, and the quiet grandeur of Lincoln. Lowell not only understood Democracy, but he had hopes for it, splendid hopes that honor the man, though they have never been realized.

Meanwhile, Ralph Waldo Emerson, a sharp, ascetic, young clergyman, had preached an heretical sermon in the Boston house of prayer. By nature, he was a Puritan, but he had become intoxicated with things beyond the pale. Not only had the time come when the world would throw off the trance of hell, but eager minds were full of the weird, incoherent mysticism of Swedenborg and the unbalanced idealism of the earlier Teutons. From these to the scientific pantheism of a later time was only a step, which Emerson made and yet did not make, like a boy learning to walk on stilts. He never really took his own advice about hitching the wagon to a star; he tried to skip from one to another vaguely, erratically, confident that the brightest orb was his own soul. In general, Emerson resembles a man forever fumbling with his glasses, yet always boasting of his vision. However, though not a philosopher, he

saw something clearly for the reason that he was a poet. He knew that it was time to stop being a Puritan, that a Democracy needs ideals and, most of all, individuals. With a smile (Emerson never laughed) he tossed Jonathan Edwards' devils into the fire; but he preached with emphasis the freedom of the will. More than this he did not accomplish, and the world, fond of a few sparkling sentences, will not pause to decipher the dreamy messages that he thought were his.

Emerson had during his life a very skilled antagonist. Whatever was inconsistent in the Transcendental doctrine, whatever vagaries had come to America with the new philosophy, were gruffly handled by another great, though nearly forgotten, Puritan, Orestes A. Brownson, who was converted to the Church at a time when that step was distinctly unpopular. He was a man with the *intransigent* soul of Veuillot; a giant, tireless mind with no gift for poetry, but instead a scintillant sweep of intellect. He pounced upon amorphous statements and spineless syllogisms with the regularity and energy of a machine. One who skims over the vast fields of his solid journalism cannot understand how he managed to rout so many weeds. Brownson was a hard man who should not be forgotten, but who cannot be loved. He had nothing within him that is timeless or can stand apart from the matters of his day. We regard him now as the first belligerent champion of American Catholicism, long despised, but gradually grown strong with the coming of devoted Irish and Southern Germans. The American Newman, when he comes, will be a half Emerson, half Brownson. He is sorely needed.

Nevertheless, the Christian tradition for which Columbus had originally risked his life, which the heroic Jesuits of Canada had carried on foot, with so much glory, to the inmost wilds, and which was spread out very thinly over the whole land, did have its protagonists. On the fringes of the Louisiana canebreaks there had gathered a motley neighborhood of Spaniards, French, Indians and, later, negroes; they lived out a semi-feudal existence, with all the grace and faults of a declining Christian age. The individuality and charm of this people is preserved to the indefinable word, "Creole," which George W. Cable and Grace King have since endeavored to explain in romance that has a flavor all its own. Moreover, the South of Lee and Jackson, which recognized the abyss of

slavery and strove honestly to bridge it, was the nearest approximation to the ideal of chivalry that America has known. The life of General Lee is our finest national poem; he was a man whose love and battle were as mystically exalted as those of Arthur, and his greatest victory was also dark, pathetic defeat. There blew through all that vital time of the Southern rebellion a muffled wind of romanticism, that walked in the awful shadow of slavery with some of the fervor and gayety of the Christian days. Men did not know what beauty had risen from the American ground until that ground was soaked with blood and the novelists surveyed it, sympathetically, from a more callous and more worthless era. Moreover, in one of our greatest poets, another aspect of mediævalism manifested itself: the terror of Poe and his use of gruesome symbolism. This visionary, who led his life absolutely alone except for a brief, tragic love, had somehow imbibed that morbid introspection which later seized upon the French decadents. Inexplicably, this ghostly ghastliness is bound up with the roots of Christendom, perhaps because the faith was born in tombs; at least, it was along this route that Baudelaire, Villiers and Huysmans later came into the light of Catholic faith.

In general, however, the era of which the Civil War was the nucleus pined in an atmosphere of sentimentality and mental debility. Religion had become, even with Daniel Webster, a mere matter of "kindness, justice and brotherly love." Architecture was abominable, journalism worse, and information very second-rate. Literature was limited to charming *vers de société*, and a pocketful of sober thinking. Nevertheless, the idealistic energy which threw the nation into the Civil War was stupendous. As a period this war was dominated clearly in the North by Lincoln, whose speeches combine the geometry of Euclid with the homely art of splitting rails. His great, sad face illumines the first page of that bloody book like an etching of Consecration by a Flemish master. Men lived faith, then, and if they had not wearied at the game and turned completely to economics the story of their descendants would, perhaps, have been different. It was out of the South, loyal to the older beliefs of America, that the finest spiritual results came. There was born out of anguish and chaos the most artistic body of verse that we have produced. Most of it was signed by four men: Sidney Lanier, Irwin Russell, Father

Ryan and Father Tabb. Lanier was a broken Confederate soldier with a broken lyre, but he is the only American poet who saw, magnificently, things beyond the horizon; everyone who would realize how close we came to having a brother to Francis Thompson should read the "Symphony," where the conception and style have not a little intense Gothic quality. Irwin Russell, first of the negro interpreters, sang in a group of spirited dialect ballads of that tragic black man whose blood is on our hands and whom we have left in the ditch where we have "emancipated" him. Of Father Ryan and Father Tabb it is enough to say that they strung the beautiful loves of the priest, which Lacordaire has described so intimately, on a rosary of winged lyrics that are as small and complex as microcosms. The South was full of glaring faults, especially aristocratic pride, but the people of the Virginian country stood for the shreds of the Christian standard amid the ruins of their own tradition; this in itself is sufficient evidence for the bravery, the nobleness, of that tradition.

The Puritans of the North gradually bleached their skins with artistic realism and the thin paste of intellectualism. Society round about them gorged itself with a primitive naturalism that was quite ostensibly silver-plated. Thoreau, a keen-faced, flinty-minded, insect-hunting individualist, saw clearly the increasing barrenness of the American world and fled it as instinctively as an anchorite. He was a genuinely original man with a strange composite passion for Walden pond and Greek. The trouble is that for all his clarity of vision, he was too blind to go farther than himself. There is no force in him because there is no movement, and the poor fellow will eventually become a curio in an intellectual museum, whose atmosphere he would have despised. The rest of the Northerners went a-hunting, and brought back Germans, Russians and pessimistic Frenchmen. Mr. Henry James studied them all from Turgenieff to "Gyp," observed a great deal, and, finally, adopted a cosmopolitan æstheticism which ought to be called the Higher Mathematics of Psychology. Mr. William Dean Howells, a genius cursed with refinement, a writer whose books keep, nevertheless, the Puritan chastity and a powerful individual charm, studied Heine first and Tolstoi afterward, and successfully ironed out of his soul any feeling that was belligerently vital. No sane person will suffer

insomnia from reading these books, and despite their admirable purpose and workmanship they are traveling with the irresistible force of gravity to anemic libraries. Various artists, particularly of the short-story, acquired not a little of the cruelty of Maupassant and the skepticism of Anatole France; in general, however, we owe a larger and sadder debt to the more ruthless Parisian naturalists and their English disciples, not, indeed, for their genuine art, but for their dismal science.

However, we must not forget that the American who had wandered over the mountains and deserts to the forests of the Middle West and thence farther to the gold fields of California, began to tell stories about himself. Generally, he started with a laugh, and kept it up heartily. Out in the great clearings was born that terrible reputation for humor that has so incessantly dogged us. One of the first to gain such fame was Artemus Ward, a gentleman, almost a rough, uncut Thackeray, who made fun of everybody's foibles with misspelled English, and did it so good-naturedly that he ought really not to be forgotten. Bret Harte proved an exception, for his whole-hearted love for Dickens led him to shed tears copiously whenever occasion demanded. The distance from tears to laughter is never very great, and there was much to laugh at; it was an era of cheap art and of perfervid eloquence over things not understood. The expedition of tourists to Europe had begun, doubtless, to the delight of Continentals with a little imagination and a taste for money. A journalist, whose name was Mark Twain, kept a log of a very decorously conducted tour; this was published with riotous success, and the era of sham-breaking had begun. Everything in the world is more or less imperfect and, therefore, a fit subject for a joke, especially if one is somewhat ignorant but quick-witted. Clemens, the iconoclast, was nothing more than a Puritan dressed up a plainsman and skeptical of hell, a droller Puritan, indeed, than Calvin, but not necessarily a more discerning one. He did have a clear eye for local color and a firm conviction that nineteenth century Democracy was the ultimate in human achievement. But he lacked the stern, old fibre of the New England Puritan; his attempt to joke with life ended with his own collapse, in his discovery that he himself was a sham. And the last word about Mark Twain is his tragedy.

III.

The upshot of this later, non-traditional enthusiasm for Democracy was cynicism. America investigated her house, and found a great many shoddy places which nobody knew how to fix. The narrow, old fire of Puritanism sank and smoldered in its ashes, but there was nothing to take its place. So the nation staggered on like a drunken man trying to keep his legs and distraught with hallucinations. Institutions began to sag; the intellectualism which we had so carefully absorbed and with which we strove to supplant what vestiges of the Christian tradition remained with us, corroded the vessels of our thought. Journalism, heaven knows, has wrought havoc enough everywhere, but in America its chief crime has been uselessness. In general, it has had almost no understanding of the old ideals of Democracy, for which America was created: our highest political *telos* was apparently the Protective Tariff. More than that, the popular press became ultimately the property of the commercial classes who used it relentlessly to further the dreams and pleasure of the "tired business man." Soporific phrase! The resulting naturalistic languor, the absolute indifference of the general public to art in any form, the drab treacle of æstheticism, and the sprawling subservience to various fleshy gods, gave to Doctor Johnson's definition of patriotism a terrible aptness. Under the guidance of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, a race of pioneers and homely philosophers was slowly being remade into a tribe of clerks! From end to end of America, the time-gods hung out their bunting and shot their clanking adages at the passerby. The universities, harboring quite largely a colony of mildly skeptical savants who imported the latest things from Germany and England, mingled the turmoil of football games with a few Darwinian *dicta*. Artist after artist, gently bewildered, professed his inability to understand the new era, or else understood it only too well and wrote accordingly. Those in whom Puritanism lingered, took refuge in an older time and wrote romance from nowhere. Hence, the uncanny professionalism, the absolute insincerity, and the amazing *atechnie* of most American fiction.

Against all of this, there appeared a great many rebels.

The peculiar condescension with which the Catholic Church has been treated in America has forced it to do most of its good work in silence, which we shall not attempt to uncover. Most of the other enemies of the time-spirit were journalists or critics with well-thumbed Ibsens in their pockets. We began to hear a great deal about the proletariat and a Future, in fact, about all the final decadence of Europe. The majority of these rebels were quaint, interesting egoists who added to the general *mêlée* hectic statements about Democracy, which they believed in only when it believed in them. Others were aristocrats of their own making, who gazed scornfully upon the madding crowd and proclaimed the all-importance of the last thing they had happened to imagine. Sex, too, was discovered and given a salacious prominence that it had never enjoyed in wildest Bohemia. Endless was (and is) the number of up-to-the-minute poets with crooked rhythms and philosophies of life, but hiding a saving bit of dynamite somewhere in their hearts. Novelists galore rescued their heroes from surrounding society by some system or other: the "chemistry of life," Socialism, Spiritism, free-love and artistic ennui were tied in the race for popular favor. Indeed, the distintegration of intelligence could scarcely have been carried further. Our break with the central traditions of history had resulted in the setting-up of a thousand interrogation points deemed unanswerable, in a gradual, certain weakening of social ties and, worst of all, in the attempt of the rationalistic professor to substitute sociological experiments for the spiritualization of Democracy.

Then, suddenly, a great and composite people, a large share of whom were not even in possession of the full rights of citizenship, were summoned to battle for a principle about which they knew nothing tangible. Their vigorous answer is known to all the world. Half unconsciously, the *Mayflower*, which had fled from Christian tradition, was wrought into a numberless fleet whose dim goal was the rescue of that tradition! It is true that the memory of this great struggle is now something we forget with pleasure or recall with contempt. Every purpose we had officially proclaimed was dropped somehow into the discard; and the one clear truth that impressed itself upon the majority of us was bitter experience of the carefully veneered illiberality, the spurious glitter, of the

civilization for which the great Americans had died in vain. Almost symbolically, the men who had seemed the fairest torches of our national vision were snuffed out. Roosevelt, the only smith-like energy felt in our politics since Lincoln, died unflinchingly, though the blow was cruel. Joyce Kilmer, whose brave glad heart seemed the fountain of new and manly song, lay suddenly still, like a broken flower at a shrine.

All that has passed, forever. We are too near the new life to understand it fully, but, evidently, the great struggle now is between disillusionment and hope, between reaction that is too gray and revolution that is too red. Men realize that some rule must be found to believe in and go by. Thought is critical, brilliant with journalistic satire, uproariously egoistic. As for ourselves, we feel that never has the opportunity or the need of the Catholic spirit been so very great. After all, the tradition of Christendom has long been disillusioned from the makeshifts of modern culture: for four hundred years it has been a mute sermon on the subject of Return. After all, too, it has long been magnificently hopeful. When, in the darkest days of Amiens, Marshal Fayolle heard whispers of despair, he said with splendid firmness: "We shall sing *Alleluia* in the Cathedral." And, from the beginning, the pledge of Catholic belief to the despondent individual or the broken society has been ultimate rejoicing in the eternal edifice of God.

May the words ring loud! Our task here and now is to engraft upon the expression of American life, as we have heard it, the words that are the timeless testament of Christendom. Build up the best that our fathers have said with the wisdom of Augustine, Bernard, Thomas and Dante, to make a living tree of guidance that shall bring forth the fruit of peace. Steer the *Mayflower* into better seas, having resolved that Democracy shall be more than even "normalcy;" that it must be, not a sign-post, but a maker of signs.

THE INSPIRATION OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

BY CUTHBERT LATTEY, S.J.

II.



AT the outset of an essay upon this subject justice demands that the writer should acknowledge a heavy debt to Father Christian Pesch's work, *De Inspiratione Sacræ Scripturæ*,¹ at once a monumental study of the subject, and a model of right method. The first part of this work deals with the history of the doctrine, and contains copious extracts; the second, or dogmatic part, is built upon the first, and contains frequent references to it. This seems to be the one safe and scientific way of handling any dogma; the first function of theology is to analyze the deposit of faith, to discover what are the truths contained in Scripture and Tradition, and for this purpose nothing can be more useful than to lay before the student the relevant texts in chronological order. Some points he will find clear and explicit from the outset, others become so at a definite point of history, such as the Council of Trent, others again are still being discussed, and the Church is still developing their full significance. A good example of a teaching manual constructed upon this method is to be seen in Père Bainvel's *De Scriptura Sacra*.²

In a short article, however, it is evident that such a treatment cannot be attempted, and it must suffice, for the justification of much that is said, to refer to the work of Father Pesch just cited. Our own brief consideration of the subject had best make beginning from the fundamental fact of Divine authorship. The Vatican Council, after rejecting certain errors, declares emphatically that the Church holds the books of the Old and New Testament for sacred and canonical "because, having been written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for author, and have been delivered to the Church herself as bearing this character" (*ut tales*).

¹ St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 1906. ² Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. 1910.

How is God author? He appropriates, as it were, the faculties of the human writer, working upon intellect and will to produce a definite piece of writing, and so arranging matters by His external Providence that the human writer's inspired desire to commit to writing his inspired thought is successfully carried out. "By His supernatural power He so excited and moved them to write, He so assisted them while they wrote, as that all those things, and only those things, which He Himself ordered, they should both rightly conceive with their mind, and should wish to write down faithfully, and should express fitly with infallible truth; otherwise He would not Himself be the author of the whole of sacred Scripture." These are the words wherein Pope Leo, in the *Providentissimus Deus* (November 18, 1893), analyzes the process of inspiration. But it may be well to go on at once to translate Father Pesch's set definition: "Biblical inspiration is a charismatic enlightening of the intellect and motion of the will and Divine assistance bestowed upon the sacred writer, to the end that he may write all those things and only those things which God wishes to be written in His name and delivered to the Church."³

This definition it will now be our purpose to examine. The enlightening of the intellect and the motion of the will are said to be "charismatic," because their primary object is not the sanctification of the person concerned, nor have they a place in the ordinary course of God's supernatural dealings with the individual soul. When, for example, the author of the second book of Machabees was engaged in abridging the five books of Jason of Cyrene,⁴ the fact that his mind was working under Divine influence, that his abridgment was taking just the form which God wished it to take, did not of necessity mean that he was any the holier for it, and in any case it was not that particular form of Divine influence that made him the holier. In this sense God's action upon him was "charismatic," a convenient term taken from the "charismata" or "gifts" of a like nature which form the subject of First Corinthians, chapter twelve.

As the term "charismatic" is much abused in certain modern theories of the early Christian ministry, it may be wise to refer the reader to Father Keogh's excellent appendix on the subject of this latter in First Corinthians (Westminster

³ Page 437, section 428.

⁴ 2 Machabees ii. 24 (23).

Version), and especially to his remarks about "charismata" on page fifty-five. Here it must suffice to point out that such "gifts" as those of tongues and prophecy resembled that of inspiration in being given primarily for the benefit of the community, rather than for that of the individual receiving them; and so the word "charismatic" has been formed from these "charismata."

The human writer puts down "those things, which God wishes to be written in His name;" these words signify the Divine authorship already spoken of. "Delivered to the Church;" Father Pesch, as will be seen, is here echoing the words of the Vatican Council, quoted previously, and we may now examine their significance. To inspiration, they add the note of canonicity. Supposing someone were to maintain that the *Imitation of Christ*, let us say, or the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius, were inspired, there would be nothing contrary to the Catholic faith in that. Such a view might be held as a pious opinion, neither accepted nor rejected by the Church. But with Holy Writ it is different; the inspiration of the books of Scripture is part of the deposit of faith, and is taught by the Church as such. As in the case of some other dogmas, the final fixing of the canon of the Scriptures took many centuries; it was the Council of Trent that closed all discussion by its solemn definition, and that because of Protestant errors.

On the other hand, in the case of this, as of all other dogmas, the deposit of faith must be held to have been closed at the end of the apostolic age; all that followed was only the better realization of the deposit already made. Now it is the very fact that the inspiration of a book is itself part of the deposit of faith and of the official teaching of the Church, that makes that book, not merely inspired, but canonical Scripture; it has been "delivered to the Church" as inspired, the Church is the official guardian both of the book and of the very truth that it is inspired, which latter must be believed by the faithful, not as a pious opinion, but as an article of faith. The book plays a public and official part in the Church, as a recognized channel of revelation; the theologian and the exegete examine what Almighty God may have revealed therein to the Church on the subject of faith and morals; it plays a part in the liturgy, and in other ways is honored and esteemed as the word of God. We have no certain ground for saying that everything inspired

is in the canon of Scripture, but all canonical Scripture is inspired.

The term "canonical" may now be held sufficiently explained, but certain other words may be examined, in order to a still clearer notion of inspiration. Revelation is a direct communication from God, delivered externally by vision or by words alone, or internally by action upon imagination or intellect. The phenomena of Christian experience, such, for example, as those discussed by Father Thurston, S.J., in the *Month*,⁵ or recounted in the *Life* of Gemma Galgani by Father Germanus, C.P.,⁶ indicate the possibility that sound or sight may have had nothing physical corresponding to them outside the recipient of the revelation, even while ruling out of court the hypothesis of sheer delusion. Almighty God can work directly upon the inner sense no less than upon the outer; or He may communicate directly with the intellect itself. To examine the various possibilities at length, however, belongs rather to a study of prophecy or mysticism; those who wish to do so will find it useful to study the late Père Poulain's *The Graces of Interior Prayer*,⁷ especially chapter twenty. Revelation was essential to a prophet, who also received a mission to deliver to some person or persons the truth revealed to him; but it is not an essential feature in inspiration. The author of Second Machabees, for example, may have acquired his knowledge of what he came to write simply from the study of Jason of Cyrene; when he was actually writing his own work, the Divine action was upon his intellect and will, but by way of inspiration, guiding his intellect, but not of necessity revealing any truth directly to it.

Indeed, it does not seem necessary to suppose that the writer was even conscious of inspiration; there seems no good reason to deny that God could act unperceived on intellect and will, as He seems frequently to do in the case of actual grace. Yet what is actually written under inspiration, and all of it, is truly called revelation, because it has God for author; and that even though we could have known, or do know, the truths in question from other sources. Revelation, then, is not essential to the *process* of inspiration, to the appropriating of the writer's faculties by God, to the making an instrument, albeit

⁵ August-December, 1920: "Limpias and the Problem of Collective Hallucination."

⁶ London: Sands & Co., 1914, pp. 115-117.

⁷ English translation. London: Kegan Paul. 1912.

a human instrument, of him; but everything that is inspired is in virtue of that very fact also revealed, precisely because the writer has been an instrument whereby God has spoken His mind. The *result* is revelation, though the process of revelation need not, of course, take written shape; it is no way essential to revelation that it should be written. Every word that Our Lord spoke, for example, was true revelation, the utterance of God.

Another term that it will be useful to bring into comparison at this stage is "infallibility." Infallibility in a person or persons may be described as the impossibility of their judging or asserting what is false; but in so far as we apply the term in a technical sense to Church and Pope, it signifies an impossibility limited by certain conditions. The Church is infallible, that is to say, the *ecclesia docens*, the Church teaching, the body of bishops as a moral whole, with the Holy Father at their head; and these are infallible, either when they are defining articles of faith in a general council, or when, in the ordinary exercise of their pastoral office, they are regularly teaching certain doctrines as articles of faith, to be held by all the faithful. And "the Roman Pontiff," according to the Vatican definition, "when he speaks *ex cathedra*, that is to say, when in discharge of his office of pastor and teacher of all Christians, in virtue of his supreme apostolic authority, he defines a doctrine touching faith or morals as to be held by the whole Church (then), through the Divine assistance promised him in Blessed Peter, he enjoys that infallibility wherewith the Divine Redeemer wishes His Church to be equipped in defining doctrine touching faith or morals; and, therefore, the definitions of the aforesaid Roman Pontiff are in themselves, and not by reason of the consent of the Church, irrevocable."

Infallibility is primarily a *negative* prerogative; it guarantees that something will *not* happen. It does not imply that an answer will at once be forthcoming to every difficulty, or that an answer, if given, will always be opportune, or couched in the best possible terms; only this is sure, that if a doctrine is taught under definite conditions, then there will be no error of faith or morals in the doctrine. And this, needless to say, means on the positive side the certainty of truth. The "Divine assistance" might take various forms; Almighty God, so far as we can judge, can prevent any such error by the ordinary

exercise of His supernatural Providence, without any particular revelation or anything of that kind. Again, infallibility as explained above is a *permanent* prerogative; Church and Pope are infallible continuously, and to the end of time, and the infallibility is operative wherever the conditions are fulfilled. In a certain sense, indeed, we may even say that it is always in operation.

Now, neither inspiration nor revelation can well be called either negative or permanent. In both, God's action is positive; in revelation He is directly imparting information, while in inspiration the human mind is acting as His instrument. Inspiration and revelation are also alike transitory in their mode of action, in fact, if we confine our attention to the deposit of faith and to Biblical inspiration, they came to a definite end with the close of the apostolic age. We possess the results, the contents of a revelation and inspiration given long ago, but the process is not repeated, at least, not in any shape which demands our assent as Catholics.

The intellect of the sacred writer, then, is enlightened in order that he may attain the truth which God intends him to commit to writing; not necessarily enlightened by way of a direct revelation (though what is written is revelation), but always and necessarily in this sense, that God has appropriated his intellect for the purpose in hand, using it as His instrument, guiding it by His illuminations, in order to the right conception of what is to be written. There is a similar "charismatic" motion of God upon the will. That, too, He appropriates; He stirs up desires therein in a way that He knows will be effective, so that the sacred writer, His human instrument, will actually desire to write what God designs he should write. In the enkindling of the will, no less than in the enlightening of the understanding, we naturally suppose a process closely akin to the movements of actual grace, which Catholic theology has investigated more closely; but the essential purpose of these charismatic motions is not the sanctification of the individual, but the signifying of the mind of God through the written document.

Yet the Divine appropriation of intellect and will would not suffice without a certain "assistance," a special working of God's supernatural Providence, supplementing that appropriation, and itself also directed to the production of the

written document. It may be divided into external and internal assistance. If the human instrument chosen by God to write is to accomplish that Divine purpose, the means to do so must be at his disposal, writing materials and the power to use them, leisure, and other such things which we may reckon in the main external. A special supernatural Providence attends to all these things, so that the work actually eventuates. It is also required to control to some extent the inward working of the sacred writer's mind. Thus, as Father Pesch points out,⁸ there is no reason in the nature of things why a sacred writer should not, upon occasion, have inserted matter of his own into a book otherwise inspired, and thus have mixed up matter which had God as the principal author, with matter which had not, in short, why he should not have written part of his work without any charismatic motion of intellect and will to influence him. We know from the tradition of the Church that this has not happened, and it is due to this Divine assistance that it has not happened.

It is a question now debated, however, where precisely the charismatic motion of intellect and will ends, and where the mere assistance begins. The discussion seems to have begun about the time of the Council of Trent, and to have owed its origin to the exaggerations of the Protestants. We may distinguish roughly three schools. The first, which may be considered obsolete, may be called that of "mechanical" inspiration: even the choice of words is in no way due to the coöperation of the intellect and will of the sacred writer with the charismatic influx, and if his style has an individuality of its own, that is a mere coincidence, and in no way due to his own personality. The words come to him from the Holy Ghost ready-made, as it were, and all he does is to put them down. He has not contributed in any true sense to the production of them. This is the theory stated at its baldest, yet Father Pesch⁹ quotes passages from earlier Catholic theologians which at least come dangerously near to this. The second hypothesis is that of "verbal" inspiration, sometimes called "neo-verbal," in contrast to the older and exaggerated theory of verbal inspiration just mentioned. The whole internal process in the writer's mind, up to the very choice of words, is subject to the charismatic action, so that the work produced is

⁸ *De Inspiratione*, p. 486.

⁹ Sections 278-282.

totus a Deo et totus ab homine, all of it from God and all of it from man. If, for example, a rough and uncultivated writer use a rough and uncultivated style, it is not merely because the Holy Ghost has selected such a style for him, so as to make it a mere coincidence, but because the writer's own natural powers, upbringing and the like produce their natural effect, even while under the action of the charismatic motion. The Holy Ghost is working through him as a truly human instrument, not, if such an expression may be used, with reverence, for clearness' sake, as a kind of glorified pen. In our own century this view has been put forward in two little books, one by Cardinal (then Father) Billot, *De Inspiratione S. Scripturæ*,¹⁰ the other by Père Bainvel, *De Scriptura Sacra*.¹¹

The champions of "non-verbal" inspiration, sometimes dubbed in Loisy's phrase, approved by Cardinal Billot,¹² "vivisectionists," distinguish the idea, *verbum mentis, modus concipiendi sententia*, from the word used to express it, *verbum imaginatiōnis, modus loquendi, verbum*, and restrict the essential function of inspiration to the former. The essential function, be it noticed; for nobody denies that God can, if He will, carry the inspiration further. The question is, can it rightly be called inspiration at all, or at all events Biblical inspiration, if it be supposed non-verbal. That Biblical inspiration is not in all cases merely non-verbal is highly probable, from the way in which it seems at times to be implied that the very words have been selected by God; the question is, once more, must we suppose that it is never merely non-verbal. Let us also notice here that there can be little serious doubt about the psychological possibility of this "vivisection," since experience shows that we can have an idea in our minds without a word to represent it, or, at least, to represent it adequately. Those, for example, to whom it falls to write or speak much, are, at times, only too conscious of a difficulty in finding words which will give satisfactory expression to their thought; self-expression is an art often acquired at a great price. In the same way, those who are speaking in a language wherein they have only a moderate facility, may find themselves brought to a halt by their inability to find a word for something; no word of any language may be in their thought, but there can be no doubt as to what the idea is that awaits expression.

¹⁰ Romæ, ex typographia polyglotta S. C. de Propaganda Fide, 1903.

¹¹ Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. 1910.

¹² *De Inspiratione S. Scripturæ*, p. 56.

The Divine action, then, that peculiar and particular charismatic working upon intellect and will which constitutes the essence of inspiration, might on this hypothesis be confined, so far as what is necessary and essential to it is concerned, to the formation of ideas and the desire to express them, and it would belong to God's ordinary supernatural Providence to see to it that they found fitting expression. He could not, of course, in any case remain indifferent to that. This view will be found explained and defended in Father Pesch's massive work, and in Vigouroux's *Manuel Biblique*,¹³ the wide use of which in the French seminaries has led to the sale of many thousands of copies.

Is there, then, any peculiar advantage in the view that inspiration need be no more than non-verbal? The matter cannot be discussed in full here, but it may be enough to point out what seems at once the chief advantage of this view, and the chief guarantee that it is sound. The Biblical Commission, under date of June 27, 1906, while defending in general the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, expressly answered in the affirmative the question whether "the hypothesis of those can be allowed, who think that he (Moses) committed the work, itself conceived by him under the *afflatus* of Divine inspiration, to another or to others to write, in such a way, however, that they should faithfully express his meaning, write nothing contrary to his will, and leave out nothing; so that eventually the work, composed in this way, and approved by Moses, the chief and inspired author, would be published in his name." Moses is here distinguished from the scribe or scribes who may have written for him, not merely as the chief, but as the inspired author (*principe inspiratoque auctore*), and it, therefore, seems clear that in this hypothesis which the Biblical Commission goes out of its way to permit, we have Moses on the one hand, inspired and supplying the ideas, and the scribe or scribes on the other, not inspired, but supplying the words. In other words, it would be a case of non-verbal inspiration, and not open to the objection of psychological "vivisection," since ideas and words would come from different persons.

Perhaps it is hardly putting it strongly enough to say, as above, that the Biblical Commission "goes out of its way" to permit this hypothesis; an examination of its answers seems

¹³ Paris: Roger et Chernoviz. 1913.

to show that sometimes, after laying down a general principle, it goes on to give a question and answer which is apparently intended as a suggestion towards meeting some of the chief and obvious difficulties, such as, in this case, would be the alleged difference in style between the documentary sources of the Pentateuch usually propounded by the critics. That is to say, it appears safe to infer that the Biblical Commission means to hold out the possibility that any differences in style may be due to scribes or secretaries. And this inference is confirmed by an answer given under date of June 24, 1914, in regard to the Epistle to the Hebrews. The question is: "Whether Paul, the Apostle, is to be considered in such a way the author of this epistle, that it must necessarily be affirmed that he not only conceived and gave forth the whole of it under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, but that he also gave it that form in which it is extant." And the answer is in the negative, "saving the further judgment of the Church." Here again the difficulty raised is largely that of style, and the solution is suggested that the style, as such, need not be due to the author. If, then, as seems tolerably clear, it is a legitimate interpretation of the action of the Biblical Commission to say that twice over it meets an important objection by suggesting a solution which involves merely non-verbal inspiration, it can no longer be urged, in the face of such authority, that such a doctrine whittles down inspiration unduly or abandons anything that is essential.

From inspiration, we pass naturally to inerrancy. We cannot begin better than by resorting once more to the *Providentissimus Deus*, in a passage near the close: "So far is it from being possible, that any error should underlie Divine inspiration, that this latter by its very nature (*per se ipsa*) not merely excludes all error, but as necessarily excludes and rejects it, as it is necessary that God, the supreme Truth, should be the author of absolutely no error." This entire freedom from error, therefore, is to be held as a necessary consequence of the Divine authorship; and yet not simply as that, but as a truth revealed in itself, and evidently contained alike in Scripture and Tradition. The constant teaching of the Fathers and of the Church in all ages puts it beyond doubt that we must treat this truth as an article of faith.

And now we may hark back to infallibility, in order to

compare with it this same inerrancy. Infallibility, then, as has been explained, is primarily a negative prerogative; Almighty God has so arranged that in the teaching of Pope and Church, mistake, under certain conditions, shall be impossible. We can surmise that, speaking relatively and in a human way, very little Divine action is needed to secure such a result, though we cannot be sure that God always confines Himself to that little—to the bare essential. Biblical inerrancy—for it is more practical to confine ourselves to the case of Holy Writ—is also something negative, a freedom from error; but the Divine action which it accompanies is something primarily positive. It cannot be considered as a mere exercise of supernatural Providence, such as might suffice for infallibility, but God Himself is the author of what is being written, and the human writer is but His instrument, and it is precisely because God is author that there can be no error, and is none. In this sense, while inerrancy, in the strictest sense, remains something negative, it is inextricably bound up with a very positive Divine action, the Divine writing.

Again, infallibility, as has also been explained, is something permanent, continuing in Pope and Church till the end of time; but Biblical inerrancy, like the inspiration which it accompanied, is, in a certain sense, over and done with. Biblical inspiration, that is to say, came to an end with the close of the apostolic age; as we have seen, it could not outlast the giving of the deposit of faith, since it is essential to a book of Holy Scripture that the fact of its inspiration should form part of that deposit. And Biblical inerrancy, in the strictest sense, means this, that God, writing those books as He was through His human instrument, necessarily wrote them free from error. The results of that inspiration and that inerrancy will always remain in the Church; there will always be with her faithful copies of those books inspired long ago, and, in so far as they are faithful copies, they will always enjoy that freedom from error of which Biblical inerrancy is the guarantee.

SHANE LESLIE'S "MANNING."

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN, LITT.D.



R. SHANE LESLIE'S remarkable book¹ is the most important contribution to the history of the Church in England since the late Wilfrid Ward's *Newman* appeared in 1912. And, indeed, this brilliant and confident narrative, this portrait so full, vivid, and complete, goes far to convince us that the new editor of the *Dublin Review* possesses no small share of his distinguished predecessor's talent in the art of ecclesiastical biography. It is a pleasure to record our sense of the devotion and skill which characterize every chapter of Mr. Leslie's work. The author modestly puts it forth as "a supplement rather than a supplanter to Purcell's grandiose *Life of Cardinal Manning*." Because of the letters and documents therein supplied, Purcell's amazing volumes will always be indispensable to the student of the Catholic Revival in England, but henceforth readers who seek a truthful and unbiased account of the great Cardinal's life and labors will be well advised to begin with the later biography, using Purcell's *Life* for the illustrative material so copiously provided, and scrutinizing with jealous eye the sinister conclusions Purcell so frequently drew therefrom.

For Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning* is one of the curiosities of biographical literature. Out of a generosity nothing less than heroic, the Cardinal gave Purcell access to a selection from his private papers and diaries, so that by writing the official *Life* Purcell might recoup himself for severe financial losses sustained many years before when he was editor of a Catholic newspaper, the *Westminster Gazette*. Purcell made the basest of returns by publishing a misleading and defamatory biography which presented a figure utterly unrecognizable by Manning's most intimate friends: the figure of an unscrupulous careerist, devoid of loyalty to his friends and knowing no generosity towards his foes. A year later, Father H. I. D. Ryder, Newman's Oratorian friend and colleague,

¹ *Henry Edward Manning. His Life and Labors.* By Shane Leslie. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

wrote a masterly vindication of Manning from the aspersions of Purcell; a vindication which, however, remained unpublished until 1911.² M. Thureau-Dangin in one of the footnotes to the second volume of his classical chronicle of the English Catholic Revival, reproached Purcell for having judged Manning "*à sa propre mesure, c'est-à-dire à une mesure étroite et mesquine,*" and recommended a biography by M. l'Abbé Hemmer based upon Purcell, "*mais en l'allégeant et en le corrigeant.*" There is also an interesting refutation of Purcell by the Protestant, Francis De Pressensé, reprinted from the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.³

But none of these rehabilitations of Manning can have reached more than an inconsiderable number of the readers of Purcell, and so far as the general public is concerned, the mischief wrought by Purcell has remained unrepaired until now. Indeed, a new lease of life was recently given to the popular caricature of Manning, in the lengthy account which formed more than one-third of the contents of the clever Mr. Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* (1918). Mr. Strachey out-Purcells Purcell, and his study of Manning is the most Voltairean composition in the whole range of modern English letters. Clearly, there was need of a candid, detailed and thoroughly-documented biography which should be written without *parti-pris* or malice prepense. To supply this need there was no living man better qualified than Mr. Shane Leslie. In the course of his exacting task he has had access to the ecclesiastical archives of England, Ireland and America, and has studied *all* the documentary "evidence in the case." No praise can be too high for the sympathetic understanding he reveals of political and ecclesiastical issues, his sobriety of temper and judgment, and the grace, distinction and impressiveness of his writing.

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One of the two most important events in the history of post-Tridentine English Catholicism occurred on the ninth of October, 1845, when on the morrow of a night wild with equinoctial wind and pouring rain, John Henry Newman, the flower of Anglican devotion and learning, made his profession of Faith into the toil-worn hands of Father Dominic—the

² *Essays*. By H. I. D. Ryder. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1911.

³ *Life of Cardinal Manning*. By Francis De Pressensé. Translated by Francis T. Porey, M.A. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. 1897.

Italian Passionist who as a boy had sought his wandered sheep on the lonely slopes of the Apennines and now, at length, drawn thither by a mysterious attraction that had endured throughout thirty years, had come over into England to bring back her strayed souls to the Fold of Faith. The other took place on Passion Sunday, 1851, when Henry Edward Manning, ex-Archdeacon of Chichester, sacrificing his ambitions and friendships and the certainty of ultimate promotion to the most exalted dignities the Church of England had in gift, knelt beside his friend, James Hope-Scott, at the feet of an obscure Jesuit, and entered the Catholic Church. To his companion in conversion Manning declared: "I feel as if I had no desire unfulfilled but to persevere in what God has given me for His Son's sake." "After this," he wrote to Robert Wilberforce, "I shall sink to the bottom and disappear."

In 1850, the then reigning Pontiff restored the Catholic hierarchy in England. Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman, the first Archbishop of Westminster, died fifteen years later; Rome appointed the ex-Archdeacon of Chichester to be his successor, and the great reign began. Newman, meanwhile, was living in comparative obscurity at the Birmingham Oratory. The fortunes of the Church in England were to be largely intertwined with the lives of these two great converts. Wilfred Ward has most illuminatingly noted ⁴ the contrasts between Manning and Newman. To him "they, to some extent, embody two distinct types of mental character which we now see widely represented in the Catholic Church. Each man was fascinated by a type in conformity with his own earlier life. The Rector of Lavington and the Archdeacon was drawn to the Church of St. Francis of Sales and St. Charles Borromeo—of the pastor of souls, and the guide of consciences, and of the saintly official ruler. The study of such historical characters brought out in Manning a special affinity for the post-Reformation Church, of which they were representatives; that is for the Church in action, and in controversy with those who had rebelled from her authority.

"Consideration of deeper intellectual problems, wide and penetrating thought among churchmen, was not the characteristic of the period immediately succeeding the Reformation. True, these qualities are to be found a little later in the writ-

⁴ *Ten Personal Studies*, pp. 292, 293. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1908.

ings of such divines as Suarez and de Lugo; while the works of Petavius will ever stand high as specimens of frank treatment of the history of theology. But the success of the Counter-Reformation was due to other gifts in which the Jesuits specially excelled—ascetic life, ready and persuasive speech, controversial rather than philosophical ability. The whole seminary system then introduced was on these lines. The old mediæval disputations once symbols of almost unbridled freedom of speech and speculation, were reorganized and marshaled to defend fixed propositions affirmed by the Catholic, denied by the Protestant. Authority and devotion enjoyed paramount influence; intellect was but the servant whose business it was to defend their claims. Manning with his high ascetic ideals, his enthusiasm for the priestly caste, his ready but not deep intellect, found in this atmosphere an entirely congenial home.

"To Newman it was, before all things, the Church of the Fathers which typified the genius of the Catholic Church. The days when Christian thought was building up theology as the expression of Christ's faith best suited to educated men in view of the controversies of the hour, persuasive to the intellect of Alexandria or Athens, were the days congenial to the man who had lived his life among thinkers and scholars in Oxford. On the patristic era of Church history, he tells us, his imagination loved to dwell as 'in a paradise of delight.' Theology occupied primarily, not in refuting 'heretical rebels,' but in intellectually interpreting and applying the genius of Christianity, satisfying the deeper thought of its own champions rather than merely scoring immediate successes in argument, was his ideal."

It was almost inevitable that two such widely different temperaments should, at times, find themselves in opposition. Much has been written about the differences and antagonisms that arose between them. Commentators like Purcell and Strachey have (*lacrymis coactis!*) mourned over Newman in the rôle of the dove in the eagle's nest. Not the least valuable part of Mr. Leslie's book is his sixteenth chapter: "The Case of Dr. Newman." "Their differences," remarks Mr. Leslie with perfect truth, "were exaggerated by a horde of Protestant journalists, Catholic busybodies, and excitable converts." From a letter written by Manning to Lady Herbert (January

15, 1866), he quotes: "It is strange what efforts they make to believe that we are divided—above all, Dr. Newman and myself. *I should be ready to let him write down my faith and I would sign it without reading it. So would he.*"⁵ Surely, this is a sufficient answer to the extraordinary statement in Mr. J. E. C. Bodley's reprinted lecture⁶ that "Manning seriously believed that Newman was not an orthodox Catholic."

In meditating upon the relations between Newman and Manning, it is unwise to leave out of account the extraordinary, even feminine, sensitiveness of Newman, and one must always keep in mind the fact that Manning was the chief official custodian of the Catholic and Roman Faith in England, and that it was Newman's delight to exercise, throughout practically the whole course of his Catholic life, the self-imposed function of an apologetical pioneer. It was not unnatural that the Archbishop of Westminster, the man at the helm, so to speak, should have his reserves and dubieties concerning one whose printed utterances, even his hero-worshipping biographer, Wilfrid Ward, admits, perplexed at times "the simple and literal reader," who had, in a moment of excitement, described the Infallibilist party at the Council as "an insolent and aggressive faction," and had then completely forgotten having done so! Nor did Newman ever fully realize to what extent Manning had *refrained* in his regard, and how frequently he had, unknown to Newman, interfered in the latter's favor. He had held back W. G. Ward's hand from smiting Newman, although the article Ward had prepared for the *Dublin Review* "had been examined and was considered to be calm and moderate and to contain nothing which ought not to be published . . . I am most anxious [wrote Manning] that Dr. Newman should be spared all pain." Manning even went the heroic length of suppressing his book on the Blessed Virgin "for fear of collision with Newman."

There is the pathos of frustrated magnanimity in these sentences from a letter of Manning's to Gladstone: "I have in many ways through all these years endeavored to see him where he ought to be. My constant effort, unknown to him, has been to draw him from the obscurity to which influences not good and an over sensitive mind, not unnaturally pained

⁵ Italics are the reviewer's.

⁶ *Cardinal Manning and Other Essays*, p. 15. By J. E. C. Bodley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1912.

by events I know, have induced him to withdraw." And when a pamphlet by the illustrious Oratorian in reply to Gladstone's attack on "Vaticanism" failed to meet with the approval of Rome, Manning, feeling that there was danger of his being unjustly censured, assured Cardinal Franchi that "the heart of Father Newman is as straight and Catholic as ever it was." Later on, Manning impressed upon the authorities his conviction that "in the rise and revival of Catholic Faith in England there is no one whose name will stand out in history with so great a prominence." And when, three weeks after this, the Holy Father, besought by the Duke of Norfolk to raise Newman to the purple, asked for Manning's endorsement, it was unhesitatingly forthcoming.

Long before this, the Archbishop had written to the Duchess of Buccleuch (in 1869) : "As to Dr. Newman, I believe if you knew the truth you would exactly reverse your present thoughts. I am supposed to have crossed him. I have done all in my power for nine or ten years to set right many things caused by himself or his friends which have stood in his way. Finally, I have his letter binding me to desist from the endeavor I was making that he should be consecrated a Bishop. All this cannot be stated. Meanwhile, the direct reverse of the truth is put about." But, before the end, Newman was made a Prince of the Church. With the evening came the light. There is sadness in Mr. Leslie's reflection that "Newman passed to his grave without suspecting the cause that turned the Papal sunlight on his path." Their differences, as Father Ryder acutely noted, in the essay already referred to, were psychological, not theological. "That two wills so strong, two minds so choice, and yet so diverse, should have united on the one Creed," Mr. Leslie finely says, "remains a matter of pride rather than distress to Catholics." Mr. Leslie's sixteenth chapter justifies the existence of his book, if justification were needed.

In his treatment of the Errington case, Mr. Leslie, with the aid of the now newly-added Talbot letters, finally and triumphantly vindicates Manning from the charge (which emerges by implication from Purcell's pages) that he sought to mount the steps of the Archiepiscopal throne of Westminster by blackening the names of all the other suggested candidates. This—"The Wars of Westminster"—is the most exciting chap-

ter in the new biography. (Mr. Leslie has a genius for chapter-headings!) Hardly less thrilling is the account of the struggle between Gladstone's Government and the Irish Episcopate over the appointment to the vacant Dublin Archbishopric in 1885, Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Moran, being the Government candidate, and Dr. Walsh of Maynooth (for whose recent loss the Irish Church mourns), the choice of the Bishops. During these anxious months, Manning kept in close touch with the Vatican, as well as with the Government and the Irish Bishops; and was trusted by them all. From the "Persico and Parnell" chapter, Manning emerges as a wise and faithful friend to Ireland. Archbishop Walsh's continuously increasing esteem for his brother of Westminster, is sufficient attestation to Manning's political integrity. Had Manning chosen the State instead of the Church, no dignity, short of the highest, would have fallen to his lot.

But it is not the political chapters of this biography that will make the deepest impression upon readers. The most moving and edifying pages are those which reproduce a portion of the diary of the newly-appointed Archbishop while on retreat just before his consecration. It was a saintly priest of the Congregation of the Passion who received Newman into the Church; and when the other protagonist of the Catholic revival set about to make his soul in preparation for the Archiepiscopal office, it was to the monastery of the Sons of St. Paul of the Cross in London that he repaired. There, for eight days, the Archbishop-elect searched his heart and strengthened his soul against the days of care and trial that were awaiting it.

The selections from his written self-communings during this time is the best part of Mr. Leslie's gift to us. How strange these words will sound to those who have accustomed themselves to think of Manning as the suave, crafty diplomat-churchman ever lusting after influence and power and popularity: "I don't think any pleasure or society or worldly honor have hold over me. I have been so long unpopular and disliked and misrepresented that I hope I have expiated the flood of popularity I had before I was in the truth and healed of the temptation for the future. But I must watch over this, and if at any time I cease to find pleasure in the lowest and hardest works of the Pastoral care, or if I ever soften down the truth

or am silent when I ought to speak out, I shall have a sign that the world is still in me." This is the authentic voice of sainthood.

On the seventh day of his Retreat, June 4, 1865, Manning looked down over London from the heights of the monastery garden, even as his Master once—if we may reverently draw the comparison—looked out over Jerusalem, and the heart of the great Democrat-Pastor that was Manning's most essential self, throbs through these solemn and beautiful sentences:

When I look down upon London from this garden and know that there are before me nearly three millions of men of whom only two hundred thousand are nominally in the Faith; that hundreds of thousands are living and dying without baptism, in all the sins of the flesh and spirit, in all that Nineveh and the Cities of the Plain and Imperial Rome ever committed; that it is the capital of the most anti-Christian power of the nominally Christian world and the head of its anti-Christian spirit; that in a moment it might be set afire with fury against the Catholic and Roman Church, I confess I feel that we are walking on the waters and that nothing but the word and the presence of Jesus makes this great calm . . . They will be my chalice more than ever. To labor and suffer for souls who will not be redeemed. To go down into fire and into the water to save souls and to be wounded by them—all this I look for. And I look to be chiefly wounded, as Jesus was, by my own brethren. All these osannas are but for a time, a sort of holiday of the kind hearts here and there. The great deep remains ready to lift itself up when the time comes. As soon as I begin, the wind will shift and blow shrill and sharp another way . . . I propose to keep always before me St. Charles' devotion to the Burial of Jesus. I suppose he loved it because it was the most perfect humiliation of God Incarnate, to be taken down from the Cross, wound in linen, and hid out of sight in the earth which He had made. I cannot escape many things which will demand of me a heroic patience and self-control. In this end I will try to remember the Winding-Sheet and the Sepulchre.

And as he left his Retreat his gaze fell upon St. Paul's and Westminster bathed golden in the rays of the declining sun—" . . . all this seemed to cry to me: 'Come over and help us.'"

He went over and helped them. There was not a major work of mercy or philanthropy in his diocese in which he did not nobly share. He was the Cardinal-Archbishop of the children no less than of the workingmen, halting the building of his great cathedral so that he might direct all his efforts to their education. (He gave the poor children of the neighborhood the right to play in the enclosure intended for the cathedral site.) He built and arranged for the support of orphan asylums, industrial and reformatory schools, and splendidly-equipped parochial schools. He declared that "a child's tear not wiped away cries to God as loudly as blood spilt upon the ground."

He aided and abetted that modern journalist knight-errant, W. T. Stead, in his campaign against criminal sensuality. The Irish members, headed by poor Parnell, went in a body to congratulate him on his silver jubilee. He had a handclasp for Henry George, Ben Tillett and John Burns. He settled the London Dock Strike. He was an honored member of that mausoleum of English exclusiveness, the Athenæan Club. Bryce, Gladstone, Ruskin were proud to be known as his friends. (And Ruskin, indeed, described the Cardinal's literary style as "the purest and simplest speech of modern times.")

And when they buried him at Brompton Oratory on January 21, 1890, "behind the Bishops of the Church and the Peers of the Realm marched solid lines of the laboring men." The poor and those that labor were the Cardinal-Archbishop's chief mourners.

"Pastoris Boni opus Consummatum Deo obtulit."

BALLADE.

BY ELEANORE MYERS JEWETT.

"She appeared to me clothed in most noble hue, a subdued and modest crimson, cinctured and adorned after the fashion that was becoming to her most tender age."—*Vita Nuova*.

WHEN Dante lived in Italy,
A dreamy-eyed young Florentine,
How oft the huddled homes would be
Blood stained by Guelf and Ghibelline!
What cruelties there must have been!
What wrongs closed thick about his head!
But Dante's eyes could only see
A little maiden clothed in red.

When Dante wandered, musingly,
The gossip, grim streets between,
Folk drew their children to the knee
And whispered, "There goes one who's seen
Both heaven and hell and walks serene
Among the living and the dead!"
But, vision-wrapt, his heart would see
A little maiden clothed in red.

And when in lonely exile, he
Brooded, o'er some lone foreign scene,
On shattered hopes and enmity,
His sad eyes cold and clear and keen—
Over his austere face and mien,
Often a softer light would spread
As Dante watched in memory
A little maiden clothed in red.

ENVOI.

Beatrice, down many a century
This radiant dream of you has sped—
Heaven holds no fairer rose than she,
The little maiden clothed in red!

SOCIAL ORGANIZATION OF ITALIAN CATHOLICS.

BY J. P. CONRY.



PROBABLY it is not an exaggeration to say that in no European country is the social organization of Catholics going forward in a more thorough or more comprehensive fashion than it is in Italy. If the Catholics of Italy in past decades lost any time in gathering their forces and consolidating their ranks for the regeneration of their country, they are certainly now making up for it. Their methods are interesting and business-like. Let us take a survey of them. The degree of success already obtained among the 40,000,000 people that cover this land of fruit and flowers merits inspection.

Catholic activity in Italy is carried on in three distinct fields. First, the Catholic Movement strictly so-called; second, the Economic Social Action; and third, the Political Action. We shall enter each in turn.

The *Movimento Cattolico* or Catholic Movement strictly so-called is made up of the following organizations:

- (1) The Popular Union among the Catholics of Italy;
- (2) The Society of the Catholic Youth of Italy;
- (3) The Union of the Catholic Women of Italy.

The first of these was instituted by Pius X. in June, 1905, by the Encyclical, *Il Fermo Proposito*, in which the Pontiff, ever alive to the needs of the hour, traced out the nature, the necessity and the ends of Catholic organization in this peninsula. The result of the Encyclical was the foundation of the Catholic Union, the mother organization of the Catholic Movement in Italy, from which all other associations depend. It coördinates all other Catholic associations and prescribes their several programmes "for combating by every just and legitimate means the godless and the anti-Christian civilization of our day, for repairing in every way the grave evils that come from this civilization, and for bringing back Jesus Christ into the family, into the school, into society."¹

¹ Pius X., *Il Fermo Proposito*.

The Popular Union embraces not only diverse Catholic associations, but also individuals who belong to no association. In each parish the members constitute the parochial society, which is dependent upon the parish priest. All the parochial societies depend upon the diocesan committee. This committee depends upon the Bishop of the diocese. And all these diocesan committees in Italy, to the number of two hundred and fifty (there are about two hundred and fifty dioceses in Italy), depend upon the Central Directive Committee of the Catholic Movement, which has its seat in Rome and whose President is nominated by the Holy See. This Central Directive Council in Rome functions by means of three secretariates: The Secretariate for Propaganda; The Secretariate of Culture (or formation of the social conscience); The Secretariate for Liberty of Schools.

The duty of The Secretariate of Propaganda is to extend the membership of the Popular Union and keep in touch with the Diocesan Committees and the parochial groups. On it devolves the task of developing the power and influence of the Union throughout the country. Though a few lines suffice to describe its *onera*, its responsibility is far-reaching.

The purpose of The Secretariate of Culture is to spread broadcast the knowledge necessary for the people to comprehend and to solve, according to the principles of Catholic doctrine, all new social problems. It has instituted at the head office, Rome, a Bureau of Information which collects and furnishes to the members of the *Unione Popolare* scientific directions on Catholic teaching, indications as to books worthy of being consulted on the social problems that come up for solution and, moreover, it keeps them *au courant* with conferences, lectures, etc., on social questions of the day. It publishes and circulates books, pamphlets and leaflets on such questions.

Every year it holds a "Social Week," to which are invited, also, members of analogous foreign societies. Here live questions that have presented themselves during the past year, are discussed with a view to giving sure directions to members who may feel doubtful as to the proper line of action to pursue.

By the organization, in different parts of Italy, of courses of social study, it prepares young captains of the Catholic Movement who will carry the organization far afield. About

one hundred intelligent Catholic youths are gathered in one of Italy's beauty spots where lectures are given after the manner of the Summer School in America. For example, last year the celebrated monastery of Monte Cassino, the shores of Lago Maggiore in North Italy, the island of Sardegna, and the beautiful little city of Siena, with its wealth of religious associations, were chosen as the scenes of these Summer Schools, and the disciples (young priests and young laymen ready to devote part of their spare time to the work of propaganda), who followed the fifteen day course, aggregated five hundred. These courses are intended to perfect in a technical way the minds of the students and presuppose a certain amount of culture.

The Secretariate for Liberty of Schools directs the struggle for the liberty of the schools, that liberty which, little by little, the Freemasons and the "Liberals" (Bless the mark!) of the peninsula have so curtailed these past thirty years. To achieve its end, the Secretariate has adopted the following means: It has awakened the conscience of the members of the Popular Union to the importance and the necessity of having full freedom of action, within reasonable bounds, in the schools. It has organized leagues of Catholic fathers to defend the Catholic schools in every municipality in Italy. It promotes meetings to bring the school question strongly before the public eye.

In this struggle for the schools the Catholics demand: First, liberty in all grades of education, so that each person be free to open a school without any control on the part of the State except inasmuch as hygiene, morality and public order are concerned; second, that every school be authorized to confer academic degrees; third, that to the State be reserved only the conferring of professional degrees by virtue of which the holder may *exercise his profession* as lawyer, physician, etc. In order that citizens may have a guarantee of the competency of students of Catholic schools for the exercise of the liberal professions, the Catholics demand that a *State examination* be held indifferently for all students, whether coming from State or private schools. For obvious reasons, they also demand that the examining board be composed of teachers belonging to both State and Catholic schools. I may add here, by way of parenthesis, among scholastic associations worthy

of special mention are: *L'Associazione Nazionale Nicolo Tommaseo* and *La Federazione degli Istituti Scolastici Privati*. Both defend the moral and economic rights of their members and uphold education on Christian principles.

La Società Della Gioventù Cattolica Italiana, or Society of the Catholic Youth of Italy, is an organization for the moral and intellectual formation of Italian youths according to Christian principles, to habituate them to profess openly the Catholic religion, and to educate them for the defence of the rights of the Church and of religious liberty. It is composed of clubs and associations scattered over all the dioceses of the country, and it is directed by diocesan councils, all under a President-General in Rome. At this moment the clubs of Italy's Catholic boys number 2,300 with a membership of 70,000.

Among the societies established among the young men of Italy, the following are worthy of note: "*La Federazione Universitaria Cattolica Italiana*," founded in 1896, the end of which is to bind together Catholic students in defence of their religious and moral interests, and to aid the apostolate which these fearless young fellows uphold in the university ambients.

When we reflect that the university in Italy is usually ground hostile to Catholic ideas, we realize how much the Catholic student needs such a federation. "*La Federazione degli Associazioni Sportivi Cattolici Italiani*," has for its aim the physical education of the youth, side by side with his religious life. "*L'Associazione Scoutistica Cattolica*," develops the strength of the Catholic Boy Scouts, which corps is kept completely separated from what, for want of a better name, we must call "lay" scouts. Count de Carpegna, one of the Noble Guards of the Holy Father, is President of this body.

"*L'Unione Femminile Cattolica Italiana*" is the third great organization. It has for its purpose the education of the Catholic woman of Italy for the full observance of her duties, religious, civil and social, and the unification of all Italy's Catholic women in confessing and defending Catholic principles. This great body is divided into two sections: "The Union of the Catholic Women of Italy," which comprises both married and unmarried over thirty-five years of age. Its members total 150,000. Besides its general purpose it endeavors to aid its members from an educational and social standpoint; to

keep in touch with school mistresses in order to watch over Christ's interests in the schools; to promote the Christian spirit in the family and in social life, and to cultivate love and obedience in the home. "The Association of Catholic Young Women of Italy" comprises unmarried women of every condition of life up to the age of thirty-five years. This has for its aim the religious, intellectual and moral formation of its members; preparation for their maternal mission; the open profession and defence of the Catholic Faith; obedience to the Holy See and filial affection for the Vicar of Christ.

The "*Azione Economico-Sociale*" comprises the "*Movimento Sindacale Cristiano*" and the "*Movimento Cooperativo Cristiano*." The first of these movements is promoted by the Italian Confederation of Workingmen, which includes all organizations of factory hands, farmers, men given to commerce, and guilds of masons, bakers, railway employees, cloth makers, post office officials and others. Every category has its seat in every municipal town. They now comprise over thirty national federations, and are continually on the increase. They form the great Italian Confederation of Workingmen with a membership of 1,500,000. This is the greatest organization of its kind in Europe, excepting that in Germany.

The "*Movimento Cooperativo Cristiano*" is the largest and most important of the Italian Catholic organizations. In numbers and importance it far outstrips a similar movement run by the Socialists, and in no other country is it conducted on so vast a scale. It began in 1874 under Pope Pius IX. and is promoted by the "*Federazione Cooperativa Italiana*," which comprises the following organizations:

(1) The National Confederation of Coöperative Stores in which grain, wines, etc., are sold. This has 3,500 affiliated stores. Its head office is at Genoa.

(2) Italian Federation of Loan Banks founded to save farmers, traders, etc., from the clutches of usurers. It has 3,000 branch offices. Its head office is in Rome.

(3) National Federation of Farmers' Societies with 800 affiliated branches. It sells seeds, manures, farm implements to farmers. Its head office is in Milan.

(4) Italian Federation of Banks having 51 branch offices. Its head office is the *Banco di Roma* in Rome. On June 30,

1920, its capital and deposits were 1,006,000,000 lire. They are now much more.

(5) "*Unione Nazionale delle Cooperative di Produzione e Lavoro*," which is of recent date. Its end is to promote the welfare of mills, building societies, etc.

(6) The Italian Fishermen's Coöperative Society. This has organized thousands and thousands of the fisher folk on the shores of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic to save them (and the public as well) from the maws of the middleman. The Society receives the takes fresh from the fishing boats, sells them and divides the profits among the fishermen. It is a joy to the hardy sons of the sea, while it is anathema to the biped Italian sharks who heretofore exploited the toils and dangers of the fisherman, as well as the public at large.

(7) "*Il Banco di Lavoro*." This gives financial accommodation to any of the industrial organizations above mentioned.

(8) Finally comes the "*Consorzio Nazionale di Approvigionamento delle Cooperative di Consume*." This buys goods wholesale and sells to its retail societies.

These organizations constitute about 7,000 societies scattered all over Italy.

In latter years the political situation of Catholics in Italy has undergone a great change. Up to 1904 the "*Non Expedit*" of Pius IX. prohibited Italian Catholics from presenting themselves as candidates for the Chamber of Deputies, nor might Catholics cast their votes at the political elections. But Pius X. made exceptions in individual cases so that, in time, there came to be about thirty Catholic deputies in the Chamber. These, however, constituted neither a party nor a group.

A big change came in 1919 when, with the tacit consent of the Holy See, the Popular Party of Italy (which is not Catholic in the *professional sense* of the word, since non-Catholics may enter its ranks if they follow a programme inspired by Christian principles) was elected one hundred strong. This party took as its programme the defence of religion, justice and the Christian spirit, and though it counted only one hundred out of five hundred and eight deputies in Monte Citorio, it soon became what the German Centre Party was in the Reichstag in Bismarck's day, or the Irish Parliamentary Party in the English House of Commons in Parnell's day, the arbiter

of the situation. As the Socialist Party refused to collaborate with any party, no side could govern without the Popular Party.

At the elections held in May, 1921, the Popular Party returned from the urns numbering one hundred and nine deputies, strong, picked men. Not only to the example of France, but to the strength of the Popular Party is due the attitude which the Italian press, as a whole, has adopted in favor of a permanent reconciliation between the Holy See and Italy.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

I MAKE a birthday-song for you, lady,
A shy, little twist of rhyme;
Woven of silver leaves of friendship,
And mellowed by suns of time.
Take it—'tis tied with the ribbon of faith,
And sprayed with the honey of youth,
And every blossom and baby-bud
Was plucked in the garden of truth.

May life for you be a house of laughter,
Where the lamp of love hangs high;
Hidden away from the winds of sorrow,
And clean as a star-brimmed sky.
I give you the jewels of maidenly virtue,
To wear with an innocent art;
May Conscience be ever the key that shall open
And close the hushed gates of your heart.

For the days crowd down, like an army with banners,
To plunder, to kill, and to maim;
May you keep your soul as a lily-white fortress,
Against the shrewd enemy, Shame.
Then Heaven will smile, and Beauty shall bless you,
And Joy shall remain with you long;
And you shall be wrapped in the mantle of angels,
When Death comes by like a song.

WHY GOD BECAME MAN.*

BY LESLIE J. WALKER, S.J., M.A.

IV.

TRUTH INCARNATE.



HERE was an immense amount of truth in the world in the pre-Christian period of man's history. Man, as he developed, had drawn many valid inferences from the facts with which he was confronted, had projected many ideas into the objective world, the reality of which experience bore out. He knew that he belonged to a sinful race, and that all were involved in this sin, even the dead, who in another world still lived, and were still interested in and affected by his doings. He felt acutely the need of redemption, and sought to attain it by ritual observance and sacrifice, which were essentially social actions. But he was aware, too, and was becoming increasingly aware, that religion is also a personal affair, a matter of conscience, involving a right relation between himself and God, between society and God, and between himself and society. Ever prone to anthropomorphize, ever credulous of myths, ever ready to worship the manifestation in place of what it presupposed, man was at any rate firmly convinced that God was a real Being Who could become known to mankind, and that only thus could mankind rightly solve its problems.

The philosopher, also, was intensely desirous of knowing God, and had made much advance in purifying the concept of God and in raising man's ideal of morality. He was, in general, agreed that there could only be one God; that God was also Providence; that evil was opposed to Providence; and could be overcome, if man only knew God and would act in accordance with this knowledge. But his ideas were unsystematized, and, hence, tended to exaggeration, to conflict,

*A series of articles dealing with fundamental Christian dogmas from the point of view of their value, intellectual and practical, psychological and social, by the author of *Theories of Knowledge* and of *The Problem of Reunion*, etc.; lecturer in Theology in the University of Oxford.

and so ultimately to disappearance. Was God immanent or transcendent? Was His nature in any way diverse? Was evil an independent reality? Was God identical with the universe, or identical with man's soul, or was He merely the animating principle of the universe, or did He live in a world apart, wrapt up in self-contemplation?

Each thesis was maintained, yet without sure foundation. Hence criticism, and the tendency of each to go over into its opposite. If God were wholly one, whence plurality? If many, whence security? If identical with the universe or with fate, what need is there of God at all? If God be unknowable, He is useless; if known wrongly, evil results and immorality gains a sanction; if He can be conceived rightly only in the abstract, practical religion disappears. Knowledge is of immense value, if only we can be sure that we know. But the philosophers were not sure. The cornerstone was missing. All was uncertain, wavering, ever giving place to decadence or issuing in despair. The truths were there, almost all the truths that Christianity herself preaches. What was wanting was something that should put each in its true perspective, and at the same time give life to it, bringing it back from the realm of the abstract into the sphere of concrete experience.

Could God do this? Could God solve the problems which puzzled the philosophers? There was no one in those days, either philosopher or plain man, who would have denied God's power in this matter. God might inspire a prophet, had done so many times; though only with partial knowledge, and though the prophets were by no means agreed. He might also Himself become incarnate; was supposed to have done so quite frequently; though in a crude kind of way, and without any striking benefit resulting in the matter either of morality or truth. God's problem, if I may so put it, was not how to manifest Himself, but how to convince man that this manifestation of Himself was genuine; not how to save the world, but how to convince the world that in reality its salvation had been wrought. If He came by way of inspiration, He must secure that inspiration should be recognized, must guard against illusion and false prophets, must convince men that the chosen prophet was preaching what he knew, and not mingling with it fancy and speculation. If by incarnation, He must secure that this incarnation should not be treated as one

amongst many, or as the incarnation of some subordinate and imaginary deity. He must also secure, whichever plan He chose, that this manifestation of Himself should endure.

Christians claim that God chose to manifest Himself by way of incarnation, in accordance with an eternal plan which the universe had been progressively realizing, and amongst a people whom, for centuries, He had been preparing for this event. We have traced the development of this plan amongst the Gentiles. Before studying its culmination in the coming of Christ, we must look for a moment at its development amongst the Jews. For the best way to answer the question, has a revelation been made, is to study how it was made—to watch it being made.

The concept of God as "I am Who am" was far in advance of the age in which it first appeared, so much so that its significance was for a long time but dimly appreciated even by the people to whom this name was made known. They did not understand it, but they believed that God had spoken, and clung to the letter of His word. Therefore, it grew amongst them, their notion of God on this account becoming progressively more pure and more spiritual.

Evolution, here as elsewhere, was largely due to the efforts of individual men, notably to the prophets. But the endurance of this seminal notion, amid disaster and infidelity, the absence of reversal, its steady development as the keynote of Jewish theology, the note that bespoke not merely monotheism, but a monotheism of transcendent purity and depth, indicates something more than the mere inspiration of prophets. God was with this people, as He said.

Jahweh was the God of Israel, the Father of the people whom He had selected for a special purpose in the economy of His Providence over man. Vaguely, this purpose was recognized by the people themselves: in them all nations were somehow to be blessed. How, they knew not. But gradually, as prophetic insight grew, it became clear that a Messiah, a King, a Redeemer, was to come, Who should establish a new order of things. There was to be a new Kingdom of Israel in which the Gentiles also should be embraced.

The fundamental fact was plain, though as to the manner of its realization views were diverse and discordant. A temporal kingdom was at first expected, a kingdom won by con-

quest. Even when the Jews became a subject race, the hope of a conquering Messiah still lived on. Slowly, however, the temporal expectation was transformed into one more spiritual, as the concept of God grew more clear. The new order was to be a Divine order, a kingdom of justice and of God. It was to bring about an intensification of Israel's sonship. And He Who was to effect this was to be a supernatural Being, Who was to come on the clouds of heaven, was to be called Emmanuel, God-with-us, or God-sent, was to be the manifestation of Jahweh Himself, come now in justice and in power.

It has been thought that in the Jewish Scriptures there are traces even of the doctrine of the Trinity. Wisdom is personified as something other than God; as something which He knows, and which finds favor with Him and gives life; and, again, as the emanation of Divine glory, the splendor of eternal light, the mirror of God's activity, and the image of His goodness. Memra, or the Word, is conceived as something which goes forth from God, and has a mission or function; as that by which God creates and in which the universe subsists. The Spirit is spoken of as a Divine force or energy without which life fails and with which it develops; as that which gives power to the saints, martyrs, prophets, and servants of Jahweh; as something which is to be poured forth in abundance, when the Messiah shall come, both upon Him and upon His posterity.

That there is something more here than the mere personification of Divine powers or activities is possible. But if there be Wisdom, a Word, and a Spirit, as well as Jahweh, there is plainly no Trinity. The most one can say is that the idea of some diversity in God is suggested, though without any clear indication whether it be personal or not; or whether it really be in God, or between God and some Divine emanation, such as the Alexandrian *Logos*, which was neither personal nor strictly Divine, but rather an idea-force operating as a Divine intermediary. In regard to the Trinity, and more especially in respect to the Messiah, the truth was already adumbrated, but before its threads could be woven together and their significance rightly discerned, it was necessary that the reality should appear.

The reality did appear in Christ.

The Synoptic Gospels give us an account of the Christ as

He was known to those who were most intimate with Him during His life. They present us with a plain, ungarnished record of His life, and of some of His parables and sayings. They have stood the test of a criticism, far longer and more detailed and more acute than has been given to any other documents in the world. And they remain unassailable today, except on the *a priori* ground that the facts they contain are impossible. The Evangelists draw no inference from their facts. But to accept them is to accept the fact that God has become manifest in the world.

He, Whose life the Evangelists record, certainly gave evidence of wonderful power, alike over diseases, over nature, over death, and over those whom evil spirits possessed. All recognized this, enemies as well as friends; and all attributed it to a supernatural agency. If it was due to special knowledge, then it was due to knowledge which even yet the human race does not possess. If it was due to the devil, then the devil, as Christ Himself argued, must be divided against himself.

It was mainly the works of Jesus that at length convinced His disciples that He must be the Christ. But, also, He appealed to prophecy. He was the One for Whom Israel had been looking so long. The visions of the prophets admitted of many interpretations. Now He to Whom they pointed had come, and in Him their true interpretation was made plain. This is His message to John the Baptist,¹ to the synagogue,² and to His own followers.³ It is also the message which the Apostles were to preach later on to the House of Israel, and to which the Evangelists call our attention in the course of their narrative.

Christ also impressed His own generation by the manner in which He spoke. Of the Father He speaks as One having an intimate experience, an experience that is peculiar to Himself. "No one knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither doth anyone know the Father, but the Son, and he to whom it shall please the Son to reveal Him."⁴ He frequently reminds his hearers that they are children of God, but never confuses His own Sonship with theirs.⁵ He is in a unique sense Son of God,⁶

¹ Matthew xi. 2-6.

² Luke xvii. 21.

³ Luke x. 23, 24.

⁴ Matthew xi. 27; Luke x. 22.

⁵ Compare Matthew x. 29 with x. 33; Luke xi. 13, xii. 39 with xxii. 29, xxiv. 49.

⁶ Matthew xxi. 37, 38; Mark xii. 6, 7; Luke xx. 13, 14.

and as such is recognized by God at His Baptism and Transfiguration. He insists that in the absolute sense there is only one Master, only One Who is good;⁷ yet Himself claims to be Master⁸ and does not refuse the title, "good," though He inquires on what ground it is used of Him. He comes as God's messenger, yet speaks in His own name, contrasting what the Law says with His own teaching.⁹ He announces God's kingdom, but Himself claims to be King,¹⁰ is charged with this, mocked on account of it, and crucified under this title.

The attitude of man towards God should, the Christ teaches, be one of humility, penitence, confidence. Towards Himself he encourages precisely the same attitude. "Come to Me . . . and I will refresh you; take My yoke upon you . . . and you shall find rest for your souls."¹¹ He, like God, is present wherever His disciples are gathered together.¹² What is done to His brethren is done to Him, and shall gain for the doer admission to His eternal Kingdom.¹³ Those who confess Him, He will confess before His Father.¹⁴ Like God, He can read hearts, forgive sins, foretell the future, and will come as the Judge of the world.

In the Synoptic Gospels Christ's claim to a unique Sonship, in virtue of which He has power, co-equal with that of the Father, is manifest alike from His actions and words. He vindicates His claim by the exercise of this power, the evidence for which the Gospels record. But, though the conclusion is implied in the evidence, the Synoptists do not draw it forth. Their aim is to depict Christ as He was known to His contemporaries, to set forth the evidence as it grew. During His lifetime the full significance of His claim was not recognized by His disciples. It was His enemies who saw the more clearly the purport of His words, and for the blasphemy implied by them, if His claim were not true, put Him to death. To the disciples the passion and death came as a staggering blow, in spite of the fact that Christ had foreseen and foretold it. Their growing faith was shattered. They still retained their love for the Master, but they gave up all hope that He might prove to be the Messiah. Consequently, they were no less staggered by the report that the tomb had been found empty than

⁷ Matthew xix. 17, xxiii. 8; Mark x. 17. ⁸ Matthew xxiii. 10; Mark xiv. 14.

⁹ Matthew v. 21, etc.

¹⁰ Luke xix. 38-40.

¹¹ Matthew xi. 28-30.

¹² Matthew xviii. 20.

¹³ Matthew xxv. 34-40.

¹⁴ Matthew x. 32; Mark viii. 38; Luke xii. 8.

they had been by the spectacle of His death; and were reluctant to believe it, till they themselves had investigated the matter. The inference that He had risen, as He promised, backed by the report of some who had seen Him, was for the rest an idle tale, till they had seen Him for themselves.

Such is the essence of the narrative as given by the Synop-
tists. They describe Christ from the point of view of a contemporary who witnesses the facts, and beholds the faith of the disciples increasing or waning as the *prima facie* evidence demands. Those facts are recorded which were common knowledge and with which all were struck at the time.

The Fourth Gospel presents Christ from a different point of view, namely, from the point of view of one who, already having accepted His claim to divinity, in the light of this faith looks back upon the facts of His life. During His lifetime He was not understood, John says.¹⁵ Now, we do understand Him: He was the Word made Flesh.¹⁶ Facts which at the time had created no great impression on the minds of the disciples, and had rapidly sunk into their unconscious memory, from the new viewpoint become important, and so are recalled. John tells the same story as the other Evangelists, but with many additional incidents and sayings, which at the time had appeared incomprehensible. There is still no public preaching of "the mysteries of the kingdom," which were to be revealed only after Jesus' death. But there is frequent reference to them, especially in private conversation; and both to the representatives of the Old Church, the "Jews," and to His Apostles, the nucleus of the New, Jesus declares plainly Who He is.

John also, unlike the other Evangelists, summarizes in a preface the doctrine for which he is about to adduce evidence, and throughout his narrative introduces comments with a view to showing that the doctrine then preached in the Church is the same as that taught by the Lord. He still presents to us the historical Jesus, but presents Him now, not as He appeared to unappreciative and half-converted disciples, but as He was in reality, God become manifest in the flesh.

John the Baptist confessed that he was not the Christ, but had come to prepare the way for the Christ, Who was really "before him," and so was "preferred." What does this

¹⁵ John i. 10, 11; ii. 22; xii. 16,

¹⁶ John i. 14.

mean? It means, says John, that "no man hath seen the Father at any time," but that "the Only-begotten Son, Who is in the bosom of the Father, hath declared Him," of Whose "fullness we have all received."¹⁷ It means that the Word Who was in the beginning with God, and Who was God, hath now become Flesh, and is dwelling amongst us.¹⁸ John the Baptist said: "He must increase and I must decrease," because "He that cometh from above is above all." He that cometh from above testifieth "what He hath seen and heard." Therefore, "he that hath received the testimony, hath set to his seal that God is true. For He Whom God hath sent, speaketh the words of God; since God doth not give the spirit by measure, but loveth the Son and hath given all things into His hand."¹⁹

This is what Jesus Himself declared to Nicodemus. "Truly, truly, do I say to thee that We speak what We know, and testify what We have seen. No man hath ascended into heaven, except He descended from heaven, Who is in heaven, namely the Son of man. And as the serpent was lifted up in the desert, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him may have life everlasting. For God hath so loved the world as to give His Only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish."²⁰

In like manner He attested His Divine origin and Sonship to the Pharisees, in whose presence He had forgiven the woman taken in adultery. "I am not alone, but am one with the Father that sent Me. Therefore, in giving testimony of Myself, the Father also giveth testimony of Me. If you believe not that I am He, you shall die in your sin, for what I speak in the world are the things that I have heard of Him that sent Me."²¹ And again to the Jews: "If you continue in My words, you shall know Truth, and the Truth shall make you free. For, as sinners, you are the slaves of sin, but if the Son, Who abideth for ever, make you free, you shall indeed be free."²² "I speak what I have seen and heard with My Father. This Abraham did not. For from God I proceeded and came, and before Abraham was, I am."²³

"Chacune de ces sentences a l'autorité d'un témoignage irréfragable, et la sereine assurance d'une science éternelle,"

¹⁷ John i. 15, etc.¹⁸ John i. 1-14.¹⁹ John iii. 30-35.²⁰ John iii. 11-16.²¹ John viii. 12-16.²² John viii. 31-36.²³ John viii. 38-42, 58.

says Père Lebreton,²⁴ and so clearly was their purport grasped by the theologians of the day that they took up stones to stone Him for blasphemy.

John, on the other hand, is not a theologian. He has outgrown the crude realism of Philip, who, at the Last Supper, could exclaim: show us the Father, and it is enough for us. He knows now that He Who seeth the Christ, seeth the Father also. His Gospel, none the less, is a historical narrative, not a theological dissertation. Had it been otherwise he would have realized at once the outstanding difficulty that his narrative presents. Not only are the works of Jesus *given* Him by the Father,²⁵ His power to do judgment,²⁶ His life in God,²⁷ His dominion over all flesh,²⁸ in a word, all that He has;²⁹ but He prays to the Father,³⁰ obeys the Father,³¹ and acknowledges that the Father is greater than Himself.³² How, then, does He "make Himself God."³³

John sees no difficulty here, though his words later on were to give rise to bitter controversy in the Church. And the reason is precisely that John's sole aim is to depict Jesus as He was. He claimed to be "the Only-begotten Son of God;" to be "in the Father and the Father in Him;" to "have all that the Father hath, as the Father hath all that is His;" to "have come forth from the Father," yet to have been existent "in the beginning;" to be "able to do nothing of Himself," yet to be capable of "whatsoever He seeth the Father doing;" to "give life as the Father gives life;" and to "have worked, as the Father works, even until now." Therefore, John records this claim, as he records Christ's statement that He was less than the Father, "to Whom He would return," and the fact of His obedience and His prayer.

If we distinguish between the sense in which Christ is inferior to God and the sense in which He is God's equal, we can doubtless resolve the apparent contradiction between the statements which imply subordination and diversity and the statements which affirm equality and immanence. But John does not make this distinction. He does not bear witness at one time to the Humanity of Christ and at another time to His Divinity. He envisages just the one living Person, God's Only-begotten Son Who in the flesh manifests the Father because

²⁴ *Les Origines du dogme de la Trinité*, p. 399.

²⁵ John v. 36.

²⁶ John v. 22, 27.

²⁷ John v. 26.

²⁸ John xvii. 2.

²⁹ John iii. 35; xiii. 3.

³⁰ John xvii. 1, 2.

³¹ John xiv. 31; xv. 10.

³² John xiv. 28.

³³ John x. 33.

He was one with the Father, and Who also is obedient to the Father. The emphasis is not on the two natures, nor yet on the personality as such, but on the living Reality which is Christ. Recognizing that Christ is God, John would re-tell, from the point of view of faith, the story which the other Evangelists have already told from the point of view of a mere human eyewitness. But the story is still of real life. The Humanity is there, no less than the Divinity, and is discernible from it, but John would have us see them functioning together in the concrete. And for this very reason, he solves, though unconsciously, both the problems which were to crop up later on and the problems which had been puzzling the world for so long.

How bring together the ultimate Reality and humanity, which seems so far removed from it? Some had placed their trust in sacrifice and ceremony. Others, more thoughtful, had insisted that knowledge must be the prime factor, knowledge which should permeate a man, and so bring him into union with the Known. Some had sought this union through obedience to the laws of the universe, which God was thought to animate. Others, conceiving God as transcendent, had removed Him so far from the universe that a later age had to invent all manner of intermediaries in the endeavor to unite them again. Man had displayed an immense ingenuity in devising means of bringing God to earth. But in vain. The truth was in fragments; nowhere was there certainty; nowhere had the fragments endurance or vitalizing power. Now Truth has come into the world. You wish to believe in it? Then behold it in Christ, says John. His works, His words, His authority, His power, His intimacy with the Father, His love for mankind, His meekness, His pity, His zeal, His obedience, His patience, His suffering, His triumph over all things, even death, testify Who He is. He is no mere man, but Truth Incarnate. He speaks not of Himself, but what He hath heard and seen. He was what He claimed to be. He, and He alone, hath had experience of God.

Salvation comes through knowledge of the Truth declare one and all the philosophers. *Christ is Truth.*³⁴ In this is eternal life that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent.³⁵ In Him we know the true God, for He is in the Father, and the Father is in Him.

³⁴ John xiv. 6.

³⁵ John xvii. 3.

His words are the words of the Father, and His actions bespeak the love of the Father.³⁶ He is the Light which came into the world,³⁷ the true Light.³⁸ He that liveth in the Light, liveth also in the Truth.³⁹ And those that believe in the Light, shall become children of Light, and shall walk without stumbling.⁴⁰

Therefore, He is also the Life.⁴¹ You seek water? I will give you living water, which shall become in you a fountain of water, springing up into life eternal, and of which whosoever drinketh, shall never thirst again.⁴² If any man thirst, let him come to Me and drink.⁴³ Your fathers did eat manna, and are dead? Behold, My Father giveth you the true bread which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life to the world. I am that Bread.⁴⁴ Yes, even sacramental Bread. For My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me and I in Him. As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me.⁴⁵ As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, unless it abide in the vine, so neither can you, unless you abide in Me.⁴⁶ That you may be one together in Me, as I and the Father are one, you in Me and I in Him.⁴⁷

The yearning which the Brahmin had for union with God is here satisfied by no abstract Absolute, but by union with the living Christ, Who *is* God. The true way which Zoroaster sought, and knew could come only through the Truth, is here made manifest in Truth, which has now become Incarnate in the world. That identity with the World-spirit which the Stoic hoped to attain through obedience to the natural law, is here promised through obedience to Christ, Who will accomplish it in us, as the Father accomplisheth it eternally in Him. The transcendent God of Aristotle has come down to the earth: the eternal Thought of thought has expressed Itself now in human fashion, thereby becoming intelligible, even as are the thoughts of man.

Nothing is lost, neither of goodness, nor of truth. Religion is still to be a matter of conscience; but we shall walk without stumbling only if we become children of light through

³⁶ John xiv. 10, 12.³⁷ John viii. 12; ix. 5; xii. 46.³⁸ John i. 9.³⁹ 1 John i. 7, 8; ii. 4.⁴⁰ John vii. 12; xii. 36, 46; cf. 1 John i. 7; ii. 10.⁴¹ John xiv. 6.⁴² John iv. 10-14.⁴³ John vii. 37.⁴⁴ John vi. 32-51.⁴⁵ John vi. 52-59.⁴⁶ John xv. 4.⁴⁷ John xvii. 11, 20-23.

belief in the Light that reveals. There is still to be sacrifice, for the Christ is lifted up; and contact with God is still to be established in sacramental ways, which shall centre round a sacramental food. But the sacrifice we offer will no longer be merely a figure, nor our sacraments merely symbols. We shall offer to the Father His Only-begotten Son, and shall partake of the Body and Blood of the Lord.

The problem of evil also is solved, not by a denial of its existence, but by the advent of a power in which evil can be surely overcome. In the process to which all created being is subject, God, by becoming man, now shares. He has abolished neither suffering nor sin; but has borne in His own Person the consequences of sin, and over suffering has triumphed, from death has arisen. The allurements of the world and the flesh remain; but if we believe in Him, trust Him, abide in Him, against Whom they had no power, we shall no longer fall a prey to their false charm. Suffering, disease, disaster will still be evil to those who seek their happiness in the creature; but to those who in His way seek God, they will become but a means to this end. God has gained the victory, therefore victory is assured through the Son, with Whom we may become one, as He is one with the Father.

John's vision of God-become-man has been compared with Philo's concept of the *Logos*. Possibly, the author of the Fourth Gospel had some knowledge of Alexandrine thought. Possibly, it is for this reason he introduces the term "*Logos*" into his preface. But he uses it only in the preface, and there only twice. Moreover, the striking parallelism between this preface and the opening paragraphs of Genesis suggests that John has chiefly in mind the "spoken word" of God. In any case the vision of John as developed in his Gospel and the Alexandrine doctrine are radically different. Philo's *Logos* is an intermediary being, which expresses imperfectly the thought of God, and is used by Him as instrument and model in the creation and sustentation of the universe. It is a kind of "concrete universal," expressed in phenomena and serving as their unifying principle. It is, therefore, essentially cosmological in character. John's *Logos* is not. It is essentially spiritual. The beings which it unifies are human beings, and the life in which it unifies them is both spiritual and divine. There is no reference to the cosmological functions of the

Christ-*logos* except in the one passage which says that by Him all things were made. Philo's *Logos* is imperfect and impersonal; John's is both perfect and personal. Philo's *Logos* is the shadow, image, or imprint of God on the world, in knowing which we know God only with that imperfect knowledge which may be derived by arguing from effect to cause: is "Son of God" only in the metaphorical sense, in the same sense that the world is described as the "second Son of God." John's *Logos* is the perfect image of God expressed in a human being, to behold Whom is to behold God Himself, because with Him God is one, and in Him, incarnate in the flesh, is the eternal Father's Only-begotten Son. The one is a "mediator," half cosmical, half Divine, linking together God and the world. The other is wholly Divine, and becomes a Mediator only by identifying Himself with an already created race, which He would redeem from sin, and elevate to union with the Father.

John is not philosophizing, still less seeking to harmonize religious with philosophical belief. And it is precisely because he is not seeking this, but to depict for us the Jesus Whom he knew, that in the Reality thus presented the half-truths of the philosophers find at once synthesis, vitality, and perfection. In philosophy we start with a problem, which is solved, if at all, only after a tedious and uncertain process of reasoning from premise to conclusion. In Christianity we start, as in history, with the concrete fact, in which, when we have grasped it, we find that the solution of our problems is already contained. Philosophy starts with a question, of which it seeks the true answer. Christianity starts with Truth Incarnate; then finds the questions which are answered.

John's message and that of the Synoptists is the same: the Messiah has come; God has become manifest; the Word is made flesh. Truth is no longer abstract, It dwelleth amongst us. Knowledge is no longer divorced from experience, for of the Christ man has experience, and in Him of the Father, whence all knowledge and all reality proceed. Then, He Who has linked truth with reality, knowledge with experience, returns to His Father, and the root of man's certainty is gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK.

BY CHARLES C. CONATY.

(Concluded.)

BEFORE THE ARGONNE.



N all the hundreds of years during which these church bells had summoned the inhabitants of the little village to Mass, or had sounded the Angelus, or proclaimed the death of some faithful soul, they had never rung out with such peals of joy as they did this glorious September afternoon. For it was the day we learned of the San Mihiel drive, and the good Curé of the village in which we were billeted (his name is on the page before me) insisted that the victory should be celebrated by the ringing of the bells. And the celebration ceased only when we were no longer able to pull the ropes, so exhausted were we. Then the parish priest who (as I learned during my short stay with him) was a sort of book merchant for all the priests of that district, showed us about the old church, explaining its history. Still attesting the power of the "grand family" of the town was a half-obliterated black line, painted around on the outside wall of the church about ten feet from the ground. In the olden days, the death of a member of this family was made known by a stripe of mourning painted around the church walls!

Though our kitchens had not yet arrived, our lot was fairly comfortable, and we were anticipating a much needed rest after our long period in action from the Marne to the Aisne. But anticipation was all we had, for after two days in this village, we were ordered to be ready to march at nightfall. Just as we were ready to leave, a column of about four hundred replacements arrived. Poor lads, how tired they looked!

When they learned that they must start out almost immediately their comments were stifling. The pack carried by some of them reached actually to their heels. Our old men relieved them of much surplus equipment, but, untrained and soft from lack of preparation, many of them fell by the way during the march of that and subsequent nights. These men

(most of them, at least) had not had a moment's training, either in America or France. Now they were going into the line. They were of no help to us, rather a hindrance. Though we were only about forty per cent. strength, we could have fought better and had fewer casualties with just our old men than we did in our filled-up state. These new men were in action four weeks from the time they had left their homes for camp. They lacked a knowledge even of how to load and fire their rifles. Above all, they lacked the habitual obedience of a trained soldier, and, as a result they drove our officers to desperation. They seemed unable to realize that obedience meant safety, and so would flock together even in the very front line. Not only were many of them killed as a result of their lack of training, but they were the cause, unwittingly, of the death of many of our officers, both commissioned and non-commissioned. The fault was not theirs; it lay rather in a system, or rather a lack of system, which permitted untrained men to be in action. It was simply criminal.

Night after night we marched, resting during the day-time, and finally we camped in the Argonne forest, a few kilometres behind the four-year-old line. Our few days here were spent in a feverish attempt to get the green men into some sort of shape, for we knew that a drive was in preparation.

It was a busy time for me, making the rounds of my own battalion and reaching out to attend to the Catholic boys in the "outfits" nearby which had no priest. Ordinarily, my altar was the medical cart. On Sunday, however, we removed the tail-board and placed it on top of a few boxes of ammunition, covering the whole "edifice" with an O. D. blanket. This altar had been put up under a large tree in a location which seemed the most suitable for a large gathering, though we were fairly well concealed from aerial observation by the trees. About gospel time in the Mass, it commenced to rain and by Communion time we were all of us drenched. But, of course, no one even thought of leaving. I turned around and gave the boys General Absolution, and then gave them all Holy Communion.

I shall never forget that morning and those boys as they knelt there on the wet ground, the rain falling on their bared heads, as they received the Body and Blood of their Lord. How near we were to the Heart of the Master! Two of the

boys improvised a covering out of a shelter-half supported by two sticks, which they held over my head. The intention was good, but the result disheartening. Instead of receiving the rain drop by drop, I received it in streams. But as I see processions of the Blessed Sacrament, in which a magnificent canopy is carried over Our Lord, I always think of that day when Our Lord's canopy was a shelter-half. Giving Communion that morning was very difficult as the particles kept sticking to my wet fingers. After Mass, I distributed all the rosaries and prayer books and medals which I had fortunately received a few days before from the Chaplains' Aid Society. But a few days later I was taking some of those prayer books and rosaries from the pockets of those same boys. They had met the Master.

An hour or so after Mass I gave a talk to the boys who were not Catholics, trying to prepare them for what I knew was in store for them, for all of us. Before long, many of them would be before the judgment seat of God. My experience with non-Catholics (or Protestants if you will) led me to pity them from the bottom of my heart. Of religion, as such, they know nothing (I am speaking now of the vast majority of those with whom I came in contact). At most, they have but a hazy belief in God, a vague confidence of heaven, and a dim, very dim, conception of hell. Of Christ and His teaching they are sadly ignorant. Protestantism has taken faith and hope and love of God from their hearts. In return it has given them nothing. In this time of trial, they found themselves without any support of a religious nature. And bitter was their realization of their spiritual poverty. The presence of Christ meant nothing, and they wondered unceasingly at the courage and strength which the Catholic boys derived from attendance at Mass and the reception of Holy Communion.

After all, Protestantism, beginning with negation, has reached its logical conclusion in the negation, or at least disregard, of everything Christian. Some, of course, had a sort of faith; many were naturally good; many learned to pray with shells and bullets as instructors. Not that they were cowards, but, for the first time in their lives, they felt the need of a God. I yearned, indeed, to help them, to share with them the faith which meant so much in our trials, but there was no

foundation on which to build. Their cry for food had been answered by a book being thrust into their hands. Holy, yes, the Book of God, but how were they to understand it even if they had time to read it? Their spiritual condition is a simple and logical result of the principle of Protestantism. It has produced a spiritual blight. Its ministers have nothing to minister, no authority to teach. They realized it—and the boys did.

To many the War was a revelation from a religious viewpoint; wherever one went, one found always a priest with a definite work. His work was not to talk in vague terms of God and morality. When he talked it was generally definitely—and briefly. His chief work was the administration of the Sacraments, and, to the Catholic, it made no difference who or what the priest was, he was always a priest—one who could offer Mass, and one from whom he (the Catholic) could receive the Sacraments. By the American tests of efficiency and “workability” and results, the Catholic Religion proved itself.

These days granted us before the start of the drive were too few to permit me to learn our new men as I would have liked. However, I spoke at least once to each of the companies, and between hearing confessions, giving Communion and doing all manner of commissions for the boys, my days and nights were filled up. From experience, our boys had learned that the chances of receiving the last Sacraments were very slight. There must be no waiting—no chances must be taken on that score, at least. Death was always close, one must be ready. So, during the summer my boys had received Communion about once a week, sometimes oftener. It was our great source of strength. More than ever we realized that the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is the very heart of our Faith. It is at the base of the priesthood. Without it we would have no Mass. It is the full realization of Christ's love for men. And love, after all, not fear, is the essence of Christianity. Much valuable time and many words have been wasted in the attempt to inspire men with a fear of death and a dread of hell. Men are not afraid to die, nor is the knowledge and fear of hell a very powerful deterrent from evil doing. It was the love of Christ which appealed most strongly to men, the love which He showed by His suf-

ferings and His Sacrifice; the love He gives so abundantly in the Mass and in Holy Communion. To us He was always "Gentle Jesus."

TRENCH MORTARS.

"Chaplain, this is going to be 'some' drive, believe me," said the Lieutenant as he stretched himself full-length on the ground under the little shelter which we had constructed by stretching our united shelter-halves from tree to tree. "I saw the maps this morning, showing the various objectives of the different divisions, and if the drive works, it will mean the end of the War."

"The end of the War?" I replied in wonder, "then God be with us. But when does it start?"

All conversation the last few days ended with the query as to when this much-prepared-for drive would commence. But my companion had no definite information on this point. It was evident, however, from the completeness of the preparations, that the start would be soon. And not long after our conversation the Major stuck his head under our home and informed us, in all secrecy of course, that the "show" was to start this very night. Our battalion was to be the Divisional reserve force, to be under the direct orders of the Divisional Chief-of-Staff. Hence, we would not take part in the initial attack following the all-night barrage, but would be used for any emergency which might arise during the progress of the advance. Which all sounded very well to us, though the aftermath proved that being Division reserve was far from a desirable honor. For it meant being shifted continually from one part of the line to another, filling up "holes" in the line, bolstering up the weak places, a sort of general utility outfit.

Darkness that night found us all ready for the march towards a point where we were to remain awaiting further orders. Marching along the road to the front, we met the French soldiers, relieved by our troops, hurrying back to the rear. They did not seem very sad at being deprived of a part in the drive. Which was only natural, considering what those brave, blue-clad men had already done. There was little to distinguish this marching from previous marches until our barrage started at eleven o'clock. The number of guns firing,

the quantity of shells fired during that all-night bombardment of the enemy positions, is beyond my knowledge. But I do know this, it was the worst experience I ever had. The noise was like the roaring of a thousand Niagaras, the earth shook with the concussion of the guns; the shells filled the air with their whistling. Compared with this, the artillery I had experienced in the past three months was as nothing. Though scarcely a shell came from the enemy, I confess I was thoroughly frightened by the noise of our own guns. It was uncanny, horrifying; and the noise beat against the ears till it seemed as though they must burst. Some of the new men, never having heard the guns fired before, were literally shell-shocked. The immense howitzers belched forth their shells with a flaming mouth, and the force of the concussion lifted us off the ground. We passed the 155 rifles; and, finally, the 75's hub to hub, barking so rapidly as to seem like machine guns. And so for miles and miles along the front the roar arose as if from some deep-throated infernal monster. The ensemble was awful; striking fear into one's very soul.

As we neared the front, the road became rougher and rougher; soon it could no longer be distinguished from the shell-torn ground about it. Four years of bombardment had obliterated the least sign of it. We followed some wheel-ruts made by the artillery, and, turning off to the right, soon located a corduroy road, leading through some woods behind a hill. To walk on the round surfaces of the timbers in such a road is, at best, a difficult task; but to have to walk single file, forced continually to step off into the brush and mud to avoid being smashed beneath a snorting stream of baby tanks, such as made our progress a slow and dangerous one that night, is simply beyond description.

We laid on the hillside awaiting our orders till about three o'clock that afternoon. Of how the drive was progressing, we knew nothing, but the absence of any shelling from the German lines seemed to point to a retirement on their part. Orders came, finally, that we should start at once and affect liaison between the left of our divisional line and the line of the division on our right; if necessary, to fill in the line. Rounding the hill, we came upon a battery preparing to move their guns forward. The Germans had retreated till they were out of range, so these artillery men told us. We found out

later that this was far from true, but the mistake had been made, and we could get no artillery support when we needed it badly, to help us overcome the resistance we met with a few miles further on—at a point well within the range of these guns.

Soon we had our first glimpse of a real "No Man's Land." It was as if a blight had hit this mighty forest and left in its wake a swath about four miles wide in which nothing remained save the churned earth, an occasional charred tree-stump, but no living thing, not even a blade of grass. Four years of continual shellfire had wiped out almost every vestige of vegetation, turning a once beautiful forest into a pock-marked desert, which oppressed one more than death. Through it ran systems of trenches, shellholes of varying sizes, all manner of barb-wire entanglements. Only this morning, our men had crossed this desolate, ill-omened ground in their charge; nor could they ever explain how they managed to get through the wire. Overhead two planes were fighting; there in front of us lay the woods which we must enter, following the little white markers which the engineers had used to note the course of a road they would construct across this wilderness of death. Crawling around shellholes, jumping across trenches, we finally reached the beginning of the wooded country and located the tracks of a narrow-gauge railroad, which we followed into the heart of the woods.

Darkness falling but added to our difficulty. Our progress was necessarily wary and slow, depending on the scouts out in front of the column. But, at length, the line was located and the ordered liaison accomplished. The line was solid now. After outposts had been stationed, the remainder of the battalion found protection and shelter in an old German trench. It had been covered with boughs and branches of trees to camouflage it, and as it was not very deep, we had to crawl along almost doubled up; for it had but one or two points of entry and we feared to disturb the covering lest the noise be detected by the enemy. Here we spent what remained of the night, unable to stand erect, unable to lie down, so crowded were our quarters. The rain came through the covering, and, though we sat against one side of the trench and stuck our feet into the opposite side, we could not keep from slipping now and then into the water which was about six inches deep

in the bottom of the trench. If we could smoke! But we were too close to risk it.

Orders came that at half-past six the line was to attack. At the break of dawn, before it was yet bright enough to be seen by the enemy, we crawled from our places, stiff and sore, our bodies cramped, to form for the attack. While the companies were forming, we must have been seen, for, of a sudden, we were shelled by trench-mortars. The explosion of these shells was terrific, and the destruction they wrought was appalling. In less time than it takes to tell, the bombardment was over (though it seemed to have lasted for ages). But a few feet from where I was, an entire platoon was wiped out. Twenty men were killed outright; thirty wounded. The shells fell so rapidly there was no escape, nor any possibility of help. Some of the dead bore not a trace of a wound; the concussion had killed them. While I was trying to bind up the wounds of the injured, and get them into the trench where they might have what protection it afforded, the line attacked. The doctor was wounded before he had dressed a single man, and went to the rear with those of the wounded who were able to walk. As soon as we dressed the wounds of those who could not walk, we picked out the serious cases, and sent them back as rapidly as we could get men to carry them, on the rude stretchers made from blankets stretched over poles cut from trees. The work was slow, and it took wonderful courage and patience on the part of the wounded to lie there for hours till men could be found to carry them back. It meant a carriage of several miles, for, at that time, the ambulances could not get across the "No Man's Land."

So many Americans were wounded in that drive that those who were at all able to walk, in most cases walked all the way back to the hospitals. In addition to those hit in the barrage, many others were wounded in the attack and during the day, but, somehow or other, we got them all back. During the night orders came that at the coming of daylight we should proceed up a certain road and await orders at a little town. It would have been easy to obey save that that "certain road" was so well covered by machine guns that a shadow could not get by.

When the companies left, I kept a few of the boys with me to bury the dead. All told, we buried twenty-five of our comrades in that trench, a little cross at the head of each one's

grave, a large cross marking the location of our little cemetery. Some of those I buried had never fired a rifle in their lives—yet they had been killed at the front. These poor, mangled bodies housed souls but a few hours ago! We all of us cried more than once during that day of sad duty. We never became accustomed to death. Some of the dead were in such shape that the boys told me they could not bring them to the trench, so I had to bite my lips; and, collecting the torn bodies with a shovel, tie them up in a blanket. And so we laid them to rest, these boys whose names fill these pages of my Little Black Book. We knew that God had already rewarded them.

ADAM.

The duties of a Chaplain, as outlined in Army Regulations, are, to say the least, rather vague. In a sense, a Chaplain is an anomaly, a free-lance in an organization in which there is no freedom, the nature and scope of whose work depends, to a very large extent, upon his own conception of it. To my status as a Chaplain I transferred my conception of my calling as a priest, that I should, as far as in me lay, try to be "all things to all men." Primarily, I was a Chaplain to care for the spiritual interests of the Catholic soldiers; secondarily, for those of the boys not of my faith. But man is composed of body and soul and his spiritual and physical needs are dissociated only in theory; in practice they are interlinked and interdependent. And so my work as a Chaplain was a mixture of spiritual ministrations with a variety of occupations extending from referee of boxing matches, doctor, interpreter, conciliator, to banker. And I was a never failing source of writing paper and cigarettes.

It must not be wondered at, therefore, if my Little Black Book shows me in the rôle of a banker, for here are the names of many boys, and, opposite the names, the amount of money I held for each. In spite of the fact that I accompanied them wherever they went and was just as liable to be hit as any one of them, the boys seemed to think that their money was safer in my keeping than in their own pockets. My remonstrances at taking money were invariably laughed at, for the boys had it that I couldn't be hit! I had the same belief—for a while!

Among the names on this page is that of Adam. I never

could pronounce his last name properly, and I never attempted to spell it. Like most Polish names, it is composed almost exclusively of consonants from the latter part of the alphabet. I have come to the conclusion, from my experience with Slavic names, that the children of those races must start with "Z Y X" instead of "A B C."

From the land of his birth, Adam had gone to America in search of freedom and fortune. Freedom he found; a fortune was not given him—though he was a coal miner. He had never married, and when his adopted country called its sons to arms, he was among the first to offer himself in the cause of justice, ready to show his love for the land which had given him liberty, by fighting, and dying if need be, that that liberty might be preserved. He was a big hulk of a man, well over thirty-five years of age. His reddish hair and bristling mustache gave him a rather forbidding appearance. I doubt not that today he would be taken for a Bolshevik on sight. He was fierce only in appearance, for I found him one of the gentlest and kindest of men, with a mind so clean and a heart so pure that everyone loved him. He was a big brother to the other Polish boys in our battalion. His knowledge of English enabled him to help in many ways those who knew scarcely a word of it. He was invaluable to the officers and men alike. But, above all, he was anxious about the religious welfare of his boys, and he saw to it always that they attended Mass and received the Sacraments, for, of course, they were all Catholics. I can never forget how helpful he was to me, for he acted as a "go-between" for me with the Polish Catholics. How often did I call on him to make in Polish the announcements I had just made in English! I can see him yet, standing up in the congregation, explaining in his language (and with more gestures than I had used) what I had said about confession or Communion. My boys could be divided into three groups: those who spoke English, Italian, or Polish. I might add a fourth (to which they all belonged) those who swore. Adam's command of Polish, added to my knowledge of English and Italian, solved all lingual difficulties.

As regularly as pay-day came (which, in truth, was not at all regular), Adam would come to me with a handful of French money, generally about twenty-five dollars' worth, "given" to him by his Polish boys to be sent to some poor

Polish parish in America. I sometimes thought Adam must have used a good bit of moral suasion to get his boys to the "giving" point. "I told them, Father, that it would be better for them to do good with their money, rather than spending it foolishly or losing it shooting crap. And I told them, too, that God wouldn't forget them for helping some poor church." Then, giving me a piece of paper with the name of the priest to whom the money was to be sent carefully written out, he would ask me to write him a letter and tell him to pray for the American soldiers who sent the money. Truly, Adam, was a veritable directory of poor Polish parishes in America.

We were camped in the forest some few miles behind the line in the Argonne, waiting for the drive to begin. As I lay in my little tent one day, I saw Adam's ruddy face looking in at me.

"Well, Adam," I said, as I crawled out, "how are you anyway?"

"Oh, I'm all right, Father. I just thought this was a good chance to see you and give you some money."

"Money?" I replied. "What do you want done with it? Want another Polish church built in Pennsylvania or Ohio?"

"This money," he said, handing me two one hundred franc bills, "is my own. I want you to keep it, and, after I get killed, you send it to some priest in America for his church and ask him to pray for me."

I looked up astonished, thinking he must be joking. I was so surprised by his remark about "after he had been killed" that I scarcely noticed his failure to give me a definite place to send the money. He was smiling at me as if he had said nothing at all unusual.

"What do you mean, Adam, 'after you get killed?' What makes you think that they're going to get you this time?" I asked him.

And, smiling all the while, he answered that he couldn't explain just why he felt that way, but still he felt sure that this would be his last time. He "knew they would get him this time," and so he wanted this matter arranged beforehand.

Here it was again, that premonition of which so many boys had told me. Nothing tangible, just a presentiment that they would "get their's the next time." I had seen it come true so often that, though I wondered at it, I had no doubts at all

about the outcome. It was as if I was talking to a condemned man. What the explanation of these premonitions—"hunches" the boys called them—may be, I cannot say. It may be that, feeling that they were due, that they were going to "get it," these boys, unconsciously, were less prudent than usual, exposed themselves recklessly. It may be so, though I confess that neither that explanation nor any other I have ever heard, satisfies me.

"Well, Adam, you don't seem to be very much excited about it. Doesn't it worry you any?" I asked him.

"Why should I be worried, Father," he replied, still smiling. "I'm all ready now. Better ready than I ever have been. Since we came to France we haven't had a chance to do anything wrong. We've been living all right. We get to Mass and Communion so often that I guess we'll never be any better than we are now. No, I guess God will take care of me. I'm ready to meet Him."

"God bless you, Adam, and His Blessed Mother be with you," I said to him reverently as he left me. I felt I was in the presence of a saint.

A few days later, during an attack, Adam was hit by a machine gun bullet. He died before they had carried him back to the dressing station. I did not see him. But I feel that he died with that same whimsical smile on his face, that same beautiful faith in his heart. And I know that "God took care of him."

In a little church in one of our Western States, where a struggling Polish settlement is trying to worship God according to the faith which that race has suffered so much to preserve, there is an altar furnished "in memory of an American soldier who gave his life in the Argonne for the land of his adoption and the land of his birth—America and Poland."

THE QUARRY.

Time touches with a healing hand the wounds of mind, as well as those of body. Thus is the horror and bitterness of actuality tempered in memory's pictures, which, though clear and distinct in every least detail, are yet free from clashing contrasts. The unpleasant things form a soft background, against which memory paints the things which were pleasant.

Already our recollections of the War are losing the sharp edges of pain. Yet are we doomed to live in the past, never quite adjusted to normal conditions of life. For those of us who saw hard fighting, life holds little to stir our interest, nothing to arouse our enthusiasm. The climax of our lives has been reached; we are on the long down-grade, our hearts and minds still on the heights we have passed. Children, in years to come, will listen to our tales of the Great War with that mingled respect and pity and doubt which was ours when we, as children, listened to the stories of the Boys in Blue. And some young soldier, fresh from fields of fame, will laugh at the mention of the World War, and scornfully remark (as I heard remarked not so long ago about the Civil War): "Why that World War was a joke! Those fellows don't know what 'real' war is. Anyone who was wounded in that war ought to have been court-martialed for carelessness. They could see the shells and bullets coming in plenty of time to get out of the way."

But we shall always have our memories, for the most part sweet; all very precious. And but a slight impulse is needed to start this motion picture machine, which we call memory. Once started, it unfolds its pictures in swift succession on the screen of imagination. And mine is started by the sight of the names of three boys who were killed on the seventeenth of October, 1918, and whom I buried that same day.

After seemingly endless ages we were relieved from the Argonne and found ourselves back, out of "range," in a little village which we filled to overflowing. It had little of beauty or comfort to commend it, but it was *safe*. Most of the officers were quartered in a hospice managed by some Sisters of St. Charles. Great, indeed, was the joy of these nuns when I told them that I was a priest. Now they could have daily Mass once again; a joy denied them since the outbreak of the War had deprived this village (as it had so many others) of its priest. Ah, yes! they would cure the cough of Monsieur L'Aumonier. They would brew him some herbs which would give him back his voice. For, in truth, the Chaplain could scarcely talk above a whisper as a result of having become too intimately acquainted with some gas. But one draught of the home-brew was sufficient to convince the Chaplain that the cough was preferable to the cure. The taste still lingers.

To fill up our depleted ranks, about four hundred new troops were sent to us the day after our arrival in this village. I met them as they marched into town, and was talking with some of them when the town crier appeared, beating loudly on his tom-tom, and then told his news to the natives who had answered the tocsin.

"Whaddyuh call that guy?" someone asked me.

"Oh, he's the town crier," I answered, "a sort of village newspaper. You see, these little towns don't get any papers and the only news they receive is from him."

"Whaddidhe say that time?"

For all I knew he might have said that the War was over. My little knowledge of French was helpless in the torrent of words which swirled from his lips after rushing madly between his two teeth. But the question had to be answered.

"He's just telling the natives," I answered, "that they can sell wine to the soldiers who came yesterday, but they must not sell any to these soldiers who have just arrived. They have just come from America and are not used to it."

What a storm of indignant protests my translation aroused! But in the excitement and indignation the boys forgot, for a few moments, their fatigue and hunger. A little "kidding" was the only medicine we had for "tired, aching and swollen feet."

Before we had finished our third day in this little town, we were ordered back into the line. At nightfall, we rolled our packs and were ready for the trucks, choking the main street of the little town. The trucks came and went! The commanding officer of the truck-train had orders to pick us up at the next town. So, in order that obedience might triumph, we had to walk three miles in the rain to the next town. Then, after several very uncomfortable hours in the trucks, we were put out of the trucks and had to walk back about four miles because the trucks had carried us too far! I refused to hear what the boys had to say about the whole affair.

Then came the march up to the front, along a road which followed a small stream running through a valley. For the most part we shuffled along in silence—too tired even to talk. Up ahead, an occasional *Very* light or starshell cast its weird light over the horizon; then, as we rounded a hill, we could hear the shrill shriek of shells and see the flash as they ex-

ploded in the city through which we must pass. There may have been a man among us who wanted to go through that town, but I doubt it. No, if we followed our desires, we would have started for home right then. We old-timers had been through enough to have a wholesome dread of anything which exploded; and the new men were having their first attack of "quivers," a disease which produces a sudden weakness in the region of the knees and the pit of the stomach. And yet, single file, five paces between men, we went through the town and crossed a bridge which was under constant fire. And that is precisely what bravery and heroism mean to me: the will-power which makes men go where they don't want to go; go, when every fibre of their being cries out against going. It is the triumph of the spirit over the body; a victory of the will aided by prayer. For we all prayed, perhaps but a word or a thought, but yet a prayer. Atheism doesn't thrive on shellfire.

Daybreak found us in a valley, in which the Germans, during their occupation of it, had constructed a number of barracks and some very pleasing little cottages. The valley, because of its depth and narrowness, seemed to be a perfectly safe position. But within an hour we were being shelled, and three of our boys were killed outright and several others wounded. As soon as the wounded had been cared for, we buried the dead in a little green plot of grass, round which flowed a little stream, singing the *requiem* of these departed lads as it journeyed towards its own grave in the far-away ocean. And there, as its waters mingled with the waves, it whispered of the brave lads who were buried by its banks. And the waves took up the story, and lisped to the shores of America the tale they had heard of America's brave dead.

Taking over the front line positions that same day, we occupied, as battalion headquarters, a cave in a hillside overlooking a little town in the valley. This cave, formed originally, I presume, by the action of the river, had been used for centuries as a quarry. The Germans were quick to take advantage of its safety, for it had a roof of many feet of solid rock. They had blocked up the entrance, all save a small trench, and had shored up the roof with heavy timbers. It was, by far, the safest place we ever had, and could easily shelter a battalion. Here "Spike," the Major's orderly, made a

reputation as a cook. His specialty was griddle-cakes; his griddle, a flattened out tin can; his fire, a can of solidified alcohol. And as he worked, he sang. He told in his sweet tenor of the doughboy's sweetheart, "Pretty K-K-K-Katie, whom he would meet by the g-g-g-garden gate." And he lilted another doggerel, which ran:

The rain rains on the flowers and makes them beautiful,
Why doesn't a cloud burst on the Chap-e-lain?

Though this sector was known as a "quiet" one, and was, in fact, inactive in the sense that there was no driving, yet there was noise enough both from shelling and bombing. The village below us was shelled regularly. In this village, away underground in the subcellar of a ruined palace, we had our dressing-station. It was so far down that no shell could reach it. By the light of a candle one of the ambulance drivers was writing home. Suddenly the thought struck him that the folks at home might like to know what a "cootie" really looked like, so he put a drop of candle grease on the piece of writing paper, and, capturing without much difficulty one of his own brand, he "interned" it in the candle grease. But, I suppose, the censor removed it as likely to give dangerous information or comfort to the enemy.

In spite of the shellfire to which the village was subjected, our boys were continually prowling about it looking for souvenirs. The palace was the especial object of their curiosity. They were continually "salvaging" things, for our men had no more respect for property rights than any other soldiers. Anything which did not have its owner sitting on it could be, nay, should be, salvaged. In our cave, one day, I discovered a stack of French magazines, evidently salvaged from the village. Some were being devoured when I entered, and it seemed as if everyone who came in got immediately interested in French literature. But it was not till some remarked on the badness of the French people, their looseness and general immorality, that it occurred to me to find out what the magazines were. And then I told these "clean-minded" Americans what I thought of them! I noticed that they hadn't missed a page; and one regretted his ignorance of French! Too many of our soldiers brought back from France the same impressions of France and its people which they carried over. France, to

them, was "Gay Paree," and they did their best to justify their preconceptions. Handicapped by a lack of knowledge of language and customs, our men had practically no chance to meet or know the decent class of French people. The vast majority of the members of the A. E. F. never got even close to a large French city.

There came to us one day an aviator, sent up for observation with the infantry—from the ground. A splendid chap, who took in good part our abuse. After being bombed a few times and witnessing the way we were harassed by enemy planes (having no help from any planes of our own) he understood our viewpoint. Nothing destroys morale quicker than aërial activity on the part of the enemy. There are many things, even in war, far more pleasant than being bombed, or fired upon by the machine gun of an aëroplane. Besides gaining experience, he gained his first cootie, which, he maintained, would make him the envy of the entire squadron. One would think he had been decorated, he was so proud.

All the occupants of the cave were asleep in various keys and pitches save the Adjutant (on duty) and myself. We sat at the table drinking our K. of C. bouillon by the flickering light of a candle. I had just finished a letter home, and one to the mother of my orderly, to tell her that her boy was well and to let her know what help he had given me during the past few weeks.

"Joe," I said, "this little War can stop anytime, as far as I'm concerned. I've had more than enough."

"Chaplain," he answered, putting down his tin cup, "them's my sentiments exactly. I'm forced to agree with you in spite of the fact that I'm a Methodist. I'm ready to demobilize right this minute."

"This morning," I continued, "I went up and buried a boy near G Company's P. C. Then I took a stroll around the line. Believe me, it gave me the blues. The old crowd is practically gone. Of course, there are some left, but not many. I ran into 'Slim,' and he was crabbing because when he asked the Doctor what to do for a sore on his leg, he was told 'not to sleep on the wet ground and not to carry any sidearms.' The line is just a series of strong points; no continuous trench. I stopped at each group of riflemen or automatic gun team. Some took me for a waterboy; one crowd thought I was a run-

ner. All I could think of was the old crowd. They knew me, and I knew them. I heard one chap ask his neighbor, 'who's the gink?' He was told that the 'gink' might be a Chaplain. Which brought the query, 'What in blazes (I'm using synonyms) is a Chaplain?' I felt like a stranger in my own home. When we started, this outfit was over sixty per cent. Catholic; now its practically Mormon—except you."

"No sir, Chaplain, I'm no Mormon! I sure do wish I was back with the little wife now. Someone was saying today that only three of our original officers haven't been hit or gassed."

"Yes, and you three are like the rest of us, half crazy," I answered.

"Chaplain, you better go lie down. I'm the only sane man around here, and now I'm going to write home and tell the wife about our crazy priest."

"All right," I answered, making for my bunk, "but don't forget to tell her I went crazy trying to keep you straight."

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

BY ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL.

WHERE Sierra Morena's crags soar high
Through cloudless air, no sharper to his gaze
Than Carmel's steep he passed the soundless days
In Pegnuela; shaping towards the sky
His sacred pilgrimage. Obscure nights lie
Upon that path where scarcely he can raise
Tired eyes to God; though yet his heart will praise
Love's mystery—the willingness to die.

The sun shines gold upon the convent floor—
There is a greater Sun—the night descends—
Blacker the soul's night on her endless quest!
The Spanish Spring sweeps through an open door
All blossom-perfumed; but no solace lends.
Time is no more where his strong heart would rest.

THE MORAL OBLIGATION OF CIVIL LAW.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.



THE State performs its functions by means of law. Through the direct or indirect authorization of law, taxes are collected, public money is expended, public services, such as the post office, the public schools, the department of justice, the fire department, the police department, are administered, and the various regulatory measures affecting individuals and associations are ordained and enforced. It is law that warrants and supports every civil act performed by any official in any of the three great departments of government, the executive, the legislative and the judiciary. When a public official proceeds without the authorization of law or exceeds the scope of the law, his action has no civil validity.

The authority of the State to make laws is derived from God.¹ He has endowed men with such qualities and needs that they cannot live reasonable lives without the State. Therefore, He wishes the State to exist and to function in such a way as to attain this end, to promote man's temporal welfare. It does so by means of law. Hence, civil law is genuine moral law, not merely a kind of legal or physical coercion. It binds in conscience. Herein it differs from the rules of a social club. The latter do not produce moral obligation. Even though they should be disregarded to such an extent as to destroy the club, its members would suffer no vital injury. On the other hand, men are deprived of a necessary means to human life and development when there is general disobedience of the laws of the State. The moral law which binds men to live reasonable lives, obliges them to adopt one of the essential means to this end, that is, to maintain the State and to obey its laws.

Such is the rational basis of the doctrine laid down in Holy Scripture, and taught without variation by the Catholic Church. According to this doctrine, the civil law binds in conscience, as such; not because it includes, nor only in so far as it includes, natural, or supernatural, or ecclesiastical law.²

¹ Cf. Pope Leo XIII., *The Christian Constitution of States*.

² Cf. Bouquillon, *Theologia Moralis Fundamentalis*, no. 223.

No declaration of any Church authority can be cited in favor of the contrary opinion. A few individual writers have held it, but the overwhelming majority of theologians teach that the civil law is morally binding on its own account, because of the moral authority possessed by the State.³

Of course, all ethically valid civil laws must be in harmony with the moral law of nature. A statute which is contrary to a precept of the natural law, has no moral force, however solemnly it may have been enacted, or formidably sanctioned, or vigorously enforced. Such an enactment is not law at all, but, as St. Thomas calls it, "a species of violence."

Indeed, all civil law may properly be regarded as either a reaffirmation of the natural law, or as an application of its precepts, principles or derived conclusions.⁴ Of the former kind are the statutes forbidding theft, assault and adultery. To the latter class belong the laws which determine individual property rights and prescribe the imposition and collection of taxes, and ordinances for the regulation of traffic on streets and roads. The natural law dictates that men should acquire and use external goods with a just regard to the rights of their fellows, but it does not inform them just how this requirement is to be observed and applied in particular cases. In virtue of the natural law, men are obliged to maintain the Government, but there is no specific precept requiring this end to be attained through a certain form of taxation. We are enjoined by the natural law to refrain from inflicting physical injury upon the neighbor in our common use of the public streets, as well as in other relations, but we are not told whether the speed limit should be ten miles an hour or twenty. In all such cases, the general provisions and precepts of the natural law stand in need of specific and precise determination by the positive law. Civil statutes for this purpose derive their immediate moral authority and validity from the State itself. Their binding force cannot come directly from the natural law, since the latter is so general in its provisions that other specific determinations, for example, other property regula-

³ The greatest authority on law among Catholic theologians, Francisco Suarez, S.J., declares that this is the "common opinion of Catholics." His own defence of the proposition is summed up in three declarations: the civil legislator makes laws as the minister of God; the legislator is required by the Divine and natural law to pass laws; this power and its exercise are necessary for the common good. *De Legibus*, lib. iii., cap. 21.

⁴ Cf. Cronin, *The Science of Ethics*, II., pp. 599, 600.

tions and traffic regulations, might be equally in harmony with these general provisions. Natural law cannot oblige men to comply with its general provisions in a particular way, when another way would be equally efficacious. The function of prescribing one method rather than another belongs to the State. Its right to make such a prescription, flows from the fact that it is the authorized and the only competent agency to determine and enforce necessary and uniform methods of carrying into effect the general principles of the natural law in all such matters. The obligation of the citizen to observe these methods and regulations, is based ultimately on the natural law, but its immediate and formal basis is the State.⁵

The objection might be raised that all the foregoing instances and the reasoning that they are intended to illustrate, refer only to civil ordinances which are *necessary*. The moral obligation to obey such statutes is as clear as the obligation to maintain an effective political organization. In both cases we can trace the compelling and obligatory influence of the natural law. Its precepts require men to deal justly and charitably with one another, and to make and obey whatever civil regulations are necessary to attain this end. But the case seems to be different with civil statutes, which prescribe and administer things that are merely *useful*. Government regulation of street traffic is necessary, but government ownership of railroads is not necessary. Whence comes the moral obligation upon the citizens to obey the law which forbids them to own a railroad?

The answer is that the obligation is derived ultimately from the natural law, precisely as in the case of the traffic ordinance. Just as the State has the authority to prescribe one maximum rate of speed rather than another, so it has the right to determine that goods and passengers shall be carried by the Government rather than by private corporations. In

⁵ It is in this sense that St. Thomas speaks of civil law as a "participation in the eternal and natural law." Suarez draws the distinction clearly between a civil law conceived as obligatory because and when it contains or applies a *specific precept* of the natural law, or a necessary conclusion therefrom, and a civil law, or the whole body of civil law, conceived as obligatory because it is based on the *general principle* of the natural law which requires civil ordinances to be obeyed. He declares that if those who deny that the civil law binds in conscience, hold to the latter instead of the former conception, the dispute is perhaps merely one of language. They agree with him in principle. *Idem.*, *loc. cit.*

both cases the end is the common welfare. In both cases the State must adopt some means to attain this end. In each case more than one means would be adequate. Some speed limit must be prescribed, but it need not be fifteen miles per hour rather than twenty. As compared with the latter, the former is merely useful, and *vice versa*. The case of the railroads is exactly parallel. They are necessary for the common welfare. They can attain this end substantially under either private or public ownership. The issue between the two methods is merely one of utility, and the State is not clearly obliged to choose one rather than the other. But it must authorize some one of the two. When it adopts Government ownership, its action is morally binding on the citizens for the same reason that makes its traffic regulations morally binding. That is, it is determining a method of promoting the common good, in virtue of its authority as the only competent determinant of such matters. The obligation of the citizens to accept the determination actually made, *i. e.*, Government ownership, comes immediately from the authority of the State, but ultimately from that principle of the natural law which dictates that men should maintain an effectively functioning political organization.

Individual citizens may think, and their opinion may be correct, that Government ownership of railroads is less useful, less conducive to the common good, than private ownership. Nevertheless, they are morally obliged to accept the former for the sake of that same common good. Their refusal to do so would cause greater injury to the community than the continuation of and their acquiescence in the duly established arrangement. It would imply that a group of individuals may at any time reject any civil ordinance with which they do not agree. The contradiction is obvious between this position and the requirements of right reason, of the natural law, of the common good, and of individual welfare.

The sum of the matter is that every law enacted by a legitimate government, and not contrary to any provision of the natural law, whether its prescriptions are evidently necessary or merely useful, is in some degree morally binding on the citizens. The fundamental reason is the necessity, according to the Divine plan, of an effectively functioning State for human welfare.

It has just been said that every genuine civil enactment is morally binding "in some degree." This phrase brings up for consideration certain modifications, or qualifications, of the general principle. It suggests these questions: Do civil laws bind under pain of mortal sin? Does their obligatory character depend upon the will of the legislator? Are some civil statutes "purely penal?" Does the validity of civil laws depend upon their acceptance by the people?

To the first of these questions the answer of the great majority of Catholic writers is in the affirmative. The reason is tersely stated by Suarez: "Inasmuch as civil law binds in conscience, it necessarily produces a degree of obligation proportionate to its subject matter; if the latter is of grave importance, the obligation of obeying the law will likewise be grave."⁶ Generally speaking, the person who violates a civil statute which prescribes some action of great importance for the commonwealth, is guilty of mortal sin. This proposition can be logically rejected only on the assumption that no civil law can be of great importance.

Such is the obligatory force of a momentous law, considered in itself. But we are confronted with the second question raised above. Does the obligation depend upon the will of the legislator? It is the unanimous, or practically unanimous, teaching of Catholic authorities that the intention of creating a moral obligation is of the essence of law; so that, a prescription by legislators who positively and explicitly intended that it should not bind in conscience, would not be a true law. It would be merely a direction, a counsel, or an expression of legislative preference. If the *existence* of moral obligation depends upon the will of the legislator, the same dependence must logically be predicated of the *degree* of obligation. Hence, the general opinion among Catholic moral theologians is that the legislator has the authority to render grave laws only slightly obligatory.⁷ That is, a law which of itself would bind under pain of mortal sin, brings upon the transgressor merely venial guilt when this is the desire and intention of the legislator.

In order that a civil law should become obligatory to a grave degree two conditions are, therefore, necessary: first, that the subject matter be of great importance; second, that the

⁶ *Op cit.*, lib. iiii., cap. 24, no. 2.

⁷ *Cf. Suarez, op. cit.*, lib. iiii., cap. 27.

legislator should intend the law to have this effect in the forum of conscience. Either of these conditions lacking, the law binds only under pain of venial sin. If the subject matter is of slight importance, the legislator cannot perform the inherently contradictory feat of making the obligation grave; if the legislator does not wish a gravely important law to bind under pain of mortal sin, it will not be obligatory in this degree.

A very important question arises here concerning the form which the legislator's intention must take in order to make an obligation slight which, from the nature of the subject matter, would be grave. Suppose he does not think about moral obligation at all, but merely has in mind the enactment of a law. In that case the law will bind in conscience, and the degree of the obligation will be determined by the importance of the subject matter. This is the normal effect of a true law, and it is always produced, so long as it is not positively excluded by the intention of the legislator. Suppose that the legislator explicitly desires that the law should be obligatory, but does not think about the degree of obligation. As in the former case, the obligation will be determined by the subject matter. If the latter is gravely important, the law will be gravely obligatory. Therefore, a civil law of great importance always binds under pain of mortal sin, unless the legislator forms a positive intention to the contrary. A merely negative attitude toward the obligation will have no effect upon the obligation.⁸

The opponents of the doctrine that the legislator can render slight the obligation of a grave law, contend that the degree of binding force carried by a civil law depends exclusively upon the subject matter. The legislator's power is merely that of making or not making the statute.⁹ This argument would lead logically to the conclusion that the existence of any obligation at all is entirely independent of the will of the legislator. Should the members of a legislative body explicitly will that their enactments should not be binding in conscience, this reservation would be without effect. Suarez declares that such an enactment is not a true law; but this seems to be mostly a question of language.

Consider an ordinance which is clearly necessary for the common good, as that which regulates the speed of vehicles. Does not the very necessity of this measure make it binding

⁸ Cf. Suarez, *loc. cit.*

⁹ Cf. Suarez, *ibidem*.

in conscience? It is true that a different law might be equally adapted to meet this necessity; and the inference might be drawn that the citizens who observed the provisions of this alternative and hypothetical rule would be under no obligation to obey the existing law. The reply is that the common good requires the enactment and the observance of *one* ordinance. Human welfare is not safeguarded through a kind of private interpretation by the citizens themselves of what constitutes a reasonable rule or standard. Now it is the proper and necessary function of the legislators to enact this uniform regulation. Once it has been chosen out of several possible ordinances, it becomes morally binding because of its necessity for the common good, no matter what the legislators may think of obligation. It is reasonable and necessary that they determine the provisions of the law, but it is neither reasonable nor necessary that they have power to determine the question of its moral obligation.

Even laws which are not necessary for the common welfare may conceivably be obligatory, against the desires of the legislators. For the common good may require that a law of this sort, even though no more useful than the alternative arrangement, be obeyed for the sake of social order. Violations of it might be detrimental to the public good merely because they were violations of duly enacted law. In such a situation, why should the unwillingness of the legislator to impose moral obligation have any moral effect or significance?

Whatever may be thought of the foregoing argument, the question whether the legislator has power to render a grave law only slightly obligatory, has no practical importance in modern communities. No legislative body ever thinks of exercising such power. Therefore, modern civil laws dealing with gravely important matters always produce their normal effect of binding under pain of mortal sin.¹⁰

The doctrine that the moral obligation of civil law depends to some extent upon the intention of the legislator, is sometimes made the basis of an extraordinary view of modern civil legislation. It is nothing less than the conclusion that the ordinances of practically all modern legislative bodies have no binding force in conscience. Laws do not bind in conscience unless the legislator intends them so to bind; now

¹⁰ Cf. Meyer, *Institutiones Juris Naturalis*, II., p. 569.

contemporary lawmakers cannot have such an intention since they do not believe in the existence of genuine moral obligation. Such is the argument. Tanqueray rejects it on the ground that, whatever may be their general and theoretical attitude toward the reality of moral obligation, modern legislators do desire their enactments to have the utmost possible force and authority; hence, they *implicitly* intend them to be morally binding.¹¹ Bouquillon takes a similar position, declaring that the legislator need not expressly intend to impose an obligation in conscience, that it is sufficient for him to have the intention of issuing a genuine command.¹² Lehmkuhl holds the same view as Tanqueray and Bouquillon, and points out that if explicit intention to bind the conscience were indispensable, the laws enacted by pagan rulers would be without obligatory force, which is surely contrary to the teaching of Holy Scripture.¹³ Suarez declares that the design of the legislator to make a true law suffices, and that the formal intention to bind in conscience is not necessary. He notes that legislators, particularly unbelievers, rarely advert to the question of moral obligation.¹⁴ Indeed, it seems to be the general opinion of the moral theologians that an implicit intention suffices; that is, the intention that the enactment should have all the moral authority which attaches to a genuine law.

This conclusion seems to be entirely consistent with the "necessity of intention" doctrine, as regards two classes of lawmakers who have no explicit desire to bind in conscience; namely, those who believe that civil law is morally obligatory, but do not advert to this fact at the moment of legislating, and those who theoretically disbelieve in genuine moral obligation, but who are willing that, if perchance it does exist, it should attach to their ordinances. In the minds of both these classes, there is inherent a true implicit intention to make the law binding in conscience.

As regards those lawmakers who are firmly persuaded that civil laws are not obligatory in the proper sense, for example, those who, with the English jurist, John Austin, reduce the moral obligation of legal statutes to the evil chance of incurring the penalty for violation—it is not clear that there

¹¹ *Theologia Moralis Fundamental*, no. 343.

¹² *Theologia Moralis Fundamental*, no. 223.

¹³ *Theologia Moralis*, I., no. 211.

¹⁴ *Op. cit.*, lib. III., cap. 27, no. 1.

exists even an implicit intention to produce moral obligation.¹⁵ Tanquerey contends for the reality of such an intention on the ground that the legislator desires his laws to exercise all possible compelling force upon the will of the citizens, and, therefore, is quite willing that the latter should feel bound in conscience. Nevertheless, this is not an implicit intention to impose *objective* moral obligation. It does not recognize the objective bond which is the essence of genuine obligation, the bond between the will of the lawgiver and the will of the law receiver. The only thing covered by such an intention is the state of mind of the citizen. That this should be affected by a persuasion of obligation, the lawmaker is perfectly willing; that the objective moral bond constituting obligation should extend from his will to the will of the citizen, the lawmaker has not even an implicit intention, for he totally rejects the possibility of such a bond. His intention comprises only a subjective condition, not an objective relation. It is hard to see how such legislators can have even an implicit intention, either to make a true law, or to impose moral obligation.

As a matter of fact, it is very doubtful that many contemporary legislators deny to civil laws the possibility of moral obligation in the absolute and comprehensive manner supposed in the preceding paragraph. Probably, the great majority of them accept, at least in some vague way, the existence, or at any rate the possibility, of a juristic moral bond between law giver and law receiver. This is a sufficient basis for an implicit intention to bind in conscience. Therefore, the general opinion of moral theologians that modern civil laws bind in conscience, is consistent with their teaching that this moral force is in some degree dependent upon the will of the legislator. To be sure, the case for the moral obligation of contemporary laws becomes clearer and simpler if we accept the theory that their obligatory character is independent of the legislator's will, and is inherent in the laws themselves.

The third question raised above concerns those laws which jurists and theologians call "purely penal," or "merely penal," or "disjunctive." They are defined as laws which oblige the citizen either to obey them or to accept the penalty appointed for their violation. The obligation is not absolute, but conditional. If the citizen is ready to submit to the penalty, he

¹⁵ Cf. Slater, *Questions of Moral Theology*, pp. 279-288.

can licitly disobey the provisions of the law. Generally speaking, however, he is not bound in conscience to undergo the penalty until it has been formally imposed by the court. He is not obliged to give himself up, nor to forego his civil right of legal defence.

The great majority of moral theologians hold that the legislator has authority to enact laws of this sort. In the first place, it is contended that the object of the law and the common good may sometimes be more effectively promoted by a statute which leaves the citizen free to disobey the law and become morally liable to the penalty, than by one which gives no such choice, but entails moral guilt every time it is violated. Such are laws which men transgress with uncommon frequency, but whose object can be adequately attained through the infliction of penalties upon their violators. A purely penal law is in some sense a concession to human weakness. The second reason given by the theologians to support the proposition under consideration, is the legislator's power over the obligatory character of his enactments. Just as he can determine that a gravely important law shall bind only under pain of venial sin, so he can make the obligation of certain laws disjunctive. That is, he may attach the obligation either to the observance of the law or to the acceptance of the penalty, so that the citizen has the option of being bound to the latter instead of the former.

It is to be observed that a purely penal law must carry some obligation. The legislator cannot enact a statute which would bind the citizen neither to obey its provisions nor to accept its penalties.¹⁶ Such an enactment would not be a true law, inasmuch as it would lack an essential element, namely, moral binding force. Hence, the legislator must have at least the implicit intention of morally obliging the citizen to accept the penalty in case of violation.

It seems, however, that the practical obligation of a purely penal law is attenuated almost to the vanishing point. If the violator of the law is not obliged to make known his transgression, nor to waive his legal right of defence, his duty of "accepting the penalty" is merely that of submitting to the sentence of the court. That is, he must not break jail nor evade payment of a fine. When the offender evades afore-

¹⁶ Cf. Suarez, *op. cit.*, lib. III., cap. 27, no. 3.

hension, he escapes all moral obligation; when he successfully contests prosecution, he likewise remains free from moral accountability; when he is convicted, his moral obligation is merely that of omitting actions from which, in most cases, he is physically restrained by the sheriff or the policeman. In a word, the moral obligation of a purely penal law is next to nothing, its moral sanction, *i. e.*, the effectiveness of the moral element in preventing violations, is practically nothing.

These facts create a strong presumption that the field of purely penal law is extremely limited. The objective reason why civil law carries moral obligation is found ultimately in human welfare. If the law be deprived, or all but deprived, of its moral element, its efficacy for the promotion of human welfare is greatly, even fatally, weakened. Nevertheless, the assertion is sometimes made that, in our day, all civil laws are merely penal. Some who use this language, do not mean what they seem to mean. They wish to assert the theory, sufficiently discussed above, that modern laws do not bind in conscience, inasmuch as modern legislators have not the proper intention. If this contention were sound, civil legislation would not even rise to the dignity of purely penal enactments; for the latter do entail some moral obligation. Those who, using the phrase in its proper sense, declare that all modern civil legislation is purely penal, are happily neither numerous nor authoritative. According to the common opinion of moral theologians, the presumption is always in favor of complete obligation.¹⁷ Like all other presumptions, this one can be overcome only by positive facts and arguments. With regard to any particular law, the burden of proof rests upon him who contends that it is purely penal.

As commonly given by theologians, there are three tests by which a civil law may be adjudged purely penal: first, the declaration of the legislator; second, the attitude of popular tradition and custom; third, the enactment of a penalty so severe that it is out of all proportion to the law's importance. However, the second and third of these criteria are not valid universally; for the custom may be socially injurious, and the heavy penalty may be designed to prevent unusual frequency of violation, not to indicate that the law is to be regarded as purely penal.

¹⁷ Cf. Tanquerey, *op. cit.*, no. 347.

Bouquillon adds another restriction which seems to be fundamental. It is that no law can be reasonably regarded as purely penal unless the burden or penalty attached to its violation is *specifically* adapted to attain the end of the law.¹⁸ The penalty must be such as to compensate for the failure of the law; it may not be merely coercive. Thus, heavy fines may offset the loss to the public treasury through the non-observance of tax laws. In such a case, the law might fairly be interpreted as purely penal. But the imposition of fines and imprisonment would not adequately achieve the end of a traffic ordinance, *i. e.*, safeguarding life and property. It is not easy to controvert this argument.

The final question concerning the degree of obligation attaching to civil laws is whether their binding force depends upon popular acceptance or ratification. At first sight, an affirmative answer would seem to contradict the general doctrine of the foregoing pages, namely, that civil legislation binds in conscience. However, there is no necessary contradiction; for civil ordinances might conceivably not attain the complete character of laws until they had been ratified by the people. In that supposition, the people would constitute an essential part of the legislative authority. The obligation of individual citizens to obey a statute, would begin when the latter had been formally accepted by the people as a whole. Only then would "the will of the legislator" have become fully manifest and formally effective.

Suarez informs us that in his time this was the commonly held opinion of the jurists.¹⁹ He cites eight or ten important names, and admits that their view seems to have been anticipated by Aristotle. Their argument was briefly as follows: In order to make binding laws, the legislator must have both the authority and the will. In fact, he has neither. That he lacks moral *power* to legislate validly without the people's consent, is shown by the fact that his authority to govern and to make any laws at all is derived from the people; and they have given him legislative authority, on condition that his ordinances shall become binding only when accepted by the people. That this condition is attached to the grant of authority, is evident from the "most ancient usage of the Roman people," and from the fact that popular acceptance is the best indica-

¹⁸ *Op. cit.*, p. 353.

¹⁹ *Op. cit.*, lib. III., cap. 19, no. 7.

tion that a law really promotes the common good, just as the contrary attitude of the people proves the law to be socially harmful and thus without validity. The *will* to make binding laws without the consent of the people is wanting to the legislator because he cannot have a genuine intention of doing something for which he lacks authority.

In passing, it is worthy of note that these ultra-democratic jurists all wrote before the beginning of the seventeenth century. This is the period when Catholic teaching supported political absolutism and political oppression generally, according to the perverted notions that still pass in many quarters as history. When Major, who is one of the writers cited by Suarez, declared that the community is superior to the prince in all things that pertain to sovereignty, he enunciated a doctrine that even now gives many of us a disagreeable shock when it falls upon our ears in such a modernized version as "the people are the masters, the public official is their servant." It is likewise noteworthy that in support of their theory of popular acceptance of laws, these writers appealed to a principle which no one disputed in their day, namely, that rulers and legislators derive their authority from the people. The inference drawn from this principle by the jurists, was not admitted by the moral theologians, but the principle itself was universally received.

Generally and *per se*, popular acceptance is not necessary for the validity of a civil law. Such is the unanimous teaching of the moral theologians. As stated by Suarez, the following are the main reasons which support this principle:²⁰ In every State that is not a pure democracy, the people have transferred supreme political power to the rulers and legislators, and have not retained the right of accepting or rejecting legislation. Secondly, the authority to legislate would be plainly futile if the people were morally free to obey or not to obey. Thirdly, usage shows that laws are held to be binding as soon as they have been regularly enacted and promulgated. In short, civil laws are obligatory without popular ratification, on account of the original grant of power to the rulers, on account of universal custom, and because this is necessary for the common good. It is not possible to overthrow this argument.

The general principle is subject, however, to certain qual-

²⁰ *Op. cit.*, lib. III., cap. 19, no. 7.

ifications and exceptions. Suarez notes that popular acceptance of the law is essential to its binding force when the people have attached that condition to the grant of legislative power. In the kingdom of Aragonia (a part of mediæval and benighted Spain, be it noted!), he says the laws of the monarch do not become binding until they are ratified in public assemblies. On the same principle, certain enactments of legislative bodies in Switzerland, the United States and Australasia obtain the full force of law only when they have been approved by a popular referendum. Even in these States, the great majority of laws are recognized as valid as soon as they have been promulgated by the supreme legislative authority.

In the second place, Suarez points out that when a law is very frequently disregarded by the greater part of the people, the legislator may, through tacit consent, permit the law to be deprived of binding force. However, this is not an instance of direct popular authority over the law, but rather of revocation by the legislator. His tacit repeal of the law is, indeed, occasioned by popular refusal to accept. In the third place, the law does not bind if it is not just, for an unjust law is no law at all. Fourthly, a law which is unreasonably burdensome to the people may sometimes lack obligatory force—at least when it is so harsh that it is tantamount to an unjust enactment. Finally, when the majority of the people disregard the law to such an extent and in such a way that its observance by a minority becomes detrimental to the State, it ceases to bind the individual citizen.

To sum up: The Catholic Church as well as natural reason teach that civil law binds in conscience. The ultimate basis of this obligation is the natural law; the immediate basis is the authority of the State. Civil laws of grave importance are gravely obligatory, unless the legislator formally intends their binding force to be slight. The general teaching of moral theologians is that a law is not binding without at least the implicit intention of the legislator. Some civil laws may be purely penal, but their number is probably small. In general, civil laws are binding without popular ratification.

GOLD.

BY SISTER M. MONICA.

CONQUISTADORES,

Say, are ye men, or gorgeous trailing shadows?
Riding gaily past in your creaking leathern saddles—
Following the lure, the lure of El Dorado?

Crouching here, I heard your bold joyous jesting,
Heard your rich, sweet voices, the languid Spanish cadence,
Caught the dark eye flashing glints of future gold
Of El Dorado.

Then I raised my head, stood straight, looking and laughing—
Daughter of the Chibchas, with blood of the proud caciques;
I, leaning at the pool, with the sleek water-skins on my shoulders,
Here in the amber sunset, laughed, and clapped my hands.

O Conquistadores that ride for El Dorado,
O it was I that missed not the glance you threw as you passed me,
The sudden spasm of thirst that cut across your vision,
The old, old call of beauty that brings a man back to the heart-
smoke.

Throbbled an instant between us the old primeval message
From ye to me whose accents are mute to one another.
Swift and light as the rainbow, when morning strikes the cataract,
Throbbled it, and was gone.

One turned his head and looked back as his horse galloped
forward,

Down the wind broke his voice. Now falls the night and silence.

Come back, O come back, with your clanking spurs, O Adelantados,

There is no gold.

Believe not the tales the subtle old cacique told ye.

There is no El Dorado out in the tangled selvas;

Only the slime and the ooze and bleaching bones in the darkness,
And wandering wraiths of your forefathers long disappointed
before you.

Noon blazes out in the splendid heat and over the abyss curl the
waters;

Into the mist the cockatoos plunge, like living arrows, shrieking,
And death's grim talons await you.

Last night ye chaffed and drank by the dying embers in moonlight.
O it was I that stole out in the long, green dark of the cedars.
You think the Chibcha girl knows naught but the tongue of her
mother;

But the speech of pale bronzed faces softly aglow in the firelight
Sings, sings to the heart.

At dawn, when rose splashed the east, and all the world was
expectant,

Crouching figures I watched, that knelt on the grass where the
dew dripped,

Tall and lustrous stood one with arms high upraised before you,
Lifting a little white disk shot through by a ray of sunlight,
Lifting a shining cup to the infinite blue above you.
Murmuring followed of voices.

And, oh, it was then that I quivered beneath the touch of the
Spirit—

The Spirit that cries to me all day long from the dumb lips of
mountains,

And breathes with the tender fragrance of earth looking up after
rain,

And beckons me out of the distance of indeterminate llanos—
Spirit Whose echo the world is, spoke to me, and I answered.

O Conquistadores, yourselves have El Dorado.

Yours is the land that is paved with gold and threaded with pearl-
disks.

Here ye find neither the gold ye can give nor the gold that ye
covet.

Come back on your trail, on your trail of defeat, O Adelantados,
Glowing and mettled with hope, O joyous Conquistadores,
Give to us of your gold, give to the Chibcha cacique,
Give of the gold that I saw gleaming there around your disk and
your chalice.

Still ye ride on and on, and the pale, thin distance enfolds you,
Night and the jaguar, hyena-hunger, thrust of the javelin,
Lure you on to the golden mirage, the mirage of your dreams.
Ah, are ye men, or gorgeous trailing shadows,
Conquistadores?

THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS: TODAY.

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS.



HIS year of Our Lord 1921 has been remarkable for important meetings and conferences of men and women throughout Christendom to consider, and seek the solution of, vast and tremendously important problems affecting the welfare of humanity. Without attempting to catalogue these conferences, their scope may be indicated by recalling the assembling of the League of Nations, the many meetings of the Supreme Council of the Entente Premiers, the Anglo-Irish Conference, the signing of the American-German Treaty of Peace, the Russian-American Famine Relief Agreement, and the limitation of armaments Conference, which is to be held in Washington next month. Yet it may be doubted whether any of these momentous events will prove to be more truly important or more thoroughly practical than the world-wide conventions of the Third Order of St. Francis, marking the seventh hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Third Order of Penance. These conventions have been held throughout this year, the American convention, meeting this month in Chicago, being the first national Tertiary Convention ever held in the United States.

The late William T. Stead, that eccentric, yet sincere social reformer whose work in London gained the approbation of Cardinal Manning, created a somewhat violent though evanescent sensation during his lifetime by writing a book entitled, *If Christ Came to Chicago*. Against the swirling background of Chicago's incredibly strenuous industrialism and commercialism, its shrieking uproar and crowded millions of hurrying and contending men and women, the English publicist placed his picture of Our Lord the Redeemer of Mankind. He sought to prove to Christ's followers the necessity of exciting themselves more earnestly and efficiently to follow the example of their Master, Who went about doing good. Stead's literary device had the perfervid and exaggerated emphasis that apparently is inseparable from the attempts of

our Protestant brothers (self-isolated as they are from the consolations and the assurances of the sacramental view of life) to apply the teachings and example of Our Lord to the solution of modern day problems; but it is withal a genuine cry from the heart and from the soul, a cry that means: "Help, Lord, or we perish."

If Stead could have lived to be present in Chicago this month when the followers of that most devoted follower of Christ meet in the great inland city of the New World, he would know that not only the example and the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi, but the example and spirit, yes, and the actual Presence, of Jesus Christ are there, doing the same work that He came to do among men in Galilee. For in Chicago, as in Rome, in London, in Quebec and wherever the Tertiaries have met, the convention of the Third Order of St. Francis means a vast, immediate and enduring application of the one, true, essential, and permanent reform of the evils now so grievously afflicting the world: a reform referred to in the following wonderful passage of the Pastoral Letter issued by the Hierarchy of the United States two years ago:

One true reform the world has known. It was effected, not by force, agitation or theory, but by a Life in which the perfect ideal was visibly realized, becoming the "light of men." That light has not grown dim with the passing of time. Men have turned their eyes away from it; even His followers have strayed from its pathway; but the truth and the life of Jesus Christ are real and clear today—for all who are willing to see. There is no other name under heaven whereby the world can be saved.

Through the Gospel of Jesus and His living example, mankind learned the meaning, and received the blessing, of liberty. In His person was shown the excellence and true dignity of human nature, wherein human rights have their centre. In His dealings with them, justice and mercy, sympathy and courage, pity for weakness and rebuke for hollow pretence, were perfectly blended. Having fulfilled the law, He gave to His followers a new commandment. Having loved His own who were in the world, He loved them to the end. And since He came that they might have life and have it more abundantly, He gave it to them through His death.

The essential mission of the Third Order of St. Francis is to carry out, under Christ, this work of reform instituted

by Christ: and to carry it out, so far as the ability is given them to do so, in His own way: by living it: by *doing* the work—not merely writing and talking about it, theorizing or dreaming about it, still less, by leaving it to others to do.

There are today, it is estimated, about two and a half million members of the Third Order of St. Francis spread all over the world. There exist in almost all civilized languages numerous Franciscan periodicals, widely circulated, even beyond the membership of the Order. This estimate of membership was made some years before the War, and before the impetus given the Franciscan movement by the preparations for and carrying on of the world-wide celebrations of the seven hundredth anniversary of the Order. While, no doubt, the War made inroads upon the membership in many countries, on the other hand, it is probable that the new enthusiasm and interest created by this year's manifestation of the vitality and practicability of the Franciscan spirit, will result in its vast increase.

The prophetic cry of St. Francis, fulfilled throughout seven centuries, is probably destined to an even greater realization:

I hear in my ears the sound of the tongues of all the nations who shall come unto us: Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, Englishmen. The Lord will make of us a great people, even unto the ends of the earth.

The United States of America were undreamed of, even by the prophets, when St. Francis spake these words, but from the blood of Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, Englishmen, and most of the other races and nations of the earth we of the United States have sprung, and, from that very fact, the Franciscan movement with us possesses a most Franciscan, because universal and truly Catholic, character which must delight "the little poor man" today in Paradise.

Historical evidence seems to deny the popular and prevalent view that the Third Order of St. Francis was the oldest of all third orders—for "there were somewhat similar institutions in certain monastic orders in the twelfth century, and a third order properly so-called among the Humiliati, confirmed, together with its rule, by Innocent III. in 1201."¹ Yet, undoubtedly, it has been, and still is, the best known, the most widely distributed of all third orders, and the one with the greatest influence. While one school of Franciscan students

¹ *Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. XIV., p. 641.

claim that the secular third order is a survival of the original ideal of St. Francis, a lay-confraternity of penitents; and while, according to others, the name of St. Francis became attached to pre-existing penitential lay-confraternities without having any special connection with or influence on them, the more authoritative Catholic teachers on the subject describe the origin of the Order as directly and consciously due to the Seraphic Father.

That origin was the living example of St. Francis, as he tramped the hills and vales of Umbria, during those crowded years after that epochal year, 1207, when Messer Pietro di Bernardone stood with his naked son, so recently the coxcomb and most sprightly gallant of the prodigals of Assisi, before the Bishop and received back the clothes of scarlet and fine linen and the money with which he had gladly supported that son's frivolities, until, in 1230, Francis, stricken in hands and feet and side with the sacred wounds of Christ, died singing the Psalm of David. His preaching, and the example and preaching of his first disciples, exercised such a powerful attraction on the people that many married men and women desired to join the First Order of Friars or the Second Order of Nuns that had gathered around the incomparable Lady Clare. This being incompatible with their state of life, St. Francis devised a middle way, and, assisted by his friend and protector, Cardinal Ugolino, later Pope Gregory IX., he composed and gave these men and women of the world a rule animated by the Franciscan spirit.

It was probably at Florence that the Third Order was first introduced, and 1221 was most probably the earliest date of the institution of the Tertiaries. The original rule prescribed simplicity in dress, a good deal of fasting and abstinence, the recitation of the canonical office of the Church or other prayers instead, confession and Communion thrice a year; it forbid the carrying of arms or the taking of solemn oaths without necessity—a commandment which accomplished wonderful things in toppling over the more tyrannical powers of feudalism, particularly its obligatory military service, which led to interminable wars. The brothers and sisters were instructed to assemble in churches, designated by the ministers of the Order, to receive religious instruction; they were also to exercise works of charity; all members were to make their last

wills three months after their reception; when a member died the whole confraternity was to be present at the funeral and to pray for the soul of the dead; while other provisions forbid the reception of heretics or those suspected of heresy in the Order, and provided disciplinary measures. Pope Nicholas IV. approved the rule of the Third Order in 1289, which rule, with the exception of a few points bearing especially on fasts and abstinence, mitigated by Clement VII. in 1526 and Paul III. in 1547, remained in vigor till 1883, when Pope Leo XIII., himself proud of being a Tertiary, modified the text, adapting it to the modern state and needs of the Order.

In his *History of St. Francis*, the Abbé Le Monnier declares that: "The Third Order may be said to be one of the greatest efforts ever attempted for introducing more justice among men. . . . They (the Tertiaries) changed the then existing order in favor of the weak and humble." The chief source and instrument of the social power possessed by the feudal nobles of the early thirteenth century was the exaction of the oath of fealty and military service from those who sought their protection or became their clients, or who were in any way dependent upon them. "In this manner," says Father Cuthbert,² "the greater part of the people became mere tools of the nobles, and it is easily understood how such a system could lend itself to the most crying tyranny and injustice. The noble could demand the service of his vassal in pursuit of some feud, however unjust; and, according to the recognized system, the vassal had no right to refuse. St. Francis, by laying upon his Tertiaries the precept never to take an oath except in certain specified cases, and never to bear arms except in defence of the Church, struck a fatal blow at the entire system. How the petty tyrants of Italy, where the Order originated, strove at first to prevent the spreading of the Order, and how, when they could not succeed in this, they tried to neutralize its effects, is well told by Le Monnier. They failed, because the conscience of the people was now against them. The question was not now one of politics, but of religion. The Rule of the Order, however, was framed not merely against the feuds and civic rivalries of the time, but also against the excessive luxury which characterized the rise of the merchant class, the progenitor of modern industrialism. The Tertiaries lived fru-

² *Catholic Ideals*, p. 201.

gally, and were forbidden to dress beyond what was becoming to their station in society; and the money thus saved from luxury was given to the poor. One can but faintly imagine the difference wrought in society by the widespreading of an Order founded upon such principles; and we listen without surprise to the remark of a contemporary writer that it seemed in many places as though the days of primitive Christianity had returned."

Not only did the prohibition against carrying arms, as the Third Order movement extended through Italy, deal a death blow to the feudal system and to the ever-fighting factions of Italian municipalities; it resulted also in bringing together on equal terms as Christian men and women, animated by the same fraternal spirit, the rich and the poor, nobles and common people, learned and unlearned, and thus the social classes were drawn nearer each other, and the ideal of Christian democracy was advanced. Popes, Bishops, and ecclesiastical potentates, down through seven centuries, with kings and poets and peasants, princes and paupers, statesmen and scientists, soldiers, merchants, artists, authors and teachers, soldiers and discoverers, men and women of all sorts and conditions have donned the humble garb of St. Francis and followed him as he followed Christ.

How far the religious ideal of St. Francis was carried out by the secular Third Order may be judged by the fact that not less than a hundred Tertiaries, both men and women, have been raised to the altars of the Church. Such great names as those of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and St. Louis, King of France, St. Ferdinand, King of Castile, St. Margaret of Cortona, and Blessed Angela of Foligno, that marvelous mystic, head the list which is continued to our own day with the name of Blessed Jean-Baptiste Vianney, the Curé of Ars; while the names celebrated in history for literature, arts, politics, inventions, great discoveries, are well-nigh interminable.

The Franciscan movement when it was launched was, and has always continued to be, in those times and places where it has been active and not passive, a positive social reformation. Its great mission was, and still is, to work the way of God among men through human instrumentalities by clutching and dealing with the actual, burning problems of living men and women; and to do this by leading "men forward to heaven

by making the way on earth straighter and more like unto heaven," as Father Cuthbert writes in the essay quoted above.

It was the adaptation of the rule by Leo XIII. and his vital interest and belief in the Third Order which gave the first great impetus to the modern revival of the Tertiaries movement. Pope Pius X., and after him our Holy Father, Benedict XV., maintained the interest and the faith shown by the great Leo, until the present year brought to a climax the long continued and widespread efforts to revive the fine flame of Franciscanism. Even outside the Church voices have been heard invoking the name of Francis as though it still had a magic power over men's minds. His life and his work through the Third Order have been held up as models in the official literature of the Salvation Army, the Anglican and Protestant Episcopal Churches, and by other religious bodies. A French Calvinist clergyman became a foremost protagonist of Franciscanism, so that the name of Sabatier is stamped permanently upon the literature of the movement. And he is but one among many non-Catholic authors who have glorified the name and invoked the spirit of St. Francis. In the book issued by the Salvation Army in England there is the following passage: "I wish God would let St. Francis come back to us. He is badly wanted. What a difference one good man makes in a naughty world! What a lot of us poor, wandering, pleasure-loving, paltry, proud sinners he is worth! What a leader he would make! And wouldn't I like to be the lowest private in *his* Salvation Army?"

The present Franciscan movement is a response to the call of the three last Popes that the Third Order become once again a great social influence. The same hope is expressed by scores of the most eminent leaders in the Church throughout the world, as is evidenced by the great mass of letters and other messages elicited by the many national congresses that have been held. At the Limoges Congress, in 1894—the first of the national congresses of the Third Order—the Tertiaries pledged themselves "to work for the reign of social justice," and resolutions were passed seeking as their object to bring the Third Order into touch with the actual needs of today. More practical organization as a means of achieving this object, is insisted upon by those most competent to speak on the subject of modern Franciscanism.

"Granted that the Third Order as an institution has within itself the power to save society," says an editorial writer in the *Franciscan Herald*, "the question may be not impertinent: Is the Third Order in this country fitted for the task? We give it as our measured opinion that it is not at all equipped to undertake any kind of national work; because it lacks the one requisite for such work—organization. So far as we are able to judge—and we shall be glad to be convicted of error—the influence of the Third Order on national, or even local, conditions is nil. There is not a single reform movement of any dimensions with which the Third Order, as such, has identified itself; neither has it launched any undertaking of its own for the betterment of social or moral conditions in any section of the country. We are aware that this is an extremely humiliating, though we hope not damaging, admission. We have made it merely to impress those whom it may concern with the paramount importance of organization. If the Order till now has shown no signs of life, it is because it is as yet a *rudis indigestaque moles*—a rude and shapless mass. The soul, indeed is there—the spirit of its Founder; but it cannot function through the body for lack of the proper organs.

"It is one of the avowed purposes of the coming national Tertiary convention to give the Order some sort of organization. We are glad that those in charge of convention affairs are alive to the necessity and the opportunity of gathering and grouping the scattered Tertiary forces; and we hope that they will be able to impress the assembled delegates with the urgent need of organization and federation."

That well considered and practical methods of organization are required by the Third Order in the United States to enable it to carry on the great social service mission which the Holy Father has called upon it to do, is made clear by another writer for the *Franciscan* press, who, in referring to a paper read by Father Cuthbert at the Tertiary Congress at Manchester, England, in June, writes as follows: "They will find therein (in Father Cuthbert's address) a confirmation of what the *Franciscan Herald* has preached in and out of season from its very first issue down to the present; to wit, that the Third Franciscan Order has a twofold purpose, which is comprised in the words the Church applies to St. Francis: *Non*

sibi soli vivere, sed aliis proficere vult—He wished not to live for himself alone, but to benefit others.

"In some altogether unaccountable way the opinion has gained ground in these parts that the Third Order exists only for the personal sanctification of its members, and that it has no right corporately to engage in social or charitable work. We have all along contended that the Third Order has not only the right, but the duty, to work for the spiritual and material welfare of society, and that it cannot neglect this solemn obligation without forfeiting the esteem and support of its friends and challenging the criticism and contempt of its enemies. We will go even further and say that, unless a Third Order fraternity as a society engages in some sort of charitable activity, it has no right to exist. For then, having lost its virtue and savor, like the salt in the Gospel 'it is neither profitable for the land nor for the dunghill. It is good for nothing any more but to cast out and to be trodden on by men.'

"As Father Cuthbert very pointedly says: 'The Third Order as originally instituted was not merely for individual sanctification—it was meant to assist the Church in the purification and uplifting of the Christian world. It was an apostolate as well as a personal profession. . . . Anyone with a knowledge of the political and social conditions of the thirteenth century will recognize how much the Tertiaries of those days had to set themselves against the prejudices and common opinion of the social world of their day. But they did so set themselves against the world, not only individually, but as a body; and so contributed to make the world a little more Christian in practice than it had been.'

In this address, Father Cuthbert further said:

"If the Third Order is to regain its corporate influence as a means of social reform—if it is to help the world at large to become more Christian—Tertiaries individually and corporately must again concentrate upon those two fundamental principles which give their Order its specific character in the Church: they must again stand forth as apostles of peace and goodwill amongst men, and again give a clear example of unworldliness and austerity against the sensual paganism which is everywhere in evidence. . . .

"Today, as in the thirteenth century, many are crying 'Peace,' yet the world is a pandemonium of discord; in place

of the individual feuds we have national and industrial strife, as bitter and un-Christian as any individual party warfare. In this conflict of peoples and parties which is threatening the stability of all political and social life in Europe, religion, generally speaking, is absent, and the teaching of Christianity is silently ignored or openly flouted, and, as in the thirteenth century, so today, this un-Christian conflict of peoples and classes is largely supported and abetted by people who, in private life, are more or less practical Christians. The weakness of practical religion today, as in most periods of Christian history, is that men who, in private life, have a Christian conscience, in public life—*i. e.*, in political, social, and industrial life—shed their Christian conscience and fall in with the practical paganism of the world round about them.

“In this imperfect world of ours there must needs be national rivalries, industrial conflicts, and social differences of opinion; but these rivalries and conflicts need not be carried on in defiance of Christian moral and religious principles: it is the absence of Christian principles and the Christian spirit in public life which both foment the evil and adds the sting of bitterness to the conflict when it does break out.

“We have heard a great deal in recent years of what Tertiaries might do in the world; but here is the work Tertiaries did in the past—and it is a work badly needed today—the Tertiary apostolate of fraternal charity and of an austere Christian simplicity of life.

“And, in saying this, I am but echoing the words of one whose authority to speak is greater than mine—none other than the Sovereign Pontiff, Benedict XV. For in his recent Encyclical Letter on the Third Order, the Holy Father solemnly admonishes Tertiaries to take upon themselves, in the spirit of St. Francis and their former brethren, the apostolate of peace and goodwill in the face of the dissensions which are rending the civilized world, and to set an example of Christian modesty and simplicity, so that some healing may be brought to a world smitten with hatred and sensuous luxury. It is a call to Tertiaries to take up their original apostolate and to concentrate upon their original vocation.”

New Books.

HOW FRANCE BUILT HER CATHEDRALS. By Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$6.00.

The daughter of that eminent journalist and poet, John Boyle O'Reilly of Boston, tells in these graphic pages the life history of the Gothic Cathedrals of France. After an introductory chapter, "What Is Gothic Architecture," in which she discusses its essence, origin and development, answering at the same time those critics who consider it the layman's expression of revolt against the Romanesque art of the monks, she describes in detail the Gothic cathedrals of France.

She first tells us of the original work of the Abbot Suger of St. Denis, who made Paris the centre of Gothic art. He was the first to wed definitely the pointed arch and the intersecting ribs. He dared to make piers so slender that the beholders were astonished they could carry the weight of a stone roof; he dared open his walls by windows so large that his choir was called by the people the lantern of St. Denis. At the dedication of St. Denis in 1144 the daring Abbot proved to the assembled prelates the superior beauty of the Gothic vault, and sent them back to their dioceses its ardent apostles. A chapter on the primary Gothic cathedrals treats of Noyon, Senlis, Sens, Laon and Soissons. The era of the great cathedrals was inaugurated by Notre Dame of Paris. With Chartres, Rheims and Amiens, all dedicated to our Blessed Lady, it ranks among the master cathedrals of France. Here St. Louis prayed before he went to his crusades, and here his body rested in death. Here the Duke of Bedford had Henry VI. crowned King of France, and here a *Te Deum* was sung when the news of the capture of St. Jeanne d'Arc before Compiègne reached the English. In this cathedral ruled Bishop Maurice de Sully, the peasant, and his successor, Eudes de Sully, the feudal baron, descended from Louis VII. Guillaume d'Auvergne, who finished the northwest tower, was the prime minister of St. Louis in things ecclesiastical—at once theologian, philosopher, mathematician and linguist.

Illuminating appreciations of Chartres, Rheims and Amiens are followed by other chapters describing the lesser great cathedrals of Bourges, Beauvais, Troyes, Tours, Lyons and Le Mans; the Plantagenet Gothic of Perigieux, Angers, Saumur and Poitiers; the Midi Gothic of Clermont-Ferrand, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Narbonne, Arles and Montpellier; the Burgundy and the Normandy Gothic.



"Architecture," as the author says in her introduction, "is the living voice of the past. Architecture is history written on great stone pages of perennial beauty for us to read—if only we would."

NOTES ON LIFE AND LETTERS. By Joseph Conrad. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.90.

This volume, by the celebrated Anglo-Polish novelist, is made up of various essays which have appeared in magazines and journals during the past twenty odd years. The first quarter of the volume includes essays on Henry James, Daudet, Maupassant, Anatole France, Stephen Crane, and Turgenev. The greater part of the book is given over to essays on various subjects, chief of which are "Autocracy and War," written after Russia's defeat by Japan, the "Crime of Partition" (referring to Poland) and "Poland Revisited." Conrad's critical subtlety, his imagination, and his powers of appreciation are admirably shown in his treatment of Daudet, Maupassant and Henry James. Of the latter, he says: "His books end as an episode in life ends. You remain with the sense of life still going on; and even the subtle presence of the dead is felt in that silence that comes upon the artist-creation when the last word has been said."

It took the eyes of a student and a thinker (Mr. Conrad is both) to point out that the Russia, whose debacle in the Japanese conflict startled the world, has owed her power to a myth. Unaccountably persistent, he says, is the "decrepit old spectre of Russia's might, which still faces Europe from across the teeming graves of Russian people."

The most impressive thing about this impressive criticism is the ringing tones of its prophecy. Russia suffers from the "political immaturity of the enlightened classes and the political barbarism of the populace," and Russian autocracy, having no historical past, cannot hope to have an historical future. The word "revolution" in Russia is a word "of dread as much as of hope." He continues, with an insight truly amazing in the light of today's events: "In whatever form of upheaval autocratic Russia is to find her end, it can never be a revolution fruitful of moral consequences to mankind. The coming events of her internal changes, however appalling they may be in their magnitude, will be nothing more impressive than the convulsions of a colossal body."

Like the late Professor Sumner of Yale, Mr. Conrad points out that "never before had war received so much homage at the lips of men or reigned with less disputed sway in their minds."

He was right and the world has paid the awful price of its mad homage.

In this volume, Mr. Conrad appears in another light than as the writer of unique tales, and the admirers of the latter will find here plenty of cause for further admiration.

THE ESSENTIALS OF MYSTICISM. By Evelyn Underhill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

A correct criticism and proper appreciation of this condensed volume is difficult to present. Viewed from some angles, it compels admiration for the author's marvelous familiarity with mystical literature, her acute sense of spiritual values, rare power of subtle analysis, and her delightfully graphic and richly poetic delineations. Its careful perusal affords the reader an unusual pleasure at once literary and religious. Yet, from another angle, there is a feeling of dissatisfaction. The author seems to lack the dogmatic standard of objective religious values by which even mysticism must be measured, unless it be allowed to run riot and degenerate into extravagant folly. That Miss Underhill is not unmindful of the need of such normal restraints as are supplied by theological faith and doctrinal authority, is evidenced by the chapters, "The Mystic and the Corporate Life" and "The Place of Will, Intellect and Feeling in Prayer." Yet the Catholic critic cannot resist the impression that the writer is tainted with the spirit of Modernism, which reduces religion to a subjective sentiment, or a sense of the Divine experienced in the soul. Influenced by this tendency, the author's studies might be designated the psychology of mysticism: for she treats with a like respect mystical manifestations of pagan or Christian times, of Catholic or non-Catholic religions.

That for the most part Miss Underhill's analysis of the essentials of mysticism is correct and admirable, is due to her intimate acquaintance and warm appreciation of the classical mystics of the Catholic Church, such as St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa and others, from whose writings she has assimilated the Orthodox safeguards of the mystical life. Compressed within the brief scope of two hundred and fifty pages, an excellent survey of the subject of mysticism or of the loftier reaches of the spiritual life as made manifest in hagiography, is set forth in a most attractive style by a most intimate student of mysticism. As an expert psychologist of the religious phenomena within the soul, Miss Underhill might be accorded a place midway between the Orthodox dissertations on the spiritual life by Father Maturin and the rationalistic disquisitions of William James' *Religious Experiences*.

HINTS TO PILGRIMS. By Charles S. Brooks. With pictures by Florence Minard. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.50.

Mr. Brooks is a very pleasant and genial essayist. He is the kind of man who can discuss trifles with a wealth of humor, interesting allusion, whimsicalness, and good feeling, that make him a most delightful companion in an hour of slippered ease. In the present volume of seventeen essays, his care-free fancy lights, like a frolicsome fly, on anything in sight from a lawn-mower to the bald pate of Jeremy Bentham. It is a bright-hued fancy, of swift, erratic dartings and a most engaging buzz.

THE SILVER AGE OF LATIN LITERATURE. By Walter Coventry Summers. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$3.00.

The Professor of Latin in the University of Sheffield is favorably known to scholars for his editions of Sallust, Ovid, Tacitus, and the Letters of Seneca, and for his fine chapter on Silver Poetry in the *Cambridge Companion to Latin Studies*. In this volume, he deals with the earlier post-Augustan literature of Rome, and keeps steadily in view the needs of the general and (alas!) usually Latinless reader of today. His book is on the whole the best treatment in English of the prose literature under survey, although Professor Butler's distinguished work on the poetry of the period from Seneca to Juvenal still remains undislodged from its commanding place as a study of the post-Augustan writers in verse. Professor Summers equips his work with scholarly footnotes, a splendid chronological table, a useful appendix on translations of the authors discussed, and a full and well-made index. His versions of illustrative passages from the poets are, for the most part, exquisitely done. A sound and attractive piece of work.

THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

By H. O. Taylor. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$9.00.

In these two volumes, Mr. Henry Osborn Taylor continues his survey of the civilizations of the past, dealing now with the intellectual life of the sixteenth century. It is a vast enterprise that he essays, and it can scarcely be said that the attempt has been even as moderately successful as was his treatment of the culture of the Middle Ages in *The Mediæval Mind*. In his work on *Ancient Ideals*, which was "a study of intellectual and spiritual growth from early times to the establishment of Christianity," and in the mediæval volumes, he was dealing with comparatively compact and organized periods of culture. Now he enters upon a

period in which several cultural and spiritual ideals were in conflict and, as he wisely remarks in his preface: "The mind must fetch a far compass if it would see the sixteenth century truly." There is nothing that will appeal to Catholic readers in his treatment of the "English Reformation;" much, indeed, that they must perforce regard as at once unsound and distasteful. And readers of another faith will not thank him for his chapter on the Anglican *Via Media*. But when he expounds the artistic culture of Elizabethan England he is on surer ground, and his pages on Raleigh, Sidney, Spenser and, above all, Shakespeare are full of wisdom, illumination and eloquence. It is strange to find in these chapters such extravagant admiration of Calvin: "this side idolatry" only faintly describes Mr. Taylor's attitude towards the tyrant of Geneva. One envies the comprehensiveness of admiration which can include in its scope Calvin and Rabelais, Raleigh and Luther!

FRENCH CIVILIZATION. *From its Origins to the Close of the Middle Ages.* By Albert Léon Guérard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5.00.

Professor Guérard's work is a remarkably full synthesis of the history of French civilization. It is the author's highest title to commendation that he takes a broad and searching view of history, conceiving it as a dynamic resultant of many forces. This complexity of determinants, woven into the scheme of life in mediæval France, are brought into sharp focus and caught at one glance in Professor Guérard's book.

Integral history is the aim of the author, for he eschews the attempt to illustrate history with a single idea. Going as far back into origins as an historian dare go—and he goes further—Professor Guérard's historic vision sweeps Gaul from pre-historic ages through pre-Roman and Roman times down to the Middle Ages, where, through the second half of the book, it rests on Feudal and Gothic France, which, in Glaeber's phrase, "clothed itself anew in a white cloak of churches." In bold and vivid strokes he delineates the action and interaction of racial, psychological, economic and geographical influences, and gives dominant place to the beneficent power of the Church and the arts of peace which it brought in its train. Professor Guérard is endowed with a keen sense of drama of history. There is life and vigor in his style, which gives his ideas color and an impressive clarity.

Professor Guérard's footing is by no means sure when straying on the heights of philosophy and speculation. He assumes, for instance, without discussion, the evolution of the Pithecanthropus to the state of the Homo Sapiens, as an essential fact in the growth

of mankind; and yet evolutionists themselves tell us that this Ape-man is one of nature's experimental failures. And now that the Andrews Expedition is actually busied in Central Asia, hunting for traces of humanity's ancestors, the anthropological theory of Professor Guérard hangs on a link that is still missing. His opinion that "after nineteen centuries Christianity is still on trial" and that "so far as national and economic life is concerned, it still has to be tried" makes the student of history gape with wonder; and when the author observes that "it opens an attractive field of speculation to wonder in what way the difference would have manifested itself if, instead of Christ, the Western world might be worshipping Mithra today," we need hesitate no longer in pronouncing Professor Guérard's conception of Christ and Christianity as exceedingly imperfect.

THE NEW CHURCH LAW ON MATRIMONY. By Rev. Joseph J. C. Petrovits, J.C.D. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. \$4.50 net.

The subject of matrimony has, in the New Code of Canon Law, undergone many changes. Some of the one hundred and thirty-three canons, within whose compass the main discipline of the Church on this subject (exclusive of some specific dispensations and matrimonial trials) is comprised, embody a discipline entirely new, others implicitly or explicitly modify or abrogate the former law. To explain these canons, the only available sources on which the author could draw were limited to the former discipline of the Church as reflected in the *Corpus Juris*, in the numerous decisions of the various Sacred Congregations, in the writings of authors formerly accepted and approved, and to the exact wording of the matrimonial legislation. The author is most modest in his advocacy of certain opinions of his own concerning the interpretations of those canons which embody a new law entirely or a modification of the former discipline.

The fourteen chapters of this important volume treat of the preliminary notions of marriage, espousals, transactions preceding the celebration of marriage, matrimonial impediments, matrimonial consent, the form of marriage, the marriage of conscience, the time and place of marriage, the effects of marriage, the separation of consorts, the validation of marriage and second nuptials.

The writer of this treatise has done his work well. He always states clearly the changes in the New Code, as in the impediments of disparity of worship (p. 154) and affinity (p. 260); he contrasts the old discipline with the new, as in the *cautiones* required by the Catholic party (p. 117); he gives a brief historical

sketch of the law in Church and State, he shows the relation between the old Roman Law and the Canon Law, and in cases of doubtful interpretation, he gives the reader the choice between the different views of the canonists.

MARCUS AURELIUS. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.75.

In a long sub-title, the author describes the nature of this book as "a biography told as much as may be by letters, together with some account of the Stoic religion and an exposition of the Roman Government's attempt to suppress Christianity during Marcus' reign."

There are two reasons why a Catholic finds a book of this kind a rather sad bore, no matter how much intelligence and fine writing have been expended upon it. The first reason is that it is hard to view with patience modern efforts to revamp and make suitable for practical spiritual purposes ancient pagan creeds, which their authors would probably have been the first to reject in favor of the Christian code, had it been disclosed to them. Merely as a plain matter of taste and judgment, the preference of Mr. Sedgwick for the husks of an inferior civilization cannot help offending us.

The second reason is that Mr. Sedgwick, like so many of his class, does not seem to be able to grasp the importance of specific and generic differences. These admirers of pagan thought note, for instance, that the Stoic religion was in many respects similar to Christianity. They conclude that there is not much to choose between them. They hastily slur over differences, when, as a matter of fact, the differences are greater than the similarities. As Newman points out, Basil and Julian were fellow-students at the schools of Athens. They were both very much alike, no doubt, in their practical principles. But we should like to know what precisely was the difference which made one a Saint and Doctor of the Church, and the other her scoffing and relentless foe.

Mr. Sedgwick illustrates what we have been saying when he pretends to think that there was not much difference between the offering of incense to dead Roman Emperors, as gods, and Christian prayers to the souls of the dead. As there happens to be all the difference between idolatry and monotheism between the two actions, one can see how unsatisfactory a book like this can be.

Of course, the author attempts to soften the harsh reality that Marcus Aurelius was a persecutor of Christians. His apology is hardly necessary. We are quite sure that, if Marcus Aurelius had been better acquainted with the Christian religion, he might

have adopted it, and certainly would not have had innocent men and women and children slaughtered for holding it. But men like Marcus Aurelius, to whom religion is a matter of self-respect and taste, and not a matter of conscience, experience reluctance in investigating the claims of Christianity. They do not love a creed which teaches humility and fear of God and dependence upon Him. We recommend Mr. Sedgwick to read over again thoughtfully the eighth Discourse of Newman's "Idea of a University." It is entitled, "Liberal Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Religion;" it ought to help the author to straighten out some of his ideas on the comparative merits of religion as a philosophic theory and religion as an affair of conscience enlightened by Divine revelation.

A SON OF THE HIDALGOS. By Ricardo León. Translated by Catalina Páez (Mrs. Seumas Macmanus). Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.75 net.

Ricardo León is one of the most popular and distinguished writers of present-day Spain. He was born in 1877 at Malaga, one of the most beautiful cities of Andalusia. His literary career did not begin until he was thirty-one, when one day he suddenly awoke to find himself famous by the publication of this volume, *Casta de Hídalgos*. Don Pedro de Ceballos, the hero of this tale, is a modern Gil Blas—a dreamer, a rebel, a poet and a lover—who leaves the old manor house of his fathers in Santillana del Mar, to seek his fortune in the wide world. He travels about Spain with a troupe of strolling players, gives up the faith of his ancestors, and becomes a radical of the radicals. After many years of idle dreaming and gross debauchery, he comes back to his father's house disillusioned, dejected and homesick.

There are many carefully painted character studies in this unique volume, which images forth on every page the ideals, loves, poetry, and religious earnestness of the Spanish people. The stern Don Juan Manuel, lover of the classics of ancient Spain, the proud and scholarly antiquarian, Don Rodrigo, the perfect priest, Father Elias, the good angel of the house, Pedro's sister, Casilda, and the crude, matter-of-fact sexton, Leli.

There is one remarkable chapter in which Father Time carries Don Pedro in a wild flight through the skies, and shows him Spain stretched out before him—not only present-day Spain, but the Spain of every age from the beginning. This whole description is Dantesque in its imagery.

The translation is excellent as one might expect from the granddaughter of General José Antonio Páez, first President of

Venezuela. Her father, Don Ramon Páez, himself a man of letters, initiated his daughter into the secrets of the Spanish language and literature.

DYNASTIC AMERICA AND THOSE WHO OWN IT. By Henry H. Klein. Published by the Author, New York, 158 East 93d Street. \$2.00.

Mr. Klein has assembled innumerable statistics to prove that the great mass of wealth in the country is concentrated in the hands of a very few men, who, as oil or copper kings, railroad, steel or coal barons, or controllers of other necessities of life, rule the destinies of the people to an extent far beyond that exercised by the discredited monarchies of Europe, hence the War, which was to make the world safe for democracy, has but replaced a politically dynastic Europe by an economically dynastic America. Nor is the influence of this new dynasty of wealth confined to the citizens of the United States. Mr. Klein shows how American bankers finance foreign countries and how American monopolies extend their operations abroad. He analyzes the wealth of John D. Rockefeller and the finances of the Rockefeller Foundations, examines the holdings in the leading monopolistic corporations, listing the owners of the largest shares of securities in mines, railroads, banks and public utilities. He estimates the wealth of four hundred and fifty richest families, giving detailed data for over one hundred. More than forty families hold over \$100,000,000 each; one hundred others more than \$50,000,000 each; three hundred others more than \$20,000,000 each. Rockefeller's taxable income is given as about \$40,000,000; two others have over \$10,000,000; fifteen have over \$5,000,000, and twenty over \$2,500,000. And the gross income of these estates often far surpasses the taxable income, non-taxable securities being held in vast amounts by all of them.

The thesis on which all this statistical data bears, is a proposal to bring about a constitutional amendment for the limitation of excessive private fortunes, so that the surplus or excess, over a certain amount, say \$10,000,000, goes to the government.

Authoritative Catholic economic thought has anticipated Mr. Klein in outlining the conditions he deplores and in language as vigorous. Father Husslein, S.J., in *The World Problem*, 1918, has written: "Shortly before the War it was calculated that four per cent. of the population of England held ninety per cent. of all the wealth of the country. In the United States sixty per cent. of the wealth was owned by two per cent. of the people, while sixty per cent. of the population, representing labor or the producing

class, held but five per cent. of the total wealth. There is no possible defence of a system which permits the accumulation of mountainous fortunes by a few clever, and often highly unscrupulous, financiers who hold in their hands the fate of millions of their fellowmen." And, as far back as 1891, Pope Leo XIII., in the famous Encyclical on the condition of the working classes, the *Rerum Novarum*, that *locus classicus* for correct Catholic economic doctrine, said: "By degrees, it has come to pass that workmen have been surrendered to the greed of unchecked competition. Many branches of trade have been concentrated in the hands of a few individuals so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery."

Mr. Klein invites discussion on his proposed amendment, suggesting that prizes be offered for the best essays in answer to the question, "What is the limit of a man's value to society?" Thus new thought along economic lines might be provoked and aid found in the solution of our economic problems. To secure the proper orientation for such discussion, we suggest that the words of Pope Leo XIII., in his Encyclical on Christian Democracy be kept in mind: "It is the opinion of some, and the error is already very common, that social questions are nothing more than economic, whereas they are, in fact, first of all, matters of morality and religion, and must be settled according to moral and religious principles."

COLERIDGE'S BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA. Edited by George Sampson. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$4.00.

This is the ideal edition of *Biographia Literaria*, "the greatest book of criticism on English and one of the most annoying books in any language," Arthur Symonds wrote in his preface to the Everyman edition. Mr. Sampson, however, has so arranged his text by judicious omission of what he amusingly calls "the mass of imported metaphysic that Coleridge proudly dumped into the middle" that the element of annoyance is entirely removed. He gives us also the famous Wordsworth preface and the Wordsworth essays on poetry "out of which the book arose and without which it might never have been written." And he supplies some far from needless notes, abounding in comment that is extraordinarily fresh and vital. From every standpoint, the work deserves the highest commendation. Mr. Sampson's arrangement of *Biographia* is the best introduction to Coleridge's prose that we have.

The great attraction of this edition, however, is the noble and

joyous *Introduction* of forty pages from the pen of the King Edward VII. Professor of English at Cambridge. "Q" has never written a finer piece of criticism than this—which is saying a great deal. Full of wit, wisdom, learning, tenderness and happy grace of phrase, it will be the more admired by students of Coleridge the more they re-read it.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FAITH AND THE FOURTH GOSPEL. By H. S. Holland. Edited by Wilfrid Richmond. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.00.

This posthumous work by the late Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford is divided into two main parts. The first, "The Philosophy of Faith," is designed to embody as a coherent whole Scott Holland's thought and teaching. The second consists of his contributions to the study of the Fourth Gospel. Holland was one of the most delightful and inspiring personalities in the Anglican Church of the last half-century. He was a great preacher in London and an influential teacher at Oxford. His admirers will be glad to have in this convenient form a summary of his philosophy of religion. There is an introductory section, "Reminiscences of Oxford Fifty Years Ago," which is not less interesting than informative.

GREEK TRAGEDY. By Gilbert Norwood. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. \$4.00.

In this interesting and valuable work, Professor Norwood's attempt is to provide for readers—with Greek and without—a survey of the whole range of Greek Tragedy. It covers the ground of Arthur Haigh's two famous treatises, *The Attic Theatre* and *The Tragic Drama of the Greeks*, giving summaries and criticisms of the surviving plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides. To Euripides he devotes more space than to Æschylus and Sophocles conjointly. And there is a chapter on Greek metres and rhythms which will probably be read by the general reader less carefully than the rest of the book. His chapter on Sophocles is full of learning and imagination, but in dealing with Euripides he is excessively influenced by the brilliant, captivating, but not seldom perverse speculations and conclusions of the late K. W. Verrall. Verrall's theories about the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, too, have been disturbingly brought to the fore again by Professor Norwood. But it is the chapter on Sophocles which will remain with the reader whose classics are not utterly forgotten. Memorably beautiful are the author's words on the close of the *Œdipus Coloneus*: ". . . a passage which in breathless loveliness, pathos, and religious profundity is beyond telling flawless and without peer."

THE NEXT WAR. By Will Irwin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

This is a striking volume containing a stirring appeal against further wars. The author states that it is possibly to prophesy the nature of "the next war" and, from his experience as war correspondent, he shows that any new conflict would be fought to a short, but decisive, conclusion by the most ruthless and destructive methods ever known. He points out that the perfection of the instruments of war has progressed to such a degree as to insure the death of not only the active combatants, but also of the inhabitants of towns and cities. He shows that in times of war, the agreements of nations as to its conduct are always violated, and that in "the next war" the ruthlessness resulting therefrom will be almost beyond imagination.

Having proved his lesson as to the terrible methods that will be invoked, he goes on to show the cost of the recent wars. From this he points out the ruin that must follow upon any further conflict. He declares that today is the dramatic moment, and states that "two great tasks lie before humanity in the rest of the twentieth century. One is to put under control of true morals and of democracy the great power of human production which came in the nineteenth century. The other is to check, to limit and, finally, to eliminate the institution of war."

The conclusions reached by the author are unanswerable and should carry great weight with those responsible for making and shaping the policies of the nations. His appeal is one that must be heeded if our civilization is to be saved.

A SALEM SHIPMASTER AND MERCHANT. The Autobiography of George Nichols. Edited by his granddaughter, Martha Nichols. Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$2.50.

This absorbing autobiography is said to have been one of the hundred odd works drawn upon by Joseph Hergesheimer in his much discussed *Java Head*, and we may well believe that he gained much from it in the way of atmosphere and setting. The hero of the sketch was a hard-headed, but kindly, Yankee who represented very worthily the best traditions of the New England of his time. The portrait presented to us is of one who retained the undeniably solid virtues of the Puritan, modified by a Unitarianism which, if somewhat nebulous in a theological manner of speaking, was, nevertheless, of a most alluring social cast!

Those were the days when sailing vessels of two hundred tons burden brought wealth to their owners; when masters of Salem ships were to be encountered in every corner of the globe;

and when a man with \$40,000 to his credit was accounted wealthy. To one who has prowled along the wharves of Salem, looked out upon its quaint old gardens or roamed about the Peabody Museum, this life story of George Nichols, with its tales of hair-breadth escapes and with the smell of the sea in its pages, will prove a treasure house.

THE HARE. By Earnest P. Oldmeadow. New York: The Century Co. \$2.00.

This is the second novel of Mr. Oldmeadow dealing with the life history of Henry Coggin, the genius son of the rag-and-bone-man of the sordid English village of Bulford. The first part of the story describes Coggin's bitter fight against the malice of his enemies, who did their utmost to ruin his business and his reputation. He is delivered from their hands in a most spectacular and improbable manner by Teddie Redding, the son of his old benefactor, the Vicar of Bulford, who has become a Catholic in the interval. His honor is vindicated, and the village, despite itself, subscribes a most substantial testimonial to its most famous genius, composer and organist. The second part pictures our hero's wanderings on the Continent—in Holland, Germany and the Austrian Tyrol. His artistic soul instinctively loved the beauty of the Catholic Church imaged forth in its music, architecture and ritual, and rejected the cold puritanic gospel of his childhood. A scholarly Benedictine monk finally initiates him into the real spirit of Catholicism, pointing out to him, however, the real reasons that ought to prompt his conversion to the Faith:

The Church [he says] is a city set on a hill, a city fair to behold. Her gates, her walls, her towers make a brave show. Music murmurs and resounds in her streets like rushing water brooks. Her fountains run wine. But while you are thankful for these delights, while they refresh you and strengthen you, it is not for these pleasures that you must climb the path to her gateway. You must knock humbly at her portals, simply because Almighty God has appointed this City for your soul's habitation. Even if her mansions were mud-hovels, if her streets were choked with nettles and thorns, if her fountains poured forth bitter waters, her true citizens would abide just as trustfully, just as thankfully within her walls.

GREEKS AND BARBARIANS. By J. A. K. Thomson. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.00.

No one who has read Mr. Thomson's delightful group of studies in *The Greek Tradition* or his enjoyable *Studies in the Odyssey* will need any urging to buy and read and re-read and, in

Hilaire Belloc's phrase, "preserve among their chiefest treasures" this golden latest fruit of his scholarship, imagination and interpretative genius. A book like *Greeks and Barbarians* helps the cause of the ancient classics more than a dozen pedagogical conferences assembled to determine solemnly what can be done to arrest the decay of interest in the Greek and Latin disciplines. Mr. Thomson has no passion for antiquity merely because it is old; nothing could be more remote from him than a prejudiced conservatism. In his hands the humanities become really human, and he possesses an enthusiasm, a sanity, and a freshness of outlook such as are not found combined in one man more than twice or thrice in a generation. His object in these chapters is to show how Hellenism was born of the conflict between the Greeks and the Barbarians. He confines himself to the centuries before Alexander, the centuries in which Hellenism rose into its most characteristic form. "We lovers of Greece," he says, "are put very much on our defence nowadays, and no doubt we sometimes claim too much for her. She sinned deeply and often and sometimes against the light. Things of incalculable value have come to us not from her . . . but when all is said, we owe it to Greece that we think as we do, and not as Semites and Mongols." One-third of the book is given to three remarkable chapters on an ancient theme, "Classical and Romantic." The case for the classical could not be more cogently urged, or set forth with more convincing urbanity and lucidity. These chapters themselves are like to become a *locus classicus*. How the late W. J. Courthope would have loved them!

MAN AND HIS PAST. By O. G. S. Crawford. New York: Oxford University Press. \$4.75.

The title of this book, which would indicate that it is a manual of Prehistoric Archaeology, is somewhat misleading, since it is in fact partly a plea for the better recognition of the importance, both scientific and national, of anthropology and partly a description of some of the recent methods employed in field work, methods largely based on those of a pioneer in this matter, the late General Pitt-Rivers.

It is a little difficult to form an opinion as to the kind of clientèle to which this book is expected to appeal. If it be intended for the unscientific general reader, we must confess that we feel some doubts as to whether it is likely to make any great appeal to him, though there can be no doubt as to the valuable information which he would derive from its perusal. If for the professed anthropologist, the defence of his subject must appear a mere

preaching to the converted, who likewise, if he is not, ought to be familiar with the methods described in the latter part of the book. These are quite sound and the descriptions given may well be commended to the young anthropologist, though, as in other subjects, he can learn more in a couple of days in the field with an experienced worker than by a year's study of the most excellent books. We perfectly agree with the author as to the many futilities of history as commonly taught, amongst which stand preëminent the trivial and inaccurate information given as to almost everything which occurred in England before the Norman Invasion, and still more before the coming of Julius Cæsar. But the careful anthropologist should abstain from misleading the historian and the student by fairy tales as to the origin of man, such, for example, as are to be found in the early chapters of this book. If set down as surmise, such statements may do no harm, but to talk of our "far-sighted ancestor" in the Tertiary Period and describe his doings as in the following passage, is simply to mislead the innocent and ignorant reader who cannot be supposed to be able to evaluate the information given and sift the true from the false.

He did not, like so many, spoil his chances by giving way to fear on every possible occasion, he did not run away from danger on principle, and so have to adapt his limbs for swift flight; nor yet did he yield to the temptation to clothe himself in protective armor. Nor did he cut himself off from the world by adopting nocturnal habits. On the other hand, he was not possessed by a devil of pugnacity; he preferred vegetarianism to the horrors of carnivorous diet. Moderate in all things, he led a life of meditative aloofness in the forest, waiting for something to turn up. His patience was rewarded; what turned up was not any kind of external goods, but the key to all such—an intelligent mind.

When we reflect that no one *knows*, however much he may surmise, whether man had an ancestor in Tertiary times and, consequently, cannot have any sort of idea of what he or his ways may have been like, it is not too much to say that greater scientific nonsense than this never was put on paper.

THE VISIBLE CHURCH. *Her Government, Ceremonies, Sacramentals, Festivals and Devotions.* By Rev. John F. Sullivan. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.00.

This textbook of the ceremonial and practices of the Catholic Church is intended for use in the advanced classes of our parish and Sunday Schools. It meets a pressing need. The ignorance of the great body of Catholics concerning all that pertains to the

externals of the Church astonishes us, until we remember that the large majority of our Catholics of today left school at an early age, and their departure from school marked the end of any study of their religion. Even now many children leave school between fourteen and sixteen years of age, more or less instructed in the dogmatic side of their religion, but knowing very little of its ceremonies and practices. Father Sullivan's book will be welcomed by the teachers in our schools, who have been handicapped by the lack of a suitable textbook. The value of this work would be enhanced by a list of reference books which could be recommended for more thorough study.

SOCIAL ORGANIZATION IN PARISHES. By Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.75 net.

The vigor of youth still throbs in the old principle, which says: "*Quidquid agunt homines, intentio judicat illos.*" *Social Organization in Parishes* proposes a practical plan whereby social service can be vitalized by a pure intention. To sanctify the server, and at the same time to ennoble those who are being served, is the generic aim of all genuine Christian charity of a corporal character. Priest and layman alike may almost use this volume as an examination of conscience with reference to the needs and advisabilities of a progressive Catholic neighborhood.

Briefly, the plan offered is to have all social work radiate from the Sodality as the spokes extend from the hub of a wheel. Perhaps an informational campaign is first needed to break down certain misunderstandings of what a Sodality really is, and to keep people from looking upon it as a devotional society instituted solely for young women. The book contains historical data aimed at this disillusionment. The Sodality is for all Catholics, its main purposes being personal sanctification, the defence of the Church, and the help of neighbor—all through special devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary—truly a vigorous undertaking for mature men and women, as well as for those in whose young years the poetry of life is still tingling.

To have correct thinking and pure intention and solid devotion serve as the core and centre of social action is truly an ideal. But we must struggle daily towards ideals. To secularize the corporal works of mercy to such an extent as to have them surrounded merely with a shell of Catholicism may be, at times, an expedient—surely it is not an ideal. God, self and neighbor, with particular emphasis upon God as our First Cause and our Last End, should serve as the Triumvirate of Catholic social work.

The explanations show that the Sodality aims fundamentally

at coöperation with whatever worthy societies already exist in the parish, and not at their destruction. The chapters on organization, and the treatment of the work to be intrusted to what are called Sodality Sections and Sodality Unions, which allow respectively for subdivision and unification of effort, clearly lead the reader to find vast potencies for moral, mental and physical development in the proper employment of the plan outlined.

The complexities of modern life are so pronounced that organization is quite imperative for the thoughtful handling of social distress and community improvement. The author, fortified by definite and extensive experience, presents his proposals with an encouraging surety. His plan is flexible enough to lend itself most admirably to carrying out the country-wide programmes of the National Catholic Welfare Council, and for fulfilling the special desires of the individual Bishop of a diocese, without in any way prescinding from the localized needs of the parish. The method put forth for taking, and for keeping alive, a practical parish census, so that it may serve as a perpetual inventory of local social resources and liabilities, is very valuable in itself. The work is not written in an inspirational style, and difficulties, as well as hopes, are plainly pictured. Even for those who are not inclined to endorse the Sodality plan of parish organization, this book will prove to be of exceptional worth as a source of suggestion.

POE. HOW TO KNOW HIM. By C. Alphonso Smith. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.00.

Professor Smith, Head of the Department of English at the United States Naval Academy, has written a sympathetic, though over-enthusiastic, study of Edgar Allen Poe—the World Author, the Man, the Critic, the Poet, and the Short Story Writer. An ardent lover of Poe, he greatly resents what he styles the popular caricature of his hero which “regards him as a manufacturer of cold creeps and a maker of shivers, a wizened, self-centred exotic, un-American and semi-insane, who, between sprees or in them, wrote his autobiography in *The Raven* and a few haunting detective stories.”

Among the American critics of his day, Poe ranked second only to Lowell. Most of his book reviews for *The Messenger*, *Burton's* and *Graham's* was mere hack work, journalistic in style, and forgotten the moment they were read. On the other hand, some of his book reviews are still quoted as the best critical work of the time, viz., Longfellow's *Ballads*, Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales* and Dicken's *Barnaby Rudge*. No one can neglect his well-

known utterances on the meaning, province and aims of poetry. Poetry he held was the "rhythmical creation of beauty," whose immediate object was "not truth, but pleasure." Humor "was antagonistical to that which is the soul of the muse proper." "A long poem was a contradiction in terms."

Most European critics (as Mr. Smith points out in his opening chapter) have accorded Poe first place among American poets. But he fails to state that most American critics do not agree with them. It is true that he is strikingly original, a poet of beauty, and a master craftsman of melody in a score of extraordinary poems, such as *The Raven*, *The Conqueror Worm*, *The Haunted Palace*, *Annabel Lee*, *The Bells*, etc., but a great deal of his work is imitative and commonplace, narrow both in range and in ideas.

His tales also are most unequal. They range from inane stories like "Lionizing" and "The Sphinx" to masterpieces like "The Gold Bug," "The Descent Into the Maelstrom," "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "The Masque of the Red Death." There is no question, however, that as a romancer he has wielded a larger influence than any English writer since Scott.

THE CHURCH AND THE PROBLEMS OF TODAY. By Rev. George T. Schmidt. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50.

This book contains a series of short essays on topics of faith and morals. They should be interesting and helpful to the general body of Catholic readers. The volume is neatly bound in dark green cloth and contains one hundred and sixty-five pages of reading matter. We are inclined to consider the title somewhat pretentious for the matter contained.

THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1641. By Lord Ernest Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$8.00 net.

The author in this volume attempts, in the name of truth, to justify events beyond all justifications. His purpose, he tells us, is "to present the bald truth, as far as it is ascertainable from existing records, without any white-washing of either British or Irish excesses," during that period which he describes as the "Irish Rebellion of 1641." This is the keynote of his preface: that he would see justice done and tell the truth regardless of the consequences. Yet when one reads the pages that follow, it is clearly apparent that it is not his purpose to speak the truth, but to brand the Irish of that period with the stigma of having committed the most atrocious crimes and to justify the plantation of Ulster and the atrocities committed in Ireland by Cromwell.

The whole book is filled with misstatements and unwarranted

conclusions based upon sources of themselves necessarily prejudiced. The whole volume shows the workings of a mind warped by bigotry. The limitations of a review do not permit examples of this. However, a citation from chapter fifteen may suffice to show the mental attitude of the writer: "The Christmas massacres at Kinard, and the Ballinrosse and Carrickmacross massacres at the New Year, were all conducted by priests, whom we may confidently assume to have been of the fanatical firebrand pattern. . . . The Irish were told that it was as lawful to kill a heretic as it was to kill a dog or a pig, and, as practically all the seventeenth century colonists were heretics, this was only another way of saying that it was as lawful to kill the English and the Scotch as it was to kill dogs. . . . The doctrine of murder in the name of God, when once seized upon by the popular imagination, is not easily extinguished; nor is Ireland a country where unpopular doctrines are ever very ardently preached by those in authority, whether lay or clerical. The motto of the nation is rather to go with the tide, and if possible in advance of it, no matter in what direction it may be setting."

It is hard to believe that a person of Lord Hamilton's standing could be charged with statements such as this (and there are numerous others) especially as he states in his preface that he purposes speaking the truth. This excerpt is so characteristic of the whole book that it becomes at once a base libel on the Irish people and the Catholic Church.

A DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY. Edited by Canon Ollard and Gordon Crosse. London: A. R. Mowbray & Co. 15 s.

This is the new and revised edition of Canon Ollard's great Dictionary, a work that since its original publication in 1912 has been the indispensable companion of all students of English Church History. It is written from the familiar "Anglo-Catholic" standpoint, and Catholic readers must, of course, take for granted that standpoint in using the book. But all serious students of history will find the work of immense value. No praise can be too high for the editorial skill displayed in the arrangement of material and in the mechanical details of the enterprise. Canon Ollard's own contributions to the volume deserve special commendation; his brief biographies are masterpieces of their kind; one singles out for particular praise his accounts of the Oxford Movement, of the Nonjurors, and of Dean Church. The Canon is, of course, the greatest living authority among Anglican scholars, upon the Oxford Movement and the Anglo-Catholic Revival. His

Short History of the Oxford Movement is the best brief handbook on the subject known to the present reviewer—a model of lucidity and thoroughness. The late G. W. E. Russell—whom an English reviewer has recently and most unjustly described as “a connoisseur of sacristy gossip”—contributes several fine, brief biographies, among them a charming account of Gladstone as an English churchman. Other contributors whose work seems to call for special mention are Dean Hutton, who is admirable on the Caroline divines, and on Jeremy Taylor; the late James Gardner, whose articles deal mainly with the era of the English Reformation; and Mr. Gordon Crosse, the assistant editor, who writes chiefly upon ecclesiastical law. The two articles dealing with Abbeys and Architecture, by Mr. W. M. Wright, deserve warm appreciation. We looked in vain, however, for any notice of Deans Lake, Mansel, Gregory; of Acland Troyte and T. T. Carter; of Edwin Hatch, Allies, Oakley, Lord Blachford and Aubrey Moore—to group together a very miscellaneous lot of omitted names. There is a full account of the Gorham case, but nothing of the *Affaire Voysey*. And, in view of the space given to *Essays and Reviews*, one might expect a brief account of the birth and fate of *Lux Mundi*. But it is ungenerous to complain of a few omissions in a work that is on the whole so fine and thorough.

THE GIRL IN FANCY DRESS. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.90.

Reading the title of this book or glancing at its highly colored “jacket,” one would fancy that it was an extremely light novel, frivolous and frothy. It is, indeed, light in the sense that it is not tragic or melodramatic, but it is never frivolous, and it is far from frothy. The author has a delicate touch in perfect consonance with her theme, and in addition a knowledge of human nature that never fails. The chapter, entitled “See-Saw,” in which is described the first meeting of the lovers after her disguise has been cast off, contains one of the most subtly managed situations in contemporary fiction.

THE MCCARTHYS IN EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY. By Michael J. O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The historiographer of the American Historical Society, Michael J. O'Brien, whose recent volume, *A Hidden Phase of American History*, did so much to call public attention to the very extensive part taken in the preparation for, and the winning of, the American Revolution by Colonists of Irish descent, or of Irish birth, has in this book paid special attention to a single branch of

Irish colonization in America, namely, that supplied by the great McCarthy family. Mr. O'Brien points out the fact that the Irish in the United States have been singularly, deplorably and blamably negligent in gathering and recording the part played by their race in the history of their chosen country.

It is greatly to be desired that this interesting, valuable, path-breaking book may achieve the principal purpose of its author, namely, to stimulate further scientific research on the part of Irish-Americans who should be justly proud of the part played by their forefathers in the founding and upbuilding of this Republic.

THE DESERT AND THE ROSE. By Edith Nicholl Ellison. Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.75.

This book is an account of the experiences of a woman who came to New Mexico in search of health and bought a ranch in the Mesilla Valley, forty miles north of El Paso. Although inexperienced, she made a business success of her venture through intelligent common sense and through kindly tact in her management of the Mexican laborers. For the latter she has an earnest word to say; she has found them, almost without exception, to be faithful, loyal and honest. She regrets the spirit of intolerance towards the peon, and the general assumption that he is "no good," and feels that the superficial and overcrowded instruction thrust on him by the public schools has injured rather than aided his development.

The author has caught the spirit of the desert country, and has a real appreciation for its beauty, its mystery and its historic past. She pays a beautiful tribute to the work of the Franciscan Fathers, although she shows the usual prejudice against the Jesuits. Her expressions are not always clearly worded, and the rambling, disconnected style of her narrative makes the book rather mediocre.

STAR DUST. By Fannie Hurst. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.00 net.

This novel, the first from the pen of a well-known writer of short stories, will interest most the readers who have already become a part of Miss Hurst's public. Anyone approaching the book without some previous experience of the writer's peculiar excellences and limitations, may find himself so much aware of the latter, as they manifest themselves within the generous scope of the novel, that he gives the former less praise than they deserve. Miss Hurst's gift of integrating the "domestic" atmosphere stroke by stroke with remorseless poignancy, is seen to very great ad-

vantage in this story. Miss Hurst excels here, as elsewhere, in her ability to perceive and to depict the concrete. She is liable, here, as elsewhere, to a turgidity and ungainliness of style in her efforts after individual expression. The story suffers, moreover, from the writer's earnestly propagandist motives. The feminist thesis is ladled out to the reader in every chapter with a heavy-handed humorlessness, which inevitably impairs the art of the telling.

MUSIC APPRECIATION and *Typical Piano Pieces and Songs for Students of Music Appreciation*, by Clarence G. Hamilton, A.M. (Boston: Oliver Ditson Co.) Each of the arts stands, so to speak, on two feet, the one practical, the other æsthetic. To this fact all the methods of instruction must conform and must, also, vary over a wide range if they are to meet the necessities of the multitudinous temperaments exhibited by the *genus irritabile* of students of art. Mr. Hamilton has recognized these facts and given to the musical world a well thought out and logically developed idea which should prove of great advantage to modern musicians. The object of the book is to teach students to appreciate music by enabling them to analyze the form of any composition through an accurate technical and æsthetic comprehension of the subject. Due regard being given to its size, the range of subjects treated in it is quite remarkable. All the principal musical forms are completely covered from the simple dance to the most complex symphony. In supplement to the text will be found lists of books of reference and other works, which will enable the student to extend his knowledge and amplify the subjects which he has been engaged upon. The student will find most useful the separate volume containing piano pieces and songs used as illustrations in the text.

A MILL TOWN PASTOR, by Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.75 net.) If you had told Father Dan Coffey—an old college chum of the reviewer's—that one day his biography would be written for the edification of his fellow priests, he would have answered with an unbelieving smile: "Nonsense. You are certainly talking through your hat." Father Conroy has, nevertheless, written a most absorbing story of the life and labors of Father Dan, the pastor of a little mill town, Mingo Junction, in the diocese of Columbus. He was pastor of a polyglot parish of some twenty different nationalities, and in ten years' time he succeeded in making a happy and a holy family out of these scattered and often hostile units.

REAL DEMOCRACY IN OPERATION (By Felix Bonjour. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.), according to this book, is found in Switzerland. The author gives an account of the initiative, referendum, and proportional representation in Switzerland. He also explains how the Swiss democracy is built upon local democracy. His account of how democracy operates in Switzerland is very interesting, and is a

worth-while contribution to the library of political government. In the appendix, he raises the question of whether the Swiss form of government will continue to satisfy the industrial elements in the Swiss population, and whether some further organization of the industrial population is not necessary for real democracy similar to the organization of agricultural and pastoral peoples in their villages.

ARIOSTO, SHAKESPEARE, CORNEILLE, by Benedetto Croce (New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.50), is the first of Signor Croce's literary criticisms to be translated into English. The translator, Mr. Douglas Ainslie, points out that Croce's criticism is based upon his theory "of the independence and autonomy of the æsthetic fact, which is intuition-expression, and of the essentially lyrical character of all art." Quite apart from the merits of this theory, it is clear that Signor Croce has presented in this volume three stimulating studies.

THE MOTHER OF DIVINE GRACE, by Father Stanislaus M. Hogan, O.P. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00) based for the most part on the *La Mère de Grace* of the Abbé Hugon, O.P., gives the theological reasons for Catholic devotion to Our Lady. It expressly explains the meaning of the invocation in the Litany of Loretto, Mother of Divine Grace. In a dozen chapters, Father Hogan treats of the nature and effects of grace, showing exactly what the term "full of grace" implies; of the grace conferred on Our Lady in preparation for her office; of the consequences of her initial perfection; of the graces conferred upon her when she became the Mother of God; of the grace of glory and of queen; of Mary the almoner of Divine grace.

A MODERN BOOK OF CRITICISM, by Ludwig Lewisohn (New York: Boni & Liveright. 95 cents), contains selections from present-day critical writers representing France, Germany, England and America. It is wide in range, touching Anatole France on the one hand with his belief in criticism as "a personal adventure with books," and, on the other hand, such critical metaphysics as those of the German Dilthey with his discussion of the creative imagination. One is struck by three facts: first, the variety of points of view; secondly, the dictatorial narrowness of most of these critics in their protests against what they consider as the dictatorial narrowness of the believers in objective standards of criticism; and third, the nebulous style of most of these excerpts, particularly those of English and American writers, reflecting as it does an equal fogginess of thought. The book makes us appreciate more than ever the sanity, the insight, and the clear thinking of Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb and Matthew Arnold.

MEN AND STEEL, by Mary Heaton Vorse (New York: Boni & Liveright). With Foster's personal account and the Interchurch World Movement's detached report of the Steel Strike, there now stands this third volume to make up a trilogy of steel in 1919. This volume

is the work of one who spent months in the Pittsburgh district during the great strike, and went down into the homes of the steel strikers and talked with them. It is filled with incidents of the strike that reveal the effect of the strike and the attitude of the strikers. It is an impressionistic book written with deep sympathy and intense feeling. Father Kazinci appears often in its pages, for he served frequently as the author's guide and interpreter in Braddock. Two facts push their way from these pages: first, the isolation of the strikers, and second, the fact that it was considered by many around Pittsburgh as a strike of "hunkies." The book is well worth reading, at least, for the purpose of grasping the attitude of the many of foreign birth in industrial communities in this country.

THE ALTERNATIVE, by M. Morgan Gibbon (Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.75 net). Not often does a new writer's second book please as much as the first, but we find *The Alternative* a decided advance on *Jan*—profounder in theme, and going deeper into life, while sustaining ever-deepening interest. Helen, who remains a child through more than half the book, is more lovable and delightful in immaturity than when grown up—but so are most of us. The psychology of childhood and adolescence is well handled, and the somewhat trite truth of the thesis, that choice involves renunciation, is made to strike us with new and potent force. Somehow, we find the happy ending, usually to be welcomed, a misfit for such a character as Helen. Another point to which we take exception is the disposal of the Rector in Chapter VI. The device employed is unworthy of so good a writer as the creator of *Jan*, and Helen of *The Alternative*.

SONGS OF ADORATION, by Gustav Davidson (New York: The Madrigal Press. \$1.30). This first publication from the Madrigal Press is physically a thing of rare beauty, choicely printed on hand wove paper in the fashion of the more exotic Mosher booklets. Spiritually, it is still exotic, although less satisfying. Mr. Davidson's songs are meditations upon human and divine love, in rhythmical prose which owes something to the Psalms, but more to Dr. Rabindranath Tagore.

CATHOLIC PROBLEMS IN WESTERN CANADA, by Rev. George T. Daly, C.S.S.R. (Toronto, Canada: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.) In these interesting pages, Father Daly calls the attention of Canadian Catholics to the problems—religious, educational and social—which face the Catholic Church in Western Canada. He treats of the principles and policy of the Catholic Church Extension Society in Canada, the apostolate to non-Catholics, the Ruthenian question, the necessity of separate schools, the need of a Western Catholic University, the value of the Catholic press, and the importance of expert immigration work. Father Daly knows the Canadian West country intimately through many years of missionary activity.

THE GREATER LOVE, by Chaplain George T. McCarthy, U. S. Army (Chicago: Extension Press. \$1.50 postpaid). While hesitant about subscribing to the publisher's enthusiastic statement that this book contains "the most gripping, inspiring and soul influencing pages that have come out of the War," we are quite prepared to say that it is undoubtedly the heartfelt record of an earnest, manly priest, who saw in each soldier boy a soul committed to his care and whose face once turned to duty never looked backward. Moreover, the story, even if a bit flowery as to style, is excellently told. We hold our breath as the *Leviathan* swings out into the deep; we enjoy, with the Chaplain and his "buddies," the piano that had come all the way from Paris to answer to the touch of Mademoiselle Annette; and we storm with them, in spirit, the hill at Rembercourt.

PRACTICAL METHOD OF READING THE BREVIARY, by Rev. John J. Murphy (New York: Blase Benziger & Co., Inc.), simply, yet effectively, explains and instructs the student of the Breviary as to how that seemingly complicated book is to be read. Father Murphy covers every major question that presents itself to the beginner and leads him safely through puzzling turnings and bypaths. We heartily recommend the volume not only to students for the priesthood, but to those of the laity who are interested in reading the Breviary.

THE CORNHILL CO. of Boston publish *The Celestial Circus*, by Cornelia Walter McCleary. A volume of pleasing and entertaining verse, it will be of particular interest to children. The book is tastefully illustrated. It sells for \$1.50 a copy.

A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, by Ernest R. Hull, S.J. (Bombay: Examiner Press). "Thanks to the effects of the War," as the author explains, this pamphlet is published in a flimsy, unattractive form that contrasts almost grotesquely with the interest and value of the content. It is a collection of articles which appeared in *The Examiner* during 1920. The philosophy is divided into three parts, as applied to Facts, Principles and Actions; and in whichever part we elect to read, we find the comprehensive title fully justified.

A JOYFUL HERALD OF THE KING OF KINGS, by the Rev. F. M. Dreves, of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.25 net). Whatever criticism one may have to offer of this collection of short stories, deals not with the excellent subject matter, but with the manner of its handling, which is a trifle too formal and "preachy." One cannot but feel that it will find its auditors among those already called to the Missions rather than those in whom it hopes to arouse and foster vocations. It lacks the verve and spirit that such a writer, for example, as Wilmot-Buxton would have imparted to it. The "Joyful Herald" is an attractive Saint of our own age, Blessed Théophane Vénard. The succeeding chapters are mosaic-like fragments of missionary anecdote.

THE third volume in the series of *Firearms in American History* deals with the history of American rifles from 1800 to 1920. (Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$4.50.) The book has a wealth of illustration and of technical description which will make it most interesting to those versed, or wishing to be versed, in the subject of which it treats.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Wonderfully lucid and methodic, and written in language which is clearness itself, is *Le Mystère de L'Incarnation*, by Père Hugon (Paris: P. Téqui). It should be interesting not only to priests, but to laymen. Another book by the same author, *Le Mystère de la Très Sainte Trinité*, is a beautiful treatise on the Trinity, written in his attractive style, at once elegant and eloquent. Issued by the same publisher are Abbé Cocart's *Enfant, Que Feras-Tu Plus Tard*, containing five conferences on the Priestly Vocation; *A Manual of Canon Law* for the Clergy, based on the New Code, by Canon Laurent, Director of the Seminary of Verdun, treating of the Sacraments, the Pastoral Ministry, and the laws of Ecclesiastical Discipline; and *Grandeurs et Devoirs de la Vie Religieuse*, by Monseigneur Plautier, containing four Pastoral Letters on the religious life.

From the Press of P. Lethielleux, Paris, we have *Histoire Populaire de L'Eglise*, by Abbé E. Barbier, a popular history of the Church, dealing with the first six centuries, and *Catéchisme Des Convenances Religieuses*, by Canon Pracht, a brief manual of the ceremonies of the Church in catechetical form.

Dr. J. Marouzeau has written *La Linguistique* (Paris: Paul Geuthner), an excellent treatise on the Science of Language. A work on the Sacraments according to the New Code (Turin: Pietro Marietti) is *De Sacramentis*, by Felix Cappello, S.J., of the Gregorian University, Rome. This, the first volume of his treatise, relates to the Sacraments in general, Baptism, Confirmation and the Eucharist.

Études de Critique et de Philologie du Nouveau Testament (J. Gabalda), by Abbé Jacquier, is a summary of the present-day status of New Testament problems, and answers non-Catholic critics. A third edition of Rev. Philip Moroto's *Institutiones Juris Canonici* (Romæ. *Apud Commentarium pro Religiosis*), has just been issued, the first volume treats of *Normæ Generales* and *De Personis*. A two volume history of the Life of St. Augustine, *Le Catholicisme de St. Augustin*, by Monsiegnieur Pierre Batiffol, brings out clearly the Saint's idea of the Church and his loyalty to the Apostolic See.

From the pen of Abbé A. Lugan, we have a thoughtful article on "Jesus and the Family," in the magazine, *Evangile et Vie*, and in *Les Cahiers Catholiques*, an interesting article on Maurice de Guérin. Père Lugan has also written *Sermons et Conférences Pour l'année Liturgique*, (Paris: Bloud et Gay), containing an eloquent Lenten Course on the individual, the family and society without God, and sermons for the principal feasts of the year, from Easter to All Souls' Day; *L'Égoïsme Humain* (Paris: A. Tralin), show the evils of egoism, and *Un Précurseur du Bolchevisme, Francisco Ferrer* (Paris: Procure Général), is a critical study of the life and activities of the Spanish Socialist, showing the immorality of his private life and the anarchism of his school, and proving by the documents in the case, the justice of his condemnation.

Recent Events.

Russia.

For the last two months, Russia has been in the throes of one of the worst famines on record, due to prolonged drought and a general failure of crops. The region chiefly affected is the Volga district, embracing ten governments of a total area of 600,000 square versts and a population of over fifteen million people. Since its first outbreak in July, however, the famine has spread, so that from twenty-five to thirty-five million people are now reported as battling against starvation and disease. Besides a shortage of a million tons of food for the inhabitants and cattle, an immense quantity of seed is also needed for spring and winter sowing if a similar disaster is to be averted next year. Especially pressing is the necessity for seed for winter sowing—upwards of 250,000 tons being needed.

After trying for the first three weeks to cope with the situation, the Soviet authorities were finally obliged to appeal for outside aid, chiefly from America. In reply, Secretary Hoover promised supplies, but only on condition that all Americans imprisoned in Russia be immediately released, and also that the American Relief Administration be allowed full liberty of movement and given control over food distribution. The Soviet authorities at once agreed to the first condition, and released all American prisoners, but several weeks were consumed in wrangling over the matter of food control and liberty of movement for the relief agents. At last, owing to the firm attitude of the American authorities, the Soviet signed the required agreement at Riga on August 16th, and since then both men and supplies have gone forward from the United States.

The Russian Government in its negotiations with Secretary Hoover took the general stand that while it would gladly welcome all purely humanitarian aid that might be offered, it would tolerate no interference whatever in the internal affairs of Russia. In the same general spirit, it has declined to permit the International Russian Relief Commission, appointed by the Allied Supreme Council, to make a preliminary survey of famine conditions, on the ground that the proposed survey is intended to spy at Russia's weakness rather than bring aid to the sufferers.

To prevent friction, the American relief force is not working under the United States flag. Besides the American, other relief

agencies are at work, including the International Red Cross Society. Food supplies, under private auspices, have been sent from all parts of the world.

Latest reports indicate that the famine has been somewhat relieved temporarily as a result partly of outside aid and largely because of the recent harvest. The situation in many places, however, is more difficult than it was two months ago, and it will soon be far worse because the miserably insufficient harvest in these places is only enough to tide the people over some two or three weeks.

An aggravating feature of the situation has been the complete breakdown of the Russian railroads. Even before the outbreak of the famine, Russia's transportation difficulties had reached an acute stage because of the general deterioration of the railroads under the Bolshevik régime. Railroad service between Moscow and Kiev, for instance, had been reduced to an average of one train a week for freight and passengers, and the traffic situation all over central Russia was reported to be particularly serious. Now, of course, it is worse than ever.

Probably as a direct result of the famine, Premier Lenine has abandoned complete State ownership as a Soviet policy. The new economic policy, made public on August 9th, is embodied in a decree adopted by unanimous vote by the Council of Commissars of the People, after a long discussion in which the views of the chief Russian political and labor union organizations were expressed at length. The decree abandons State ownership with the exception of a "definite number of great industries of national importance"—such as were controlled by the State in France, England and Germany during the War—and reestablishes payment by individuals for railroads, postal and other public services, which formerly had been free. There is also to be a gradual return to the monetary system in place of the exchange of goods. Outside of the great industries specified in the decree, all other industries and enterprises are to be leased to individuals, co-operative bodies and labor organizations.

Sixty-one persons were shot in Petrograd on August 24th after being sentenced to death by the Cheka, or Bolshevik inquisitorial board, for active participation in a plot against the Soviet Government. Among those executed are believed to have been several persons accused by the Cheka of being Russian agents of the American Intelligence Service, who crossed the border into Russia from Finland.

The Moscow Government has addressed to the American Government a note of protest against the failure of the latter to extend

to Russia an invitation to the Washington conference on the limitation of armaments and on Far Eastern questions. The note declares that the Soviet Government will not recognize any decisions reached at the conference at which it is not represented, and states that it reserves complete freedom of action. The note protests also against the lack of an invitation for the Far Eastern Republic.

Late in July, a conference was held at Helsingfors among the Foreign Ministers of the Baltic States of Latvia, Esthonia, Finland and Poland, following an earlier conference at Riga of representatives of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, when a full alliance was signed between the two former and a close economic accord between the two latter. The general purpose of these conferences, however, is to bring into being a Baltic league, towards which the States mentioned have been aiming for the past two years. Shortly after the Riga conference, the Soviet Government imposed a veto of an alliance between the Esthonian-Latvian combination and Finland or Poland, and even announced that it would regard such an alliance as a *casus belli*.

On several occasions towards the end of July various partisan bands inside and outside Vladivostok endeavored to overthrow the Provisional Government there, but without success. M. Murkuloff, head of the Provisional Government, which is anti-Bolshevik, and is said to have at least the tacit support of Japan, attributes the revolts to Communist sources. There were numerous casualties in street fights, and the uprising was followed by the declaration of a general strike, which is supported by the radical elements.

The Vladivostok Government issued an announcement on August 6th declaring null and void all concessions in Kamchatka granted by the Soviet Government. This repudiation would include certain concessions supposed to have been granted in that district by Lenine to Washington B. Vanderlip, an American promoter, who has attracted attention in the last year by his statements that he had obtained various large Russian concessions from the Soviet authorities at Moscow.

On September 4th, it was reported that the Government of Afghanistan had ratified the Russo-Afghan Treaty.

It is understood that the Treaty gives Russia a large measure of preferred rights in Afghanistan, considered the gate to India, over which Russian and English diplomacy have been contesting for a long time. The Afghan Treaty forms the final link in a chain giving Soviet Russia a favored position with all her Mohammedan neighbors—Nationalist Turkey and Persia being the other two—and leaves her at peace with all other neighboring countries

except Japan and Rumania. A few days previous to the ratification of the Afghan Treaty a Russo-Norwegian commercial Treaty, closely paralleling the Anglo-Russian agreement, was signed at Christiania.

France.

The Silesian question has continued to occupy a large share of Allied attention during the last two months, but still without settlement. In July, the situation had been at least temporarily arranged by the withdrawal to their respective borders of the German irregular troops and the Polish insurgents, when the whole question was unexpectedly revived by a note of the French Government to the British at the end of the month. The note declared that France would not agree to an Allied conference at that time to settle the boundary between Germany and Poland, and that France wished to send more troops into Silesia.

To this the British strongly objected and, after many delays, eventually succeeded in inducing the French to refer the matter to the Allied Supreme Council, which met in Paris on August 8th. Here, too, however, the British and French failed to come to an agreement, and though the British position in the dispute was backed by Italy and Japan, it was finally decided to refer the whole question to the Executive Council of the League of Nations, by whose findings the Allied Premiers pledged themselves to abide.

In accordance with this decision, the Council of the League, on September 1st, appointed a commission of four members to settle the Silesian imbroglio. The commission is composed of the representatives of four neutral nations, China, Brazil, Spain and Belgium, and it is expected to be able to make its report to the full Council some time before the end of the month. This move not only extricates Great Britain and France from the impasse which they had reached in the Supreme Council, but also averts the danger of a quarrel that, for a time, threatened the very existence of the Entente.

The other chief topic of Allied discussion has been the proposal of President Harding for an international conference on the limitation of armaments. Invitations were sent in July to Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, and later to China, and it was proposed that the conference should discuss not only armaments, but also all matters pertaining to the Pacific and Far Eastern problems. It was the inclusion of these last that delayed the acceptance of Japan, which desired to exclude discussion of Yap, Shantung and Siberia, on the ground that they were closed issues. Subsequently, Japan added, to those of the other Powers, her

assent to share fully in the conference. Another cause of much correspondence was the desire of Great Britain for preliminary parleys before the real conference began, but this matter also was decided in accordance with the President's plans, which opposed such parleys.

The first meeting of the conference, which is to be held at Washington, will occur on November 11th, the anniversary of the armistice. Official announcement has been made that the main American delegation will consist of only four members—Secretary of State Hughes, Senator Lodge, former Secretary of State Root and Senator Underwood, the Democratic minority leader. The main delegation from each of the other countries will also comprise four members, although each delegation will be assisted by an advisory group of indefinite number, to be known as “advisory delegates.”

The second plenary session of the Assembly of the League of Nations opened at Geneva on September 5th. Thirty-nine countries were represented, the absentees, to the number of nine, consisting of Central and South American countries. As compensation for this absence, five new members were seated—Austria, Bulgaria, Albania, Finland and Luxembourg. Jonkeer H. A. van Karnebeck, Foreign Minister of Holland, was chosen President of the Assembly in succession to Paul Hymans of Belgium.

On the second day of its session the Assembly gave preliminary consideration to a matter which has since developed into a situation of considerable difficulty, namely, the Tacna-Arica dispute between Bolivia and Chile. Bolivia had forwarded a request that this territorial controversy be brought before the Assembly, and the request being held in conformity with the covenant of the League, the question was placed on the agenda of the Assembly. Since then, Chile has notified the Assembly that the League of Nations has no competency or jurisdiction in matters of purely American concern. In view of the fact that nine Latin-American nations are already abstaining from participation in the Assembly meeting, and that Chile will probably withdraw if Bolivia's plea is upheld, the affair strikes at the heart of the League, and is regarded as more than a simple quarrel between two Latin-American countries.

During the last two months, the Secretariat of the League of Nations has announced the receipt of three more than the necessary twenty-four ratifications of the International Court of Justice to be established at The Hague. Spain, Siam and Uruguay were the last three countries to ratify the protocol and statutes. Ninety-one names have been placed on the nomination list for judgeships

of the Court. Of these eleven will be chosen to be Judges and four Deputy Judges by the Assembly during its present session. Each member of the League has the privilege of nominating four candidates—two of its own nationals and two foreigners. Elihu Root has been nominated by five countries, but has declined to stand for election because of advanced age.

Early in September the Reparations Commission announced that Germany had made, by the prescribed date of August 31st, the full payment of the first one billion gold marks due the Allies. Before the final payment had been made, the Allied Ministers of Finance held a meeting at which it was decided to give 550,000,000 marks of this sum to Belgium, on the basis of Belgium's priority rights, and 450,000,000 marks to Great Britain against the cost of Great Britain's army of occupation in the Rhineland. France, which was to receive no part of the payment, was supposed to make up the cost of her army of occupation from the products of the Saar mines. The French Finance Minister signed this agreement only provisionally, however, subject to approval by his Government, and now the latter has declined to ratify. The agreement assumed that France should be credited with the value of the Saar coal mines to the total extent of what she would get in the next fifteen years that she will hold them, and to this the French Government objects as inequitable. Conversations are now being held looking towards a revision of this clause.

Late in August representatives of the French and German Governments met at Wiesbaden and signed a separate treaty regulating the payment of reparations. The agreement enters into effect when ratified by the two Governments, of which there is every prospect. This is the first War settlement made with Germany in which France has acted independently of her Allies, and is important because of its practical significance in providing for reparations in kind rather than in cash. Among other things, the Treaty provides for the delivery to France by Germany of seven billion gold marks worth of building material within the next three years.

Germany. A treaty of peace between the United States and Germany, which had been in process of negotiation for several weeks, was signed

in Berlin on August 25th by Ellis Loring Dresel, the American Commissioner in Berlin, and Dr. Friedrich Rosen, the German Foreign Minister. The compact assures to the United States all the rights accruing to it under the Treaty of Versailles, but provides specifically that the United States shall not be bound by the

clauses of the Versailles Treaty relating to the League of Nations. Before going into effect the Treaty still requires ratification by the United States and the German Reichstag, after which diplomatic relations will be resumed.

The signing of a separate treaty with Germany has raised considerable discussion among the Allies, especially the French, as to whether a third international treaty is needed, since the German-American Treaty is considered to leave certain Allied rights unguarded. For instance, the Berlin compact does not recognize that Alsace and Lorraine now belong to France. In Germany itself the Treaty is looked on with considerable satisfaction, especially as preliminary to renewed commercial relations on a wide scale.

On August 26th, Matthias Erzberger, former German Vice-Chancellor and Minister of Finance and leader of the Centre Party, was assassinated at Baden. Erzberger was principally responsible for swinging the Centre Party in favor of accepting the Allied ultimatum and making Herr Wirth Chancellor on a platform of "reparation fulfillment." For this and other policies, he was particularly obnoxious to the Pan-German and Monarchist sections, and it was feared that his death would be the occasion of anti-republican demonstrations. The Government immediately issued drastic decrees against seditious acts, and this, together with organized demonstrations of loyalty throughout the country—especially at Berlin, where over 200,000 people proclaimed allegiance to the Republic—intimidated the forces of reaction. The general opinion is that whatever consequences the forthcoming taxation struggle holds, the German Republic today stands more firmly than at any time since the Kaiser's abdication.

One of the results of the Government's decrees was a dispute between Berlin and Bavaria, which for a time threatened a revolt, but which is now in process of composition. The trouble arose following the issuance of a decree by President Ebert conferring exceptional powers upon the German Cabinet. The Chancellor employed this decree for suppressing newspapers, forbidding the wearing of uniforms, and raising the state of siege in Bavaria, all of which aroused much resentment in that State.

Previous to this difficulty, on July 23d, the Inter-Allied Military Control Commission announced that the Bavarian Einwohnerwehr, or citizens' guard, whose disbandment the Allies had been demanding for some months, had turned in 120,000 of the 250,000 rifles they possessed.

A commercial Treaty between Germany and Italy went into force on September 1st. Under this instrument the two Govern-

ments will undertake to facilitate imports and exports of specified categories. The Treaty will be operative for nine months, and after this period will be automatically renewable unless denounced by a month's notice of either of the contracting parties.

Spain.

A widespread revolt against Spanish rule in Morocco came to a disastrous climax in the middle of July, and since then Spanish troops have suffered at the hands of Moorish tribesmen a series of defeats that, for a time, threatened the loss of the entire country. In the opening engagement of the war—the defeat of the army of General Silvestre—the Spaniards lost 3,000 men, while the booty captured by the enemy in this battle was valued at more than 20,000,000 pesetas. In the fighting around Melilla, a commercial port on the north coast and the main Spanish stronghold, the Spanish losses are placed at 14,712 killed, without counting the missing. The loss in material here, also, has been enormous, the tribesmen capturing nearly 30,000 rifles, 139 cannons and 392 machine guns, with a large amount of ammunition.

The Spaniards have recently claimed several successes against the Moors, but these have been so slight or so vaguely reported as to give no definite notion of the engagements referred to. Meanwhile, extensive preparations for carrying the war forward have been initiated in Spain, and on September 1st the Minister of War summoned to the colors men of the class of 1920, who previously had been exempt, under the operation of the ballot, except in the event of war at home. The class aggregates about 50,000 men.

The general situation precedent to the Moroccan uprising was as follows: the Spanish protectorate in Morocco is a zone extending along the northern coast opposite Spain, from the Atlantic east to the frontier of Algeria, and, on the average, fifty miles broad. South of it is a similar zone under French protection.

During the World War little attempt was made to administer either zone, but in January, 1920, it was decided, both in Madrid and Paris, to make military demonstrations with the idea of introducing civil government. By September, 1920, the French zone was practically pacified, and, at first, the Spanish expedition under General Silvestre, which was more militant, was similarly successful. General Silvestre had marched on, leaving detachments at various points and holding a line of communication with Melilla.

In the recent fighting all these interior points have been captured by the tribesmen, who are reported to be from 10,000 to

20,000 strong, and several generals, including General Silvestre, have been either killed or taken prisoner. For several weeks now the Moors have closely invested Melilla despite various attempts to disperse them.

The most serious aspect of the situation is the repercussion in Spain itself, where a wave of military mutinies, combined with strikes and riots, has swept the country. The desire of the Government to send reënforcements to Morocco has stirred not only civic and industrial disturbances, but uprisings among the troops as well. The situation in Bilboa, one of Spain's most important industrial areas, is especially serious. There is also the greatest apprehension in Barcelona, always a hotbed of radicalism, that the Bolshevik and Socialist elements will coöperate with mutinous military units.

On August 11th, Premier Allendesalazar resigned, and a few days later was succeeded by former Premier Maura, who has formed a new Cabinet.

Greece. The Greek campaign against the Turkish Nationalists has been for the last two

months almost unfailingly successful, till quite recently when their advance was checked. Beginning with the capture on July 16th of Kutaia, an important point on the southern branch of the Bagdad Railroad, about seventy-five miles southeast of Brusa, the Greeks developed their offensive in several directions, forcing the Turks to fall back along the entire front. In the battle around Kutaia more than 15,000 Turkish prisoners were taken, as well as 168 guns and 2,000 camels.

The next point of attack was Eski-Shehr, an important railway junction, connected with Scutari, Angora and Konieh, about twenty-seven miles northeast of Kutaia. This place was captured by the Greeks on July 20th, the Turks retreating towards Angora, their capital. By means of a turning movement, the Greeks increased their captured to 30,000 prisoners. As a result of the Greek advance, the Nationalists were obliged to transfer the seat of government from Angora to Sivas, a point further in the interior.

Later successes of the Greeks have been their advance on Ismid, ninety miles north of Eski-Shehr and fifty-six miles southeast of Constantinople, and their attack in the direction of Adabazar, at the base of the peninsula, thus threatening the capture of the entire Ismid Peninsula, which lies to the east of Constantinople between the Sea of Marmora and the Black Sea.

The most recent action has been an eight-day battle along a

forty-mile line between the Sakaria River and Angora, in which the Turks were finally compelled to fall back. The losses in this battle have been particularly heavy on both sides, the Turkish casualties in killed and wounded being estimated at 12,000, while the Greek losses are placed at 10,000. This, so far, has been the hardest and most evenly contested battle to date.

Basing their opinions on this engagement, military experts believe that the Greek offensive towards Angora has received a definite check. This is attributed not only to transportation difficulties, but also to faulty generalship and inefficient artillery.

Latest reports state that a revolt has broken out among the Nationalist forces. According to the dispatch, the Turks have abandoned the Heights of Kongiojak, thirty-five miles from Angora. The retreat of the Turkish forces on the Greek right is being covered by a rear guard, which is holding up the advance of the Greeks. Several Turkish divisions are strongly intrenched before the Greek centre.

King Constantine has had the active direction of the Greek offensive, and after the victory at Eski-Shehr a Greek advance on Constantinople was discussed as a possible development of Constantine's military ambitions. The Allies, however, warned Greece that such an advance would not be tolerated. Beyond this warning, the Allies have not interfered in any way in the Greek-Turkish conflict, thus preserving their declared attitude of absolute neutrality.

Italy. Up to the end of July sanguinary conflicts continued to occur at various points throughout Italy between the Fascisti and the Communists. The most severe fighting took place at Sarzana, Province of Genoa, where twenty-seven persons were killed, and at the village of Roccostrada, near Grosseto, where twelve Communists and one Fascisti were slain.

The situation after the tragedy at Sarzana became so grave as to make the people fear civil war, as the Fascisti were aided by the Nationalists throughout Italy, while the greater part of the Socialists defended the violence of the Communists, who had formed for the purpose a body called the "People's Arditi." These last, though declared to comprise all the lowest elements of the population, were organized in military groups, fully officered and trained.

Finally, as a result of the dangerous situation, the Italian Government in the person of Signor Denicola, president of the Chamber of Deputies, made arrangements for bringing about a

peace between the warring factions. The agreement, in the form of a treaty, was signed early in August by representatives of the Fascisti and the Socialists. It stipulated that both sides assume responsibility for keeping the peace, and each side must return the trophies, emblems and banners captured from the other. The Socialist provincial governments, which had been forced by violence to resign, have since been reinstated. The Socialists, in the agreement, repudiated the militant radical organization, the People's Arditi.

The chief credit for the peace belongs to the new Premier, Signor Bonomi, who took a firm stand and threatened military intervention by the Government unless the disorders ceased. On being challenged, the Premier put the question to the Chamber of Deputies for a vote of confidence, and succeeded in obtaining the largest majority since the armistice was concluded.

The new Premier has expressed his intentions of devoting himself chiefly to the reconstruction of Italy, but one of the most serious problems he has to face is the foreign policy to be adopted, particularly with the reference to the Porto Barros complications at Fiume. It was on this issue that the previous Cabinet fell, the former Foreign Minister, Count Sforza, having practically given the place up to Jugo-Slavia. What is now demanded by Fiume and the majority of Italians, is that Porto Barros, although nominally belonging to Jugo-Slavia, shall form a commercial unit with Fiume. To this, of course, Jugo-Slavia is opposed.

With regard to the local situation in Fiume, early in September the legionaries of d'Annunzio withdrew from the city, and the military command was assumed by General Amantea. The Italian Legation has been closed, and all powers have been taken over by a special Italian Commissioner. Efforts are being made to establish a constitutional government, but the bitterness engendered between the parties during the various phases of the Fiume question make an early solution improbable.

September 14, 1921.

With Our Readers.

“LET the dead past bury its dead” is the sentence which is often hurled at one who dares unearth any lesson from former days. “We are living in the present: we face the future. The present and the future are our concern, not the past.” Perhaps such an attitude of mind is not altogether unwarranted for, indeed, there are many who see no good in our own days and in our own doings and, on the contrary, idealize the conditions that prevailed in other centuries. While our sympathies are not with those who laud only the things that have been, nevertheless, our sane judgment recognizes that there is a living past, a past that has not died and cannot die. So living is that past that, in the continuity of the human race and in the relationship of all human doings, it may be considered to have passed into the eternal, the ever-present, of value now as when it sprang into being.

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NOT unseemly and not unprofitable is the custom of commemorating past events, when those events are of such importance that they still throw the brightness of their light into the shadowy places. It is not strange then that one of the characteristic features of four great centenaries celebrated this year, has been their application, through the personalities and works that have been honored, to the conditions and problems of our day. St. Jerome, St. Francis, St. Dominic, Dante are all figures that stand out in undying prominence, not only surveying the world of their own day, but on the everlasting hills, standing as beacon lights to the travelers of all time.

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IN all his Encyclical Letters upon these great men, our Holy Father, Benedict XV., doing honor to their memory, has also sought to impress upon our day the living lessons that the deeds and thoughts of these heroic personalities have bequeathed to humanity. And other writers, not all, by any means, members of the Catholic Church, have likewise dwelt largely upon the appropriateness of drawing lessons for the present from the lives of these men. Many go as far as to outline the similarity of our own time, first with that period illuminated by Jerome, between the era of paganism and Christianity, and then with that period graced by Francis, Dominic and Dante between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Each is honored by some great achieve-

ment; but each is honored likewise for his personal influence, an influence which even flows into our own day. Jerome immortally stands as the man who accomplished the tremendous task of the translation of the Scriptures, but he was no less, through his priestly life, an exceptional guide and a saintly spiritual director of human souls. Francis impressed upon a world of luxury the meaning and beauty of poverty, but he also exerted a personal influence in drawing others to his standards and in raising them to spiritual ambition. Dominic stayed the flow of an unseemly heresy, but he likewise inspired others to choose the same path he had chosen and brought innumerable souls to the light and the following of Christ. Dante sang the greatest song of time, but in that singing he likewise impressed upon humanity what was of greatest individual value, the highest ethical standards of life. In a word, if they shine as the doers of great works, they also shine as personalities of the highest type and character, influencing not only their own, but every age that follows.

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AS in the study of any human being, so in the study of these, the paramount search is into their innermost souls, to find, if possible, that which was the motive power behind their lives. In that search and in the answer that we shall necessarily find, we shall also discover the reason why each of this quartet of giants has a message to the world today. For whether we dwell upon the intellectual glory of the saintly Hermit, or the cherubic light that illumined the preaching of the Friar Preacher, or the seraphic ardor of the Poor Man, or the heavenly vision of the supreme Poet, we shall find that the inspiring, indwelling, force that expressed itself in the truth and goodness and beauty that they manifested, was Catholic Faith. Each of these men was a follower of Christ within the Church of God, His Kingdom on Earth. The intellectual standards they set, the ethical principles they maintained, the remedies for social ills they put forward, the truths they preached, in sermon or in poem, were all Catholic in the purest and fullest sense. The Church has had no more devoted children than these. If the world would pay them no empty honor, then must that world, suffering and ill as it is, look, for cure and remedy, even beyond the men that it honors to that which made them great.

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WHEN St. Jerome is mentioned there comes before the mind, first the intellectual marvel who because of his superhuman learning could achieve the tremendous task of the translation of

the Scriptures into Latin, in such a successful way as to obtain for his version the official recognition of the Church.

Then, as we look a little into his personal characteristics, we are, no doubt, next impressed with the sternness and strictness of this ascetic and hermit. We look upon a man most mortified in his own life and demanding from others like mortification if they would be true disciples of Christ. As such, his denunciations of the evils of his day, especially in the city of Rome where he dwelt some years, his stern characterizations of those who opposed his views, his uncompromising attitude even in regard to things lawful but not highest, all these stamp him as an unbending, unyielding and determined man that would repel did we not look further.

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IF we do look further we find not only the unquestioned saintliness of his own life, but we find that, in the interest which he took in others, he displayed qualities which offset the more severe ones, and serve to endear him to those who have at heart the welfare of humanity. Anyone who studies the years of his life in Rome, after his experiences in the desert and before his retirement to Palestine, will find him to be not only a man of ascetic life and stern language, but also a priest who was a most tender, solicitous, painstaking and sympathetic director of souls. Many a soul he formed in the mold of Christ. With gentle and untiring care, he led them on those paths where alone true peace is found. The man who could call forth the affectionate adherence and the devoted service of such women as Marcella and Paula and Eustochium and Blesilla and a host of others, who formed a wonderful company, could not be merely stern and severe.

Nor was his interest limited only to those who, in some measure, had already tasted of the spiritual springs. He sought also, often by sarcasm, often by invective, but often too by pleading to win the thoughtless and the sinful to the standards of Christ. He was fully alive to the evils of his time, and he scored them. He was burning with zeal for souls, and he sought to gain them.

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WITH few changes some of the things St. Jerome said of Roman Society in the fourth century, would find application today. For example, he inveighs against Christian women "who smear their face and eyes with every kind of powder, and who, like idols, make for themselves faces of plaster, whiter than nature, upon which, if they happen to shed a tear, a furrow would

at once appear on their cheek:" or against those "to whom, though years have come, they cannot understand that they are old: who raise edifices of false hair on their heads, and conceal their wrinkles under a lying semblance of youth: who, trembling with age, give themselves the airs of young girls in the midst of their own grandchildren."

When, too, for example, he was trying to gain the soul of the young widow, Blesilla, to the service of Christ, he said, "she resembled too much those pagan widows who covered their faces with powder, dressed themselves in silk, shone with gold and precious stones, and wept for their lost husbands far less seriously than they looked out for new ones."

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FOR greater evils he had still more severe terms and never did he hesitate, no matter where evil was found, to throw light upon it and rebuke it. Yet in these things of human interest, he could be gentle, too. How beautiful are the words he addresses to the widow, Salvina, who had sought his advice as to the rearing of her two little children. After giving much in the way of direction and speaking of her boy he says "that in the child's little body a great heart must dwell, to judge from the noble spirit his features reveal." And he compares the boy's sister to a "basket of lilies and roses, to ivory mingled with purple. She resembles her father, but with a more gracious beauty than his, and she so much resembles her mother, too, that both father and mother are recalled by the child's features. She is so charming, so sweet, that all the family is proud of her. The Emperor himself takes her in his arms, and the Empress loves to press her against her bosom. All compete for the possession of the child. She plays and frisks about with all. She can as yet only lisp and stammer, which renders her all the more charming."

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THE Saint was a man in whom there was much of the milk of human kindness, as well as much of the indignation of virtue before the face of vice. May it not be that we of the twentieth century can find a great deal to imitate in the stern and yet kind, the intellectual and yet spiritual, the uncompromising and yet sympathetic Saint of the fourth century?

IF ever there were a day when the citizens of our country should be thoroughly alive to the need of informing themselves upon the civic and political conditions of the times it is the present.

Important, and even essential, matters in the life of the nation are being decided. The first condition for the foundation of a sane judgment is knowledge of the facts that have a bearing upon the vital questions of the day. To keep informed, we must read, we must think, we must discriminate and digest, but we must, above all, have a standard by which we can judge, and that standard must be ethical.

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PERHAPS it is in the lack of such a standard that many of the so-called civic teachers and many of our recognized political students, as well as leaders, offend. In many of the recent contributions in magazines and largely, also, in pretentious volumes of biography, history and civic principles, there is a tendency to dissociate politics from morality. Divorce is so common nowadays that there are many who seek to divorce everything from everything else. They divorce religion and morality; they divorce economics and morality, and they do all they can to divorce politics and morality. But the Scriptural dictum in regard to another institution applies here: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." And God has, by His eternal mandate, joined morality to every activity of life.

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NO matter into what sphere a man enters, he never ceases to be a moral agent, never ceases to be accountable to the Supreme Court of all peoples. Whatever our freedom, we are not free from God. Whether, through the inheritance of citizenship, a man is called to fill an office or simply to exercise the right of the ballot, there is ever a tribunal before which he must give answer for his actions, the court of conscience. A traitor to the best interests of his country is a traitor to conscience. The question is not whether his deeds square with the bare requirements of social and civil laws: the question is not whether his actions are such as to render him safe from the indignity of prison bars, but the question is whether his actions as a citizen square with God-given moral principles, the principles of eternal justice.

The great American, Abraham Lincoln, put the ethical ideal of citizenship in these words: "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong." A sense of this individual responsibility is the best safeguard of a country. The nation that disregards it,

will find its government carried on by weaklings and its voting done by cowards.

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AT the present time policies are being formed, questions are being decided, which have an important bearing upon the future of the world. Our own country has its share in the formation of such policies and the decision of such questions. Whatever compromises are made, whatever diplomacy is used, whatever conclusions are reached, these should all be in conformity with right moral principles and the demands of justice. If, in these proceedings, citizens seek to advance the good of the community as a whole, rather than the interests of an individual or a class of individuals; if they so respect the rights of the individual as to allow him the fullest extent of liberty consistent with the laws of the land; if they maintain the constitutions and laws of municipality, State and Country, not merely in the letter, but also in the spirit: if they secure these things by using their prerogative of the ballot conscientiously for the right, against the wrong; if, in other words, instead of dissociating political and civil life from moral principles, they make these very principles the basis of their political and civil acts, then will there result the peace and happiness, which are the best evidences of national good health.



A RECENT controversy over the becomingness of an exhibition of post-impressionistic pictures at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, deserves our attention because it has been the occasion of a revived manifestation of moral health. A circular issued against the exhibition speaks of it as "having a destructive influence in both art and life." A number of paintings are mentioned specifically, that show either "mental or moral eclipse." A sane artist of no mean reputation has this to say of the exhibition: "Three-quarters of the walls where the loan exhibition is hung furnish many good pieces of work, notably those of the impressionists, but the mistake that has been made is in assuming that the post-impressionists are a development of the impressionists. Post-impressionism is not an outgrowth of impressionism at all, but is pure degeneracy, the same form of degeneracy that brought on the War: and, with peace, it has been abandoned even in Germany, where it came from."

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DEGENERACY in any art is a sign of degeneracy in civilization and morality. The readiness to meet the challenge that such

forms of so-called art throw down, is a good sign of the reaction against the same sort of thing in other fields. May it not indicate a revival of opposition to that kind of philosophy that declares against God and religion and strives to eliminate those factors from human life: or against that education that would ignore the claims of the Deity? May it not be an evidence of opposition to the perversions of the moral law that would wipe out, if possible, some of the Ten Commandments, that would destroy the sense of domestic and family duty, that would erase the laws of justice and that would make earthly and individual expediency, rather than the will of God, the rule of mankind? At any rate, it is opposition to the distortions of the highest arts; to painting that purveys to lust rather than idealism: to music that reflects only vagueness, indefiniteness and immorality instead of speaking the message of God's beauty: to the drama that exploits the darkest things of life and condones and even approves the most glaring offences instead of truly "holding the mirror up to nature." It is not too much to say that such opposition is a rebuke to the multitudes that apotheosize pleasure at its lowest as the one aim of existence.

THE missionary spirit is characteristic of Catholicism. Zeal for the winning of souls to the truth and the following of Christ is the accompaniment of active and devout faith. The evidence of growth in the development of this virtue are at once gratifying and inspiring. It is only in recent years that American Catholics have entered fully into the field of foreign missions, by the actual sending of men and women apostles. It was just the other day that the first band of American Catholic women, six Sisters from Maryknoll, left their home on the Hudson for mission work in China. This is the most striking evidence of American Catholic interest in the souls that still walk in darkness.

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AMONG other evidences of advance, two, widely separated, have recently been called to our attention. One is quite unique: the establishment in one of the San Francisco parishes of a Catholic parochial school for Chinese children exclusively. This school opened with three hundred pupils; and with about the same number of older pupils in the night classes. One of the features of the school building is a chapel where Mass is celebrated and which Chinese only are permitted to attend.

The other evidence consists in the news of the establishment in India of the "St. Thomas Printing and Publishing Society" by

one of India's most zealous native priests, Father Mattam. The objects of this society are: 1. To start an Apostolate of the Press for the Propagation of the Faith. 2. To print and publish newspapers and magazines, books and tracts on religion. 3. To start a vigilance bureau for defending the doctrines of the true religion. 4. To conduct an orphanage and an industrial school where boys may be trained for carrying on the above said objects.

Efforts of this nature must necessarily warm the hearts of Catholics everywhere, and contribute largely towards the maintenance of a living, active, coöperation through prayer and alms.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas. Part I. Literally translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. \$3.50 net. *Meditations on the Litany of the Holy Name.* By Rt. Rev. J. O. Smith, O.S.B. 90 cents net. *A Guide to the Mass.* By H. F. Vaughan. 20 cents net. *In Touch With God.* By Rev. Joseph Sunn. 35 cents net. *Reading for the Workers.* By B. F. Page, S.J. 35 cents net. *Our Lord's Own Words.* Vol. III. By Rt. Rev. Abbot Smith, O.S.B. \$1.75 net. *Some Errors of H. G. Wells.* A Catholic Criticism of the Outline of History. By R. Downey. 35 cents net. *A Life's Oblation.* (Biography of Genevieve Hennet de Goutel.) Translated from the French of Marthe Alambert by L. M. Leggatt. \$2.00 net. *The Potter's House.* By Isabel C. Clarke. \$2.00 net. *Catholic Home Annual, 1922.* 35 cents net. *Bobby in Movieland.* By F. J. Finn, S.J. \$1.50 net. *A Practical Guide for Servers at High Mass and the Services of Holy Week.* By B. F. Page, S.J. 35 cents net. *A Gift from Jesus.* By a Sister of Notre Dame. 80 cents net. *The Fiery Soliloquy with God of the Rev. Master G. Paterson.* \$1.25 net. *Signals from the Bay Tree.* By H. S. Spalding, S.J. \$1.50 net.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

Popular Government. By A. B. Hall. \$3.00. *The Social Mission of Charity.* By William J. Kerby, Ph.D. \$2.25. *The Contents of the New Testament.* By Haven McClure. \$1.50. *The Foundations of Modern Ireland.* By Constantia Maxwell. Pamphlet. *Peeps at Many Lands: Italy and Greece, Norway and Denmark, China and Japan, Australia and New Zealand.*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Laramie Holds the Range. By Frank H. Spearman. \$1.75. *To Let.* By John Galsworthy. \$2.00. *My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt.* By Corinne R. Robinson. \$3.00. *Bunch-Grass and Blue Joint.* By F. B. Linderman. \$1.25.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

The New Testament. Vol. III. St. Paul's Epistle to the Churches. \$2.50 net. *John Martineau, the Pupil of Kingsley.* By Violet Martineau. \$4.50. *The Christ, the Son of God.* By Abbé Fouard. 75 cents. *An Enthusiast.* By E. Somerville. \$2.00.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

Dodo Wonders. By E. F. Benson. *The Thirteen Travelers.* By Hugh Walpole. \$2.00. *The Pilgrim of a Smile.* By Norman Davey. \$2.00. *A Defence of Philosophic Doubt.* By A. J. Balfour. \$5.00.

ROBERT MCBRIDE & Co., New York:

Some Modern French Writers. By G. Turquet-Milnes.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

The Paradise of the Soul. By Blessed Albert the Great, O.P. \$1.25. *A Mother's Letters.* By Father Alexander, O.F.M. \$1.00. *A Crown of Tribulation.* By Elizabeth Parker. \$1.00. *Rebuilding a Lost Faith.* By an American Agnostic. \$3.25.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

Quiet Interior. By E. B. C. Jones. \$2.00. *Gold Shod.* By N. Fuessle. \$2.00. *Dangerous Ages.* By Rose Macaulay. \$2.00. *Gold.* By E. O'Neill. \$1.50. *Babette Bomberting's Bridegrooms.* By Alice Berend. \$2.00.



- G. E. STECHERT & Co., New York:
Form Problems of the Gothic. By W. Worringer. \$2.50.
- BUREAU OF THE HOLY NAME, New York:
The Dominican Lay Brother. By V. Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O.P.
- DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:
The Beloved Woman. By Kathleen Norris. \$1.75.
- FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., New York:
Will Power and Work. By Jules Payot. \$1.75 net.
- JAMES T. WHITE & Co., New York:
Crumpled Leaves. By Christine H. Watson. \$1.00.
- D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
High Benton, Worker. By William Heyliger.
- CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF MARYKNOLL, New York:
Maryknoll at Ten. By William S. Kress. Pamphlet.
- THE PAGE Co., Boston:
The Triumph of Virginia Dale. By John Francis, Jr. \$1.90.
- THE CORNHILL Co., Boston:
A Mediæval Hun. By J. C. Carleton. \$1.50.
- WASHINGTON PRESS, Boston:
Ireland and Presidents of the United States. Second Edition. By J. X. Regan.
- PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, Princeton:
The Portraits of Dante. By F. J. Mather, Jr. \$3.50.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
The Master of Man. By Hall Caine. \$1.75. *Successful Family Life on the Modern Income.* By Mary Abel. \$2.00.
- THE AMERICAN RED CROSS, Washington, D. C.:
Handbook of Social Resources of the United States. By Genevieve Hendricks. \$1.00.
- CATHOLIC BOOK Co., Wheeling, W. Va.:
Archæology Series. By Prof. Orazio Marucchi and E. S. Berry. Five Vols.
- CATHOLIC CHURCH SUPPLY HOUSE, Columbus, O.:
My Rosary. Pamphlet. 10 cents.
- AMERICA PRESS, St. Louis:
High School Catechism. By Mgr. P. J. Stockman.
- B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:
In the Land of the Kikuyus. By Rev. H. A. Gogarty, C.S.Sp. \$1.10. *In the Days of Owen Roe.* By James Murphy. \$2.00. *The Story of Lourdes.* By Rose Lynch. \$1.60. *Supernatural Mysticism.* By Benedict Williamson. \$2.75. *Dante's Mystic Love.* By Marianne Kavanaugh. \$1.50 net. *A Week-End Retreat.* By Charles Plater, S.J.
- BURKLEY PRINTING Co., Omaha, Neb.:
Loretta. By Gilbert Guest. \$1.00.
- LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Chicago:
Institutiones Theologiæ Naturalis. By G. J. Brosnan, S.J. *Apologetica.* By J. T. Langan, S.J. \$3.50 net.
- DE PAUL MINERVA PRESS, De Paul University, Chicago:
The Light of the Ages. By James J. Monahan, M.D. 25 cents. Pamphlet.
- LAIRD & LEE, INC., Chicago:
Safeguarding American Ideals. By H. F. Atwood.
- MOREHOUSE PUBLISHING Co., Milwaukee, Wis.:
The Life and Growth of Israel. By S. A. Mercer. \$1.75.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:
Why I Came In. By B. M. Twopence. Pamphlet.
- HEATH, CRANTON, London:
The Portal of Evolution. By a Fellow of the Geological and Zoölogical Societies. \$3.00. *Singing Beads.* By Dom Theodore Bailly.
- BERNARD QUARITCH, London:
Vetusta Monumenta. Vol. VI. Plates XLIII.-XLVI.
- THE TALBOT PRESS, Dublin, Ireland:
Carmen Cavanagh. By Annie Smithson. 6 s. net.
- INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL PRESS, Ernakulam, India:
Religio-Philosophic History of India. By Father Zacharias, O.C.D.
- E. THIBAUT, Louvain, Belgium:
Exercitiorum Spiritualium Sancti Ignatii a Loyola, Concordantia. By Eugenio Thibaut, S.J.

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SOCIALISM OR DEMOCRACY.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.



THE difficulty about the word "Socialism" is that it means so many different things on the lips of different speakers. When somebody said: "We are all socialists today," he showed himself a keen observer of the trend of human affairs. More people are socialists in the widest sense of the word than are willing to associate themselves with any of the parties who claim the title. For, in its widest and generic sense, the word signifies some fundamental opposition to the economic system as it has prevailed during the past century. It is really only on the point of this opposition that the various socialistic parties themselves are in agreement. When they come to formulate a constructive system they are frequently in fundamental contradiction. Collectivist and Syndicalist are directly opposed on the matter of State ownership: the Guild-Socialist seeks a *via media* between the two. Again, there is the Socialist who demands the abolition of all private property, and the other who would limit the right of private property only so far as it is necessary to obtain a more equal distribution of wealth.

Some regard the Socialist agitation as properly a class-war, the aim of which is to avenge the wrongs of the

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working class upon a guilty body of capitalists and private employers. Others consider that the movement should aim at bringing all classes in the community to a better understanding as to each other's claims and rights, and regard a class-war as a social and economic evil to be avoided if possible. All are agreed that the prevalent economic system must be radically changed; but with some of them it is not easy, at least as regards direct economic changes, to determine where they differ from many advocates of social reform—and most people now-a-days are advocates of social reform—who oppose themselves to Socialism as a party badge. Thus on the question of private property and the rights of the wage-earner, not a few Socialists go no further than Pope Leo XIII. in his Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*; whilst the majority of Trade Unionists, even of the most advanced type, still refuse to be regarded as Socialists, though it is evident that they are working, as are Socialists, to bring about a more equal distribution of wealth and to supplant the autocracy of industry by a more democratic control of labor.

But though it is not easy to determine the precise points of economic doctrine which separate the non-Socialist opponent of the present system from the Socialist, there is, nevertheless, an undoubted cleavage between the two, of some fundamental quality which lies deeper than mere doctrines. Why is it that many who "out-Socialist" not a few Socialists in their claims on behalf of the worker against the present industrial system, regard any propaganda which labels itself "Socialist," with suspicion and sincere opposition? In some cases it may be said that they fail to differentiate one Socialist school from another: but that is not always so. There are many whose sympathies are wholly democratic, yet who with a full understanding of Socialist aims, refuse to adopt the Socialist label or to associate with any Socialist party. Socialism in any form or with whatever modification is to them suspect.

The reasons for this attitude are not far to seek. Socialist theories have a history. The progress of Socialism has been marked by violent revolutionary outbursts, which no society can tolerate without subversion of all law and order. Even today, as the Russian Revolution has once again shown, the movement is apt to be dominated by the violent and anarchist

sections in times of active upheaval. Notwithstanding the attitude and doctrines of the more constitutional Socialists, such as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, to the man in the street Socialism is still conceived of as a denial of the right of private property and as a doctrine of class-war upon capitalists and employers: and the opinion of the man in the street in a matter of this sort, is mainly the decisive factor in popular upheavals. Again, taking the movement as a whole, it has not yet rid itself of its early antagonism to historic Christianity: it is still, for the most part, frankly secularist. And, again, it has yet to convince the greater number in the thinking world, that in operation it will not unduly limit the freedom of the individual in the control and disposal of his life even to a greater extent than the system it would displace. Whether Socialism will ever outgrow the suspicions its history has engendered, only time can tell, but if it does, it will be a Socialism radically different in its constructive programme from the Socialism of the past. Already it has shown radical changes both in its general attitude towards society and in its constructive theories.

From its first inception in the early days of the nineteenth century, the history of Socialism has been one of reactions: it is not one theory, but many theories largely contradictory of each other; so that to speak of Socialism in one breath as of a theory or system, is to speak at once of many theories or systems hardly reconcilable. At the present day, to say that Socialism as a theory denies the right of private property is true only if the word is used vaguely as descriptive of the communist or anarchist: it is not true of the Socialist bodies at large; to say, again, that State ownership is a Socialist dogma, is to take no account of the Socialist organizations which repudiate State ownership. The generic use of the word is, therefore, apt to breed confusion of thought; and, as a consequence, many of the criticisms aimed at Socialist theory are met by the retort on the part of the Socialist, that the theory attacked is no part of his programme. On the other hand, theories or doctrines which have no essential connection with the popular conception of Socialism are not infrequently regarded as socialistic, merely because they find a place in some Socialist propaganda. Thus the Labor demand that the workers should have a large control in industry, is not uncom-

monly branded by hostile critics as Socialist, though, in fact, it is put forward by non-Socialist, as well as Socialist, and is founded in an elementary principle of Christian ethics.

We need, then, a clear definition of the term as it is commonly used if we are to avoid the pitfalls of loose language. Two definitions might be given, very widely different, in which the word "Socialism" might be used generically. In the first place, it may be used, as it frequently is, as signifying an opposition to the system in which wealth and capital are the governing factors in social and economic life. In this sense, the trend of present day social reform, whether as represented in the ethical or legislative movements of the time, may well be described as Socialist. They are radically opposed in principle to the social and economic conditions which have been accepted in the immediate past under which a few have risen to great wealth and power, whilst the body of the people have had a bare subsistence and hardly any voice in the disposal of their lives. As thus used the word Socialist signifies nothing more than a definite opposition to the capitalist system as it has developed during the past few centuries. With some, "Socialism" in this vague and negative sense, has been a convenient stick with which to belabor any advocate of social reform; with others, it has been voluntarily adopted as a convenient label to denote their attitude in the struggle between Capital and Labor. But in either case the use of the word is unfortunate, since it tends to confuse social reform with the particular constructive movement to which the word more properly applies by prescriptive right. If the general movement towards a new constructive system must have a distinctive name, the word "democratic," in the modern English sense of the term,¹ would be a juster and clearer designation, since its purpose is to secure the rights and liberties of the people at large. For, undoubtedly, the social reform movement is democratic in its opposition to the oligarchic character of the modern capitalist system; and on the ground of democratic liberty it finds its true position both in regard to oligarchic

¹ The student will of course be aware that in classical and mediæval language "democracy" meant the "tyranny" by the many as distinct from the tyranny of the few (oligarchic) or of the one (monarchic). Leo XIII. has formally recognized the term in the sense in which it is generally used in English-speaking countries, as meaning the "liberties" of the many, whilst at the same time denouncing democracy in the old sense of the word. (Cf. *Encyclical Graves de Communi.*)

Capitalism and to the Socialist theories with which it is in fundamental disagreement. The term "Socialist" in the wide sense, however harmless in itself, was more wisely discarded by those in sympathy with social reform. That it should be discarded by those in opposition to reform is hardly to be expected, so long as it is useful for their purpose.

We come then to the more correct sense in which the word "Socialism" may be used as a common denominator. We have already noticed that the denial of the right of private property and State ownership can no longer be attributed to Socialist theory, at least not in any absolute sense, unless we first distinguish between this or that school of Socialism; nor can we say that present-day Socialism regards class warfare as a fundamental tenet, though there are Socialists who still adhere to it. If then the word Socialism is to have any distinct generic meaning, we must seek for it elsewhere rather than in precise doctrines. Communists, Internationalists, Syndicalists—to take the three chief divisions into which the Socialist movement has split up—set forth theories and doctrines in many ways fundamentally antagonistic to each other. Where they all find common ground, is in a tendency, or perhaps we should say, a mental atmosphere rather than in a doctrine.

It is that common tendency or mental atmosphere we would now determine.

In this strict sense of the word, any theory or system may rightly be spoken of as Socialist, which substitutes for the appeal to conscience the legislative action of the State or community, as the final factor in fixing the moral law, whether for the individual or the community at large. It is not State ownership so much as State sanction divorced from the fundamental liberty of individual conscience, which is the radical formative quality in the Socialist movement from its first inception. This State sanction may be vested in the Commune or in a representative Parliament of the nation, or in a legal organization of the workers: but in whatever way the authority is formulated, individual conscience is superseded by the common action of the community as the final rule of morals. The ideal Socialist State or community not merely determines conduct in accordance with the moral law, it creates the moral law itself, for the acceptance of the individual.

It may be said that this after all is what State theory as widely accepted, has tended towards for many past centuries: it has already found a consistent expression in the militarism of Prussia and in the liberalism of France. That is true; the only difference being in the conditions under which this State worship of the Socialist expresses itself. Socialism voices its State religion in economic values, whilst Prussian autocracy and French liberalism place upon the altar the soldier or the politician: and it is probably for this reason that Socialism has found its most congenial nurseries in France and Germany, where the worship of the State has most logically molded the social and political thoughts of the peoples. In fact, as between the theory of the omnipotent State, upon which both Prussian militarism and French liberalism have thriven, and the Socialist ideal, it is merely a question of replacing the machinery of State government, and of substituting one form of moral servitude for another. On this ground the worshipper of the omnipotent State, be he militarist or capitalist or by whatever title he may label himself, is ethically at a disadvantage in his opposition to the Socialist. For once it is conceded that the law of the State or community is the supreme moral law, the Socialist may well retort that the people at large have the greater claim to make the laws and govern the State. When, then, it is claimed that the Socialist tendency is towards the creation of a servile State, the criticism is equally true of most modern State theory and practice. In this matter the Socialist has but too faithfully taken over the fundamental principle of Stateship against which, in modern days, the Catholic Church by its doctrines and, to a large extent, the English-speaking peoples by an inherent instinct of personal liberty, have alone protested.

But whilst the Socialist movement has taken to itself this fundamental idea of modern theory: that the State is the final arbiter of moral law, it is in tendency opposed to the nationalism of the modern State. The French form of Socialism has tended to break up the nation into small sectional bodies: the commune and the syndicalist labor organization are its products; the German form has tended, on the other hand, towards the formation of a Socialist empire, overleaping natural boundaries and welding together the workers of all nations in one universal community: it was German inspira-

tion which founded the Internationalists. For the time being, whilst they are welding its own forces into a more organic whole, the Socialists may recognize the national unit as a means towards an end. Thus they aim at capturing the governing power in the nation and utilizing it for their own purposes: but the end itself is anti-national: the Socialist community recognizes no country, it claims the earth as its fatherland, and wherever it establishes itself, it aims at being the final sovereignty.

Yet, again, in thus overriding national sovereignty, the Socialist may well retort that he has but taken a leaf out of the capitalist tyranny which has made national legislatures and governments little else but parodies in the industrial and political world. Wars and international crises and the passing or defeat of laws have been maneuvered on the Stock Exchange and under the dominance of capitalistic industry. Parliaments have been the legislatures of the capitalists rather than of the nation. The Socialist community is hardly, if at all, more anti-national than the capitalist community has tended to become in recent years. The modern growth of the monopolies and international trusts follows the same path as the anti-nationalism of the Socialist; so much so, that it may be doubted whether in a frankly Socialistic condition of society, the capitalist would not be even more free to exploit the State for his own benefit, taking into consideration the nimbleness of human ingenuity. As between the recent developments of capitalistic industry and the Socialist ideal, there is little to be said on the score of anti-nationalism, except that the Socialist confesses his aim more frankly. Thus, so far as Capitalism and Socialism are concerned, the struggle between them resolves itself into the question as to which shall dominate in the control of the community, and there is no higher principle at stake. For one who regards no other issue than this, the struggle is on both sides a class war and on ethical grounds one's sympathies might as well go with the Socialist as with the capitalist.

Socialism, then, on the one side is born of the statecraft which has molded the character of the modern State during the past century, whilst on the other it sprang from a sympathy with the people who were borne down in the existing conditions of the State. Hence, it is that much of the criticism

leveled against it on moral grounds tells just as fatally against the existing State. If it be said that the Socialist tendency is towards a servile State, the same can be said of the tendency of State theory generally as accepted in most modern States; if it is said that Socialism is anti-national, so are the recent developments of Capitalism. And if again the Socialist movement is denounced as being in tendency, secularist and anti-Christian, there is surely little to choose between it and the majority of modern governments.

The secularist character of the Socialist propaganda will hardly be denied by Socialists themselves. Some may deny that it is anti-Christian or anti-religious; and there can be no doubt that with many Socialists their Socialism is backed by a sincere religious feeling. Yet the movement as a whole has tended towards secularism and has been manifestly anti-clerical. As an objective religion with an organization and authority, independent of the Socialist State, Christianity has no place in the Socialist ideal. The Church may be tolerated as a matter of expediency just as national institutions are in practice tolerated by those Socialists who foresee that the ideal Socialist State must pass through a period of revolutionary compromise. But the general tendency is in opposition to dogmatic, institutional Christianity.² Yet even so it may be doubted whether the Church would be worse off in practice, in the Socialist State than it is under many modern Liberal governments or autocracies which hold the State supreme. In fact, at the beginning of a Socialist era the Church might, not improbably, find itself allowed a greater liberty in detail than in an autocratic or oligarchic Liberal State, such as modern State theory has developed on the European continent: yet, sooner or later, the absolutist character of the Socialist State would assert itself. For whatever variations of doctrine there may be amongst Socialists, they all work in the general conviction that the ideal Socialist State or community is the supreme moral authority and final arbiter of human liberties. It is that conviction which makes an impassable gulf between Socialism and the non-Socialist democratic movement. Socialism is not merely an economic theory; it

² Even so persuasive a Socialist as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald admits that in the Socialist State, religious instruction must be relegated to the fireside and not taught in the schools. (*The Socialist Movement*, p. 156.)

is a form of State worship; in the strictest and widest sense, a State religion. For that reason, it is essentially opposed, in character and tendency, to the ideal of a free democracy such as is the main inspiration of social, economic and political reform amongst the mass of the people in English-speaking countries.

Taken as a matter of programmes, the two movements are not always easily distinguishable: the difference lies in the ultimate goals towards which they tend and the ethical spirit in which their proposals are put forward. The one tends towards freedom in the State, the other towards an absolutist control of the State; the purely democratic movement proclaims that every man, be he wage-earner, employer or capitalist, has human rights which the State must recognize and protect, but which are in no sense derived from the State and over which, therefore, the State has no absolute authority; the Socialists in company with the modern State theories of the Rousseau-Kantian type, make all rights and liberties to be derived from the State and as having no sanction but the will of the State.

Between the two movements, therefore, there is a more ultimate point of issue than between Socialism and the Capitalist monopoly, or between the Socialist State theory and the theory which has gone to build up the autocracies and bureaucracies of modern times. The issue between the pure Democrat and the Socialist is the issue between human liberty and State absolutism: at the ultimate point it is the same issue as that between a free democracy and the militarist, capitalist or political absolutism against which the Socialist himself contends. Where points of resemblance show themselves in the Democratic and Socialist programmes, is where they are both in opposition to the evils which these other forms of absolutist control have developed. In their opposition to the capitalist abuse of industry, they must frequently denounce the same abuses and put forward identical proposals of immediate value, as for instance in the matter of a fair wage, of the worker's share in the control of his labor, of the right to employment, and provision for old age and sickness. As against militarist absolutism, both the pure Democrat and the Socialist are opposed in principle to conscript armies and wars of conquest. There are less evident points of agreement when

it comes to dealing with the purely political bureaucracy, because there Socialism finds its more immediate kinship with the State theory it would displace or capture.

But even when they are in agreement upon practical questions of immediate issue, the ethical backgrounds of their action lend themselves to essential disagreement, simply because their ultimate goals are different: the one is working towards freedom, the other towards State absolutism. This disagreement shows itself very clearly in regard to their attitudes towards the voluntary association in national life. The non-Socialist reformer believes in the voluntary association as the primary instrument for effecting and maintaining the rights of men: on this ground he advocates Trade Unions. The voluntary association is to him a natural propelling force in securing right human conditions, because it rests directly upon the sense of right in the individual, and he holds that this individual sense of right, or conscience, is the immediate basis of all moral character in the State and the ultimate practical test of the validity of its laws. In the voluntary association individual conscience has the greater opportunity of asserting itself and is more surely developed: its corporate will more nearly tends to express the individual will and, consequently, has more of a moral than purely legal character.

To the non-Socialist reformer that distinction between the moral determination of human life and the purely legal, is of the utmost value: it ultimately determines whether he is a free man or a serf; and, consequently, the purely democratic movement works as far as possible by means of the free activity of the voluntary association rather than by legislation from above. Legislation, he holds, should be a response to the free demand of the people, acting individually or in voluntary association; and, consequently, with him the voluntary association is an integral part of the State and, to a large extent, the basis of State government. But the Socialist tendency is to belittle the voluntary association, except as a phase in a movement towards the legalist State association. Its attitude towards Trade Unionism and the Coöperative movement are illustrative of its attitude towards voluntary association generally. From the beginning, it has seen in these two manifestations of the democratic tendency, at once a challenge to the

Socialist ideal and a likely means towards the realization of Socialism.

On their original lines the Trade Union and the Coöperative movement were essentially anti-Socialist, since they voiced the ideals of self-helps and free association, but in so far as they were opposed to capitalist monopoly there was certain immediate affinity of purpose between them and the Socialist movement. The Socialist has seized upon this to capture Trade Unionism and the Coöperative movement; and his policy has been to ally himself with these movements in opposition to the existing order; but wherever he has become a controlling influence, these movements have lost their original voluntarism, and have come to look more to State initiative or to surrender control to the organizing machine. The relation between the purely democratic Labor movement and the Socialist organization has been much the same as the relation between free capital and the capitalist monopoly, in which the individual becomes the mere creature of the organization. So under Socialist influence, Trade Unionism is showing a tendency to exploit the worker in the interest of a political theory, and to gag any expression of individual opinion which rejects that theory. Fortunately for the cause of political and economic freedom, the greater number of the workers in English-speaking countries are not yet ready to be so exploited. The demand amongst Trade Unionists for greater decentralization, though in some cases it represents a reversion to the Communist ideal as opposed to the imperialist International, is in many instances a revolt against Socialism itself in favor of a free democratic control.

The crucial point, then, upon which the non-Socialist democratic tendency and the Socialist are in fundamental divergence, is in regard to the *character* of State authority and control: it is a recrudescence in new values of the old struggle between democratic freedom and State absolutism. But for that very reason the pure democratic movement is at a certain disadvantage face to face with the Socialist: for in almost all countries at the present time the political and economic systems play into the Socialist's hands. The tendency to State worship, which German militarism and French liberalism have fostered, have prepared the way for the acceptance by the people of a form of State absolutism which promises

larger rewards to the people at large; whilst the growth of capitalist monopolies and trusts have led many to accept the principles of a State control of capital. If absolutism and tyranny are to be the rule, there is little to be said ethically for the authority of the oligarchy as against a democratic tyranny, whilst quite naturally the workers and the people at large will be led to contend for a tyranny on a wider basis. It is the line of least resistance. Nor can there be any doubt as to the ultimate issue, if the political and economic struggle is to be waged between the Socialist and other forms of State absolutism and capitalist monopoly. The spiritual forces in the world today are running too strongly against the prevalent systems to allow them an ultimate victory: and as between them and Socialism, this must eventually prevail, unless political and economic society is molded upon the lines of a free democracy which will give to every man and class of men the sense of real freedom secured by the moral sense of the community, and protected against the tyrannies of wealth and political power.

Such a democratic consummation would mean a far more fundamental transformation in the governing idealism of the community than would the Socialist triumph and, consequently, spell fundamental changes in every department of social life. The right of private property would be placed upon a different moral basis than that which has been accepted in the modern industrial world, with the result that wealth would be more evenly distributed; social position and advancement would correspond more definitely to a man's real worth and his service to the community; political power would more widely be controlled by the community at large. The change would be fundamental; but it would be fundamental simply in reference to the abuses of wealth and power, which have been fostered under the tyranny of the modern European State theory and the present developments of the capitalist industry. Working directly by way of remedying actual abuses, the change wrought by a free democratic movement is evolutionary rather than revolutionary, and is derived from the application of moral principle and the awakened conscience: and it retains its freedom and moral quality just in proportion as it adverts closely to ethical principle and subordinates political and economic

theories to that principle. The Socialist tendency, on the other hand, like the modern State theory and capitalist monopoly, would create its ethical laws out of its preconceived political and economic ideals.

But the choice today, which we have to face, is not between a radical change in the social system and no change. The whole social system both politically and economically is in a very vortex of transformations, and the element of change has been at work with gathering force and intensity for years past. There is no escape from it. The great choice of the moment is between political and economic servitude on the one hand and real freedom on the other. The servitude may be that of the present bureaucratic State or of the capitalist monopoly or eventually of the Socialist community, which will reap where political bureaucracy and capitalist monopoly have sown, unless our social life is quickly reformed on the basis of a more human freedom dictated by ethical principle. It is not now a question between an old-time conservatism and what are called the forces of progress. The old-time conservatism no longer exists as a force in the world; it has been disrupted by its own fosterings. Capitalist monopoly has no more consideration for the rights of private property than has the Socialist: perhaps less than many Socialists. State bureaucracy has little regard for the old landmarks of political life, except as they serve its own purpose. The old conservatism is dead both politically and economically. The one force which stands yet against the consummation of a servile State is the instinct for personal liberty, which in these days has found its most insistent voice in the non-Socialist Labor organizations.

Hence, the future question, which all who love freedom and view with suspicion an absolutist State control must clearly answer for themselves, is this: are they willing to drive these non-Socialist organizations into the camp of Socialism by a blind refusal to consider Labor claims because these claims at first sight are a challenge to the existing conditions of things? With many this refusal comes from an ignorance of what the existing conditions of things actually are. They are hypnotized by words which at one time had a real significance in the conception of freedom and the free State, but which have lost that significance in the process of

change which has taken place. "The rights of capital" is such a phrase: but in the existing conditions it is not "the rights of capital" which is the impelling force of the Labor revolt, but the abuses of capital in its developments into trusts and monopolies, and in its denial of elementary human conditions to Labor itself. One of the most imperative needs today is to review words and phrases with regard to their actual significance in the contentions which now are taking place. Another need is to take long views, and not look merely to the appearances of the moment: since today we are in a condition of flux with the old landmarks rapidly disappearing. If anything which has been of real vital value to us in the past is to be kept, it will only be by proving its moral worth amidst the new conditions we have to face.

For that reason, if for none other, the Catholic body and all who believe in a Christian State and Christian society, cannot afford to stand by either in hostility or apathy, whilst the non-Socialist Labor organizations are contending for the larger freedom of the workers and a more humane condition of labor. They are really contending for something more than the freedom of Labor; ultimately they are waging a fight for a more moral condition and greater liberty in society at large. They are fighting the capitalist monopoly and, incidentally, State bureaucracy in the cause of human freedom, as against the Socialist tendency to fasten a new monopoly and a new bureaucracy upon society. And in this they are, at least indirectly, fighting for the cause of Christianity itself. It is not the free democracy, but the absolutist State, under whatever form it may appear, and the State controlled by the non-moral forces of a trade monopoly or anti-national societies, which are the ultimate secular denials of the Church, as they are of human liberty. In the non-Socialist Labor movement, Christianity has its most natural and strongest secular ally at the present time, even as in the thirteenth century the cause of religion went together with the cause of national liberty in the political, economic and social struggles of that time. What the non-Socialist Labor movement needs today if it is not to be caught up into the Socialist propaganda, is a clear definition of the ethical values of its claims: and that can be given only by a frank and sympathetic coöperative between the religious forces of the Christian people and the secular tend-

encies of a free democracy. Only in that way can we hope to escape from the domination of an anti-Christian absolutist State.

The immediate danger is that unless such a frank alliance is brought about, the non-Socialist workers will be led to see in the Socialist movement the only means of maintaining themselves against an unreasoning opposition on the part of employers, or the grinding machine of the capitalist company. In that case both human liberty and Christianity will suffer. Happily, "the Social Problem" is looming larger in the forefront of Christian ethics and in the religious outlook of the Christian people. From an indefinite sympathy with the worker in the hard conditions of his life, we are proceeding to a more definite understanding and sympathy with his claims: in the further development of this instinctive alliance lies the hope of the future for those who desire a free and Christian democracy.

BARTIMEUS.

BY LAURA SIMMONS.

I KNOW I met Him on the fields of doom;
In answer to my spirit's agony
In fetid trench I glimpsed Him; I can swear
He passed me in the wind—a Shape, a sigh
Of sorrowing; yet here, on busy streets
Wherein men scheme for power, He walks no more;
Here have I lost Him now—in paths of peace,
Secure from harm and fearful sacrifice!

THE LAST CRUSADE.

BY A. I. DU P. COLEMAN.



ON the seventh of last month the world was going on much as usual. Some men were watching the stock markets; others were busy hour after hour with subtle political combinations, or following intently the closing struggles of the season in the national game, or absorbed in the cares of their professions. Few, perhaps, gave a thought to that morning exactly three centuries and a half before, when, as the sun rose over Greece, a stately fleet of more than two hundred galleys moved forward under a banner, which bore the figure of the Crucified, to attack and vanquish a still larger fleet that flaunted the Crescent of Islam.

And yet the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Lepanto is a day which has an interest not only for students of political history. It comes with a particular appeal to us who should be specially touched by any of the great moments in the never-ending struggle between the cause of Our Lord Christ and the forces of unbelief and evil in the world we live in. Modern people who, if they have taken any interest in European politics, have been accustomed to hear Turkey spoken of as "the Sick Man of Europe," kept alive, indeed, only by repeated medical consultations—who have seen the question raised in the last five years whether there should be anything at all left of the Turkish Empire in Europe—can perhaps realize with difficulty that the wave of early Mohammedan conquest in the West was checked by Charles Martel when it had come as far north in France as the neighborhood of Tours (not much further from Paris than the Germans were), and that nearly a thousand years later the Turks were still encamped beneath the walls of Vienna, threatening the Holy Roman Empire, of whose head Vienna was then the seat.

Throughout the greater part of these centuries the Mohammedan invaders were steadfastly opposed by one abiding champion—by the one earthly power which (to use Cardinal Newman's words) "is something more than earthly, and

which, while it dies in the individual, for he is human, is immortal in its succession, for it is Divine." Always, he says, the Holy See has "pointed at the Turks as an object of alarm for all Christendom, in a way in which it had marked out neither Tartars nor Saracens. It denounced, not merely an odious outlying deformity, painful simply to the moral sight and scent, but an energetic evil, an aggressive, ambitious, ravenous foe, in whom foulness of life and cruelty of policy were methodized by system, consecrated by religion, propagated by the sword."

And so, when the storm clouds were gathering thicker in the East in the second half of the sixteenth century, the Vicar of Christ, sitting aloft in his watch tower, saw the danger as his predecessors had seen it before him. Speaking of the time when, in the eleventh century, the Seljukian Turks had come out of the desert and fought their way westward to the neighborhood of Constantinople, it is not Cardinal Newman, but his agnostic brother who says: "The See of Rome had not forgotten, if Europe had, how deadly and dangerous a war Charles Martel and his Franks had had to wage against the Moors from Spain. . . . On the whole, it would seem that to the Romish Church we have been largely indebted for that union between European nations, without which Mohammedan invasion might perhaps not have been repelled." It was St. Gregory VII. who suggested in 1074 the idea of a crusade against the unbeliever, which Urban II., twenty years later, brought to its first accomplishment; and though it is the fashion in certain circles to sneer at the Crusades as a quixotic failure, they saved Constantinople and placed Europe in security for another three hundred years.

But in the sixteenth century the sea power of the Turks was an increasing menace to the whole of the Mediterranean, which was still the main highway of international commerce. The coasts of Italy were never safe. "At night the sound of cannon would sometimes be heard from afar in the vintage season. The great watch towers by the sea were firing their artillery to give warning to Rome of some Turkish raid, and in the morning some poor village would be found wanting in cattle and maidens and men." It is the sober judgment of historians that in the sixteenth century the Turks possessed a greater offensive power than any single Christian State.

Could the whole of Christendom have been once heartily united, a different story might have been told. But its divisions and its jealousies were so deep seated that, as a rule, a cautious and calculating alliance, which endured but for a time, was the best it had to oppose to the passionate unity of Islam.

Self-preservation finally drove the southern States together. Even mercantile Venice, which since the beginning of the century had seen its power gradually decline, was ready to grasp at any offer of help. The great island of Cyprus, which, after three centuries of the rule of its own Christian kings (of the crusading house of Lusignan), had been for almost another century a possession of the Republic, was now seriously threatened by the ambition of the new Sultan. Selim II. came to his throne, by the death of his father, Soliman the Magnificent, at the same time as the humble Dominican friar was raised to the throne of St. Peter under the name of Pius V. He stretched out his hand to add the island to his dominions, secure of his game. The alarmed Venetian envoy threatened him with the wrath of Europe; but the Grand Vizier answered with a sneer: "I know how much you can depend on your Christian princes," and the preparations for conquest went on.

If the great victory of which I am writing had had no other result but to inspire Mr. Chesterton with his glorious ballad—to my way of thinking, easily his most masterly achievement in verse—it would still have been a thing for which to be thankful. Go and read the poem, if you do not know it already, and you will be stirred with the emotion which men felt in Catholic Christendom when they knew that the forces of the infidel had been shattered. Color, and sound, and meaning are all there, from the splendid beginning:

White founts falling in the Courts of the Sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run;
There is laughter like the fountains in that face of all men feared,
It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard,
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips,
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.
They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy,
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,
And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the Cross.

But alas, the call fell on many ears that were willfully deaf. It was not likely that Elizabeth would listen to the Pope who, a few months earlier, had excommunicated her and absolved her subjects from their allegiance. France was doubly hindered from joining in the work—by its jealousy and dread of Spain, and by the fear of Huguenot enemies within the gates; nor was its king, a feeble youth of twenty, not long married, and full of toys and whimsies, the man to kindle at the thought of a high emprise. Philip II. himself was but half-hearted in an undertaking that was for the general good of Christendom, not for the aggrandizement of Spain. He had been pitiless but a year or two before in stamping out the embers of Mohammedan life in his own western kingdom; but he was not anxious to grapple with the full force of the Ottoman empire—perhaps only, if he won, to preserve the most powerful commercial rivals of his people.

It is to Venice, however, that the chief discredit attaches for the long persistence of the Ottoman blot on the face of the European world. In the height of her power she had had both the means and the opportunity to wipe off this disgrace. It was by trying to save her life that she lost it. The name which Napoleon contemptuously flung at the English—"a nation of shopkeepers"—would have fitted much more closely both Venice and Genoa. The Republic of St. Mark craved the aid of Spain, but was by no means anxious to see the power of Spain increased in the Mediterranean. Modern research has revealed the discreditable fact that at the very time, six months before Lepanto, when their ambassadors were earnestly pleading for help in Rome and in Madrid, the prudent burghers were also parleying with the Sultan in the endeavor to find a peaceful solution of their differences with him.

For fourteen long months the diplomatic conversations went on. Meanwhile the Turks were not idle. They were steadily battering at the defences of Cyprus, the saving of which was the principal object of Venetian policy. They landed an army of sixty thousand, and took Nicosia, the capital, after a siege of more than a month. Fire and sword did their work. Finally, in May, 1571, the unremitting efforts of the Holy Father brought about the signing of an alliance in which he formed the link between lukewarm Spain and desperate Venice. Philip II. was to bear three parts of the

cost of the expedition, the Republic two, and the Pope one. Spain, as the largest contributor, was to have the privilege of naming the captain-general; and Philip's choice fell on his half-brother, Don John of Austria.

It is round the name of this gallant young prince (he was but twenty-four years old) that the high and heroic associations of the crusade cluster; and fitly does it ring like a refrain through the whole of Chesterton's ballad:

But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.
Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse,
Crying with the trumpet, the trumpet of his lips,
Trumpet that sayeth ha!

Domino gloria!

Don John of Austria
Is shouting to the ships.

Even now, with such a leader chosen, the task of preparation was a long one; and before the fleet was ready to move, the year-long siege of Famagosta, the chief trading city of Cyprus, had ended in barbarous destruction and slaughter, the insolent Moslems taking no heed of their plighted word to the brave defenders. Now indeed the shipyards and arsenals of Spain and Italy rang with feverish activity, that this loss might be avenged since it had not been prevented. On the fourteenth of August Don John received at Naples, from the hands of Cardinal Granvelle, the consecrated banner of the League, emblazoned with a large crucifix above, and below the arms of the allied powers. The rendezvous of the entire fleet was appointed at Messina, which the commander-in-chief reached on the twenty-fifth.

Every day some fresh reënforcement arrived. The Duke of Savoy sent three ships under Andrea Provanna, which fought at Lepanto until they were shattered hulks. Cosimo de' Medici, newly created Grand Duke of Tuscany by the Pope, made his contribution, and the knights of his new naval order of St. Stephen won distinction in the battle. Still more valuable was the aid of the Knights of Malta, trained by a long struggle with the infidel. The feudatories of the Pope, the Dukes of Ferrara, Parma and Urbino, and the republic of Genoa and Lucca did their share.

From many a land, too, came volunteers to join the

crusade. There was hardly a noble house of Spain or Italy which had not some member serving in the fleet. It is said there came even from far-off England a sea fighter who was to lose his life twenty years later in a battle which the genius of Tennyson has rendered almost as famous as Lepanto—the last fight of the *Revenge*. This I have not been able to verify, though it would be pleasant to believe it; apparently, in that year Sir Richard Grenville was sitting in the House of Commons as member for his native county of Cornwall. But there is no question that a still more celebrated man (of the same age as the captain-general) was in the thick of the fight. In the prologue to the second part of *Don Quixote*, Cervantes recalls the day, and exclaims with fervor that he would not for all his wounds have missed the glory of being present on the great day. It is hard not to pause for a moment and think what the world would have lost if the Turkish bullet which cost him his left hand had taken a course a few inches to one side.

Though, as a statesman and a sovereign, Pius V. did all he could to strengthen the arm of flesh, as a saint he knew that the real decision lay in the will of God; and Him accordingly he besought in fervent prayer. He appointed a triduum in Rome for the success of the Christian arms. He spoke again and again to Our Lady. He wrote to Don John at Messina that if, relying on Divine rather than on human help, they attacked the enemy, God would not be wanting to His own cause. When the time drew near for the decisive issue, he passed a whole night and day in fasting and prayer.

Old-fashioned notions, some would say—as out of date as the galleys rowed by sweating slaves which advanced to meet the Christian forces. Yet the one great commander whose genius will forever be remembered when men think of the triumph of the good cause three years ago this month, held and holds the same old-fashioned view. In the darkest days of 1918 an English priest wrote to Marshal Foch to tell him how the children had been going to Communion for his intention; and the generalissimo of the Allied armies replied: “The act of faith which the children of Great Britain have made for my intention has profoundly touched me. Please express my gratitude to them, and beg them to continue their prayers for the victory of our just cause.” And later, when the sky had

begun to clear, and the temptation to pride might have been irresistible to a lesser man, he wrote once more: "I am still depending on the prayers of the children. Ask them to go to Communion for me again and again." The world turned to Ferdinand Foch as the one man who could save it—and he, with the whole terrible burden on his shoulders, found strength to carry it by kneeling day by day before the Tabernacle in some quiet church. Nor has he changed his mind since. Two months ago, when he revisited the Jesuit college at Metz where he made his studies as a lad, and people thronged around him with laudatory utterances about his part in the mighty combat, these were his simple words: "We succeeded, thanks to God. But let us not cease to pray well."

Thus, when the preparations were all but completed for the sailing of Don John's fleet, a Papal nuncio came to Messina to proclaim a jubilee, with the same indulgences that had once been granted to those who shed their blood for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre; and it is said that after a three days' fast every man in the mighty host, from the captain-general down, approached the Sacraments.

At last the orders were given to weigh anchor; and on the sixteenth of September the great fleet, "unrivalled by any which had rode upon these waters since the days of imperial Rome," sailed in quest of the foe. The words of the greatest Italian poet then living (I give them in the Elizabethan version of Fairfax, which is the only way to quote Tasso for those who cannot read his Italian), though written of an earlier crusade, might seem to have been inspired by this majestic departure:

Great Neptune grieved underneath the load
Of ships, hulks, galleys, barks, and brigantines;
In all the mid-earth sea was left no road
Wherein the Pagan his bold sails untwines.
Spread was the huge Armado wide and broad
From Venice, Genes, and towns which them confines.

For a fortnight they cruised in search of the Turkish fleet, and finally drew near it at the entrance of the Gulf of Lepanto, on the western coast of Greece. Had there been time for such meditations, a learned volunteer might have been thinking that fifty-five miles to the northward the greatest naval battle of antiquity, that of Actium, had been fought; that just twice

as far to the eastward, the Asiatic civilization had gone down in defeat more than two thousand years before when it met the Western in the battle of Salamis. The gift of prophecy might have told him that two hundred and fifty years later the Turks would be once more defeated at sea a hundred miles to the south in the decisive battle of Navarino, which finally freed Greece from the Ottoman yoke; and almost in sight from where he lay would have been the little town of Missolonghi, where Byron accomplished the best deed of his unhappy career in giving his life for the cause of liberty.

The description of the battle may be read at great length in the French of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière's monograph, or in the two sumptuous volumes of Sir William Stirling Maxwell's life of Don John, or in the stately prose of our own Prescott's *Philip the Second*. I can but give the barest outline of it here.

It began with the discovery of the entire Ottoman fleet soon after sunrise. Don John ran up the great standard and fired a gun as a signal to engage. The principal captains came on board his flagship, the powerful *Real*, to receive their last instructions. There were still some who, whether from the caution of age or a strong suspicion that the King of Spain would be better pleased if they avoided a decisive battle, questioned the advisability of attacking. Don John had a short answer for them: "Gentlemen," he said, "this is the time for combat, not for counsel."

The battle line extended for three miles from north to south, with Don John in the centre, supported by Colonna, the Papal commander, and Veniero, the Venetian. The right was held by the Genoese Gianandrea Doria, in the service of Spain; the left by the Venetian Barbarigo. A reserve of thirty-five galleys was under the orders of the brave Marquis of Santa Cruz. A rapid visit to all parts of the line by Don John in a swift sailing vessel, a last fervent prayer throughout the Christian host—and the fight was on.

For a while the advantage seemed to be with the Turks. Cheluk Bey attempted, with a prospect of success, to turn the Christian left, which lay as close to the shore as it dared. On the other wing the dey of Algiers, a Calabrian renegade known as Aluch or Uluch Ali (or Achiali—the name is spelled in a dozen different ways) tried the same maneuver. Doria stood

off towards the open sea to forestall it, and in so doing left a gap wide enough for the alert leader of corsairs to profit by it and come near surrounding him. Several of Doria's galleys were sunk and the great *Capitana* of Malta captured. It used to be said that the Genoese admiral had made an error of judgment; but unhappily modern research has written a more damning charge against his name, and placed it beyond a doubt that he left the gap purposely, in order to facilitate the escape of Uluch Ali, with whom Philip II. had once been in negotiation. The name of Doria had already an ill-omened connection with the Turkish war: in 1538 the great-uncle of this man, commanding a Spanish contingent, had contributed to the loss of another battle under circumstances quite as questionable.

But Santa Cruz brought up the reserves; and in the centre Don John, fighting like a crusader of old, engaged and finally sank the flagship of the Turkish admiral. The loss of their commander was the final blow to the Mohammedan hosts. After four hours of the bloodiest fighting, they broke and abandoned the day, with losses which it is impossible to calculate exactly, but which must have run to at least thirty thousand men and the greater part of their ships. Had it not been for Doria, the victory would have been overwhelming and complete; but Uluch Ali, with wonderful seamanship, brought off most of his squadron and lived to fight another day.

Far away in Rome, as the seventh of October drew to an end, the Pope was talking business with one of his officials. Suddenly he broke off, went to the window, and looked up long into the sky. Then he came back and said in tones of deep emotion: "This is no time for business: go, return thanks to the Lord God. In this very hour our fleet has engaged the Turkish, and is victorious."

God, in whom Pius trusted, had done His part. The strong arms of brave soldiers had done theirs—and chiefly the high-hearted leader of whom the Pope said, in the words of the Evangelist, when the details of the battle reached him: "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." All southern Europe gave itself up to delirious joy. Church bells rang peal upon peal; bonfires blazed on the hilltops; men embraced each other in the streets, giving thanks for the lifting of the shadow of continual menace which had hung over them so

long. Our own memories of three years ago will enable us easily to fill out in imagination the details of the scene.

And alas, because human nature has not changed in three hundred years, what followed is only too like what we have seen ourselves. We know to what heights of enthusiastic devotion the Allied nations rose in our War, stimulated by the supreme appeal. It seemed that a new age had dawned upon the world—that envy and greed and petty self-seeking had been burned away in the fiery furnace. But we are coming sadly to feel that it is not so; and it was not so after the great deliverance of Lepanto. In the weighing and measuring of the booty those who had fought as brothers in a great cause fell out and almost came to blows. Three weeks later, Don Marcantonio Colonna, commander of the Papal squadron, wrote to the Doge of Venice: “Only by a miracle and the great goodness of God was it possible for us to fight such a battle: and it is just as great a miracle that the prevailing greed and covetousness have not flung us upon one another in a second battle.”

Nor on a larger scale were things much better. The League, which was to have been a permanent alliance, hammering away year after year until the Turks were utterly crushed, fell to pieces before the end of the next year. Pius V., the only member whose motives were lofty and disinterested, died in the following May, exhausted by his long labors; and a year later Venice made a humiliating peace with the Porte.

Yet, looking back through the long perspective of the centuries, we can see that the rejoicings of Christendom were not unjustified. Though, by superhuman efforts, the Turks were able to put on the sea the next summer a fleet of a hundred and fifty galleys, their power in the Mediterranean had been irretrievably broken. The legend of their invincibility on the water, which had counted not a little in their triumphs, was gone forever. Now that Admiral Mahan’s epoch-making books have been universally accepted as the last word on the subject of the influence of sea power, no argument is needed to show that the decisive downfall of the naval strength of the Turks (in spite of its delusive appearance of revival—just as happened after Salamis) was the death-blow to any hopes they might have entertained of pushing their conquests further to the west. Thenceforth, they might inflict damage;

they might annoy, as the Barbary corsairs were annoying us Americans only a hundred years ago: but no longer did they loom as a shape of dread, casting a gigantic shadow over the Christian world.

This is not all ancient history. The Church remembers God's deliverance, if we have forgotten, and still celebrates her feasts of thankfulness. Eighteen months after the battle on the first Sunday of October, Pius V., having gone to his rest, Gregory XIII. established the festival of the Most Holy Rosary for all churches in which there was an altar dedicated to our lady of the Rosary. Clement XI. (who canonized Pius V.) extended the feast to the whole Church in thanksgiving for Prince Eugene's victory over the Turks at Peterwardein in 1716, as Innocent XI. had extended that of the Holy Name of Mary in memory of Sobieski's defeat of the same implacable foes near Vienna in 1683. And Pius V. himself added to the titles, drawn from Hebrew poetry and Christian experience, under which we invoke our Blessed Mother the name *Auxilium Christianorum*, by which her children still confidently call her in their various tongues all over the world. So, in this age of the marvels of material force, we are constantly reminded that (as Newman puts it in his mysterious symbolic poem):

The giants are failing, the Saints are alive.

WHY GOD BECAME MAN.

BY LESLIE J. WALKER, S.J., M.A.

V.

THE INDWELLING SPIRIT.



IT is of the very essence of the Christian revelation that it was made in and through a person, the Person of Christ, of Whom His disciples had immediate experience, Whom they came gradually to recognize as prophet, Messias, and, finally, as God Incarnate. What Christ said was only part of His message. He did not dictate it. It was lived. It was Himself, in Whom the Father was revealed.

Consequently, when Christ ascended into heaven, the ground of man's certainty had gone. God was no longer manifest, no longer dwelt amongst us as a personal Teacher.

We are so familiar with the Gospels, their language is so intimate, their realism so vivid, that we are apt to forget that He Whom they describe no longer dwells visibly in our midst. Yet this is the fact. The Son, through Whom the Father became manifest, has returned to His Father. That experience of God, which began with Christ's coming, and which alone can link knowledge with certainty, ceased with Christ's ascension into heaven.

Had Christ not foreseen this event, nor made provision for it, His disappearance would have staggered the Apostles scarcely less than His death had done. It was He Whom they were to preach, and upon Him they relied both for knowledge and power. Whence, He being absent, was to come this knowledge and power? They had known Him but for three short years. Much that He had said they had already forgotten, many things they had misunderstood, much that He might have said, He had not said at all. They retained of Him a memory, in some respects vivid, but in others already faltering, and liable, as memory must be, to distortion when its

vividness should fail. Was this to be the sole basis of their work, the sole ground on which Christianity should rest, the sole link that was to remain between God and His creatures, once the Son had returned whence He came?

If so, Christianity would be little better than any other form of religion. The end which man all along has sought would still remain unrealized. Knowledge and certainty, reality and experience would still remain apart.

But it was not so. The revelation of Him Who *is* was not yet perfect. In Christ was made manifest the Father, with Whom the Son was one in nature, in knowledge and in power. But God is three in person, and the Third Person as yet was not manifest. Therefore was the Spirit promised, and therefore was it necessary that the Son should cease to be manifest that the Spirit might be revealed.

What does the term "spirit" signify?

In the Old Testament it is when the Spirit moves over the waters that light breaks forth, waters are divided, chaos gives place to order and form.¹ It is spirit that in a special sense animates man, as distinguished from the rest of creation;² gives life to his bones and his flesh;³ goes forth from him at death.⁴ Everywhere is desolation till the Spirit be poured forth from on high;⁵ but when the Spirit is sent forth all is created and the face of the earth renewed.⁶ Man, too, needs to be strengthened with a right spirit, a holy spirit, a perfect spirit.⁷

Especially does the Spirit operate in God's chosen servants. Joseph, full of it, interprets Pharaoh's dream.⁸ The seventy elders prophesy in the spirit of Moses, which rests on them.⁹ Josue, in whom is the Spirit, is chosen as Moses' successor.¹⁰ It is when the Spirit of the Lord comes upon him that Gideon foretells the delivery of Israel;¹¹ when It comes strongly upon Samson that he kills the lion and breaks his own bonds.¹² Samuel promises that the Spirit of the Lord shall cause Saul to prophesy and to become another man.¹³ When it comes upon Saul he is filled with anger against the

¹ Genesis 1. 2 *et seq.*, cf. Psalm xxxii. 6.

² Genesis vi. 3; Job xii. 10; Isaiah xxxi. 3.

³ Ezekiel xxxvii. 8-11; Numbers xvi. 22.

⁴ Genesis vi. 3; Psalm cxlv. 4.

⁵ Psalm ciii. 29, 30.

⁶ Genesis xli. 38.

⁷ Judges vi. 34.

⁸ Numbers xi. 16-29.

⁹ Judges xiv. 6; xv. 14.

¹⁰ Isaiah xxxii. 14, 15.

¹¹ Psalm l. 12-14; cxlii. 10.

¹² Numbers xxvii. 18.

¹³ 1 Kings x. 6.

Ammonites, and defeats them in battle.¹⁴ When Samuel anoints David the Spirit of the Lord comes upon him from that day forward, but departs from Saul, who is troubled with an evil spirit, which David drives out by playing on his harp.¹⁵ Evidently, the Spirit of the Lord is a power, a something that possesses man, and enables him to do deeds which otherwise he could not have done.

The Spirit is given, however, not for the benefit of the individual, but to the individual for the benefit of the race. It gives power for deliverance, and for prophecy, which promises deliverance and prepares the way for it. Micheas, filled with the strength of the Spirit, declares unto Jacob his wickedness and unto Israel his sin.¹⁶ Having entered Ezechiel, the Spirit tells him what he shall say to the children of Israel, and grants to him visions of different places and future events.¹⁷ A like power is conveyed to Jeremias in the promise that God will be with him.¹⁸ A more abundant outpouring of the Spirit is to accompany the coming of the Messias. A flower shall rise up out of the root of Jesse, and the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him: the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and fortitude, the spirit of knowledge and of godliness. It is the gift of the Spirit to the servant of Jahweh that shall enable Him to fulfill His mission and to bring forth judgment to the Gentiles.¹⁹ Upon His stock shall the Spirit be poured out, and a new heart and spirit be created in the Children of Israel, which shall cause them to walk in the commandments of God and to observe His judgments;²⁰ upon sons and daughters, young men and old, servants and handmaids, shall the Spirit be poured.²¹

The connotation of the term "spirit" in the Gospels is similar, but its use far more frequent. It is used of evil and unclean spirits which possess men and dominate their actions and life,²² or which inhibit their speech and cause weakness;²³ of man's soul,²⁴ especially of its more spiritual activities,²⁵

¹⁴ 1 Kings xi. 6, *et seq.*

¹⁵ 1 Kings xvi. 13-23.

¹⁶ Micheas iii. 8.

¹⁷ Ezechiel ii. 2; iii. 12, 14, 24; xi. 1, 5, 24.

¹⁸ Jeremias i. 7-9.

¹⁹ Isaias xi. 1, 2; xlii. 1.

²⁰ Isaias xlii. 3, 4; Ezechiel xi. 19, 20; xxxvi. 26, 27; xxxvii. 14; xxxix. 29.

²¹ Joel ii. 28, 29.

²² Matthew viii. 16, x. 1, xii. 43; Mark i. 23, 26, 27, iii. 11, 30, v. 2, 8, 12, 13, vi. 7, vii. 25, ix. 19, 24; Luke iv. 36, vi. 18, vii. 21, viii. 2, 29, ix. 39, 43, x. 20, xi. 24, 26.

²³ Mark ix. 16, 24; Luke xiii. 11.

²⁴ Matthew xxvii. 50; Luke xxiii. 46, viii. 55; John xix. 30.

²⁵ Matthew v. 3; Mark ii. 8, viii. 12; Luke i. 47, ix. 55; John xi. 33, xiii. 21.

as contrasted with those of the flesh,²⁶ once of a "ghost."²⁷ The common element in all these uses is that of a spiritual power which animates man and controls his activities for good or for evil. It may be man's own spirit, his soul, or an alien spirit which possesses him, but in either case it connotes something personal. Evil spirits recognize the Messiahship of Jesus more readily than do men.

More particularly is the term "spirit" used in connection with Christ and with persons concerned in His advent: six times out of twenty-four in Mark, nineteen out of thirty-six in Luke, twelve out of eighteen in Matthew, nineteen out of twenty-three in John. It is in the Spirit that David calls the Christ, Lord.²⁸ It is of the Holy Spirit and Mary that Christ is born.²⁹ Filled with the Holy Spirit, Elizabeth blesses Mary, and Zachary the Lord God of Israel.³⁰ Simeon converses with the Holy Spirit.³¹ John the Baptist is filled with Him from his mother's womb.³² Upon Christ at His Baptism the Spirit of God descends.³³ It is by the Spirit that He is driven into the desert;³⁴ in the power of the Spirit that He returns;³⁵ by the same power that He casts out devils;³⁶ in the Spirit that He prays.³⁷ In Christ, therefore, is the prophecy of Isaiah realized.³⁸

This Holy Spirit is clearly a Divine Spirit, and yet is other than Christ, at least in His human nature, since He is born of it, and it comes upon Him from without. Its functions are similar to those ascribed to the Spirit in the Old Testament. It is intimately bound up with Christ's mission; is a Spirit of power, and also a Spirit which gives knowledge and understanding. But it is still given only to individuals, is not poured out as yet either on the multitude or the group. What is done in the power of the Spirit is done as before for the good of the group, but it is through the individual that the Spirit operates; and what it effects in the individual is not as yet a new life, but some special capacity or action.

There is, however, in the Gospels a very distinct promise that, when the Kingdom of God is established, the function of

²⁶ Matthew xxvi. 41; Mark xiv. 38; John vi. 64.

²⁷ Luke xxiv. 37, 39.

²⁸ Matthew xxii. 43; Mark xii. 36.

²⁹ Matthew i. 18, 20; Luke i. 35.

³⁰ Luke i. 41, 67.

³¹ Luke ii. 25-27.

³² Luke i. 15, 17.

³³ Matthew iii. 16; Mark i. 10; Luke iii. 22; John i. 22, 33.

³⁴ Matthew iv. 1; Mark i. 12; Luke iv. 1.

³⁵ Luke iv. 14.

³⁶ Matthew xii. 28.

³⁷ Luke x. 21.

³⁸ Matthew xii. 18; Luke iv. 18.

the Spirit in both these respects will be broadened. It is to the disciples as a whole that John says: "He that cometh after me shall baptize you in the Holy Ghost and fire."³⁹ The Spirit, like the wind, breathes where He wills,⁴⁰ and will be given to all who ask Him of the Father.⁴¹ Neither will He be given by measure.⁴² All nations are to be baptized in the name (or power) of the Father, the Son, and the Spirit,⁴³ and whosoever is baptized of the Spirit is born again of the Spirit to a new life.⁴⁴ Out of such an one shall flow rivers of living water.⁴⁵

The Spirit is promised to all men, but on certain conditions: they must believe in the Son,⁴⁶ and must be baptized with water in the name of the three Divine Persons.⁴⁷ Faith is evoked by the "hearing" of a teacher, and baptism supposes a minister. Therefore, that man might know Christ, were the Apostles sent to preach Him, and to baptize all believers in His name. The new life is to be built upon Truth, and, Christ having ascended to the Father, it is from the Apostles that Truth is to be learned. Therefore, it is to the Apostles primarily, and to them as a corporate group, that the Spirit of Truth is promised, and upon them that in the sequel He descends.

The problem of how man may know God, and know Him with certainty, has been solved by the Incarnation of the Second Divine Person; man has had experience of God in the flesh. The problem of how the knowledge derived from this experience may remain linked to certainty when the object of experience has gone, is to be solved in a similar manner, by the indwelling of the Spirit of Truth. He Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, nor knoweth Him, will abide with those who are to declare what they know, and will be in them.⁴⁸ A Paraclete is to be sent by the Father in Christ's name, Who will teach the Apostles all things, and bring all things to their minds, whatsoever He has said to them.⁴⁹ A little while and the world will see Christ no more, but His Apostles shall see Him. He will not leave them orphans, but will come to them; and in that day they shall know that He is in the Father, and they in Him and He in

³⁹ Matthew iii. 11; Mark i. 8; Luke iii. 16; John i. 33.

⁴⁰ John iii. 8.

⁴¹ Luke xi. 13.

⁴² John iii. 34.

⁴³ Matthew xxviii. 19.

⁴⁴ John iii. 5-8; cf. i. 12, 13.

⁴⁵ John viii. 38, 39.

⁴⁶ John iii. 16, 36.

⁴⁷ Matthew xxviii. 19; John iii. 5.

⁴⁸ John xiv. 17.

⁴⁹ *Ibid.* xiv. 26.

them.⁵⁰ They will testify what they *know*.⁵¹ As the Father sent Christ, so does He send them,⁵² endowed with His power and His Spirit. As Christ has made known to them whatsoever He has heard of the Father,⁵³ so are they to testify of Christ all things whatsoever He commandeth them. They will not bear witness merely to what they remember, they will testify what they *know*, through the Spirit which teacheth them. They are to fear nothing from synagogues, magistrates or powers, nor to take thought in moments of difficulty what they shall say. For the Holy Ghost shall teach them what to say, and it shall not be they who speak, but the Spirit of the Father within them.⁵⁴

Thus is Christ, though absent, to remain in the world. He must needs go, yet will He come again, and will abide with His Apostles for all time.⁵⁵ He that heareth them, shall hear Him.⁵⁶ For the Spirit Whom He will send, is His Spirit, the Spirit of God the Son and God the Father. The same functions which Christ exercised while on earth the Spirit will exercise still through the Apostles, whom He has chosen. Truth will still be preached and sins be forgiven⁵⁷ by those to whom the Spirit is given. And as Truth, radiating from this apostolic nucleus in which it is centred, becomes known, a Church will be formed in which shall be men of all nations. With them also will the Spirit abide, for "he that receiveth whomsoever I send, receiveth Me, and he that receiveth Me, receiveth Him that sent Me."⁵⁸ He that, believing, is baptized, shall be baptized of the Spirit, and so shall receive life in the Father, the Son and the Spirit.

It is here that lies the chief difference between the functions of the Spirit in the Old and the New Testaments. There is to be an abiding, not a transient, Spirit; and He is to abide, not merely with the individual prophet, but with a group of such prophets and with all who shall join themselves to this group. Man, if he believes what is taught through the Spirit, is to be raised to a new status, a new life. Truth shall abide with Him, making of those who receive it one vine, whence life flows through the Spirit from Christ, and through Christ from the Father. Of God's reality man will still have expe-

⁵⁰ John xiv. 18-20.⁵¹ *Ibid.* xiv. 7.⁵² *Ibid.* xx. 21.⁵³ *Ibid.* xv. 15.⁵⁴ Luke xii. 11, 12; Matthew x. 19, 20; Mark xiii. 11.⁵⁵ John xiv. 18, 19; Matthew xxviii. 20.⁵⁶ Luke x. 16.⁵⁷ John xx. 22, 23.⁵⁸ *Ibid.* xiii. 20.

rience, because the Spirit, Who is God, will operate within him. Knowledge will still be linked with certainty, because the Spirit of Truth Himself will be the source whence knowledge comes.

That this is the solution which Christianity offers of the problem of the ages, is borne out by the manner in which the Spirit operates so soon as Christ's promise is fulfilled. The Holy Ghost is given first to the Apostles. A spiritual power comes upon them with vehemence; they are filled with it, and give utterance to the thoughts which are inspired. The multitude which assembles to hear them, though of different nations and tongues, understands. Peter explains that this is the long looked for fulfillment of prophecy: the Spirit is now being poured out, and his hearers, too, can share in it, if they will repent and be baptized.⁵⁹ Many, consenting, receive the Gift, and as a consequence "persevere in the teaching of the Apostles, in the communication of the breaking of bread, and in prayer."⁶⁰ A further consequence, no less significant, is that they resolve to share all things in common, even as they share also in the Spirit.⁶¹

The condition of receiving the Spirit is that men should obey God, speaking through the witnesses He has sent.⁶² Hence, those who refuse to obey the Gospel, resist the Holy Ghost,⁶³ and, in those who do obey, there are vast differences in the effect which the Spirit produces. Some are "full of the Holy Ghost,"⁶⁴ and it is such men who are most efficacious in preaching: Stephen,⁶⁵ Philip,⁶⁶ Barnabas,⁶⁷ Agabus,⁶⁸ and, above all, SS. Peter and Paul, who throughout are guided by the Spirit. On the other hand, there are many and increasing difficulties. Ananias goes back on his promise; disputes arise about the distribution of alms; Paul meets with organized opposition; not all who prophesy are moved by the same spirit; sins, even grave sins, occur. It is evident that the Spirit, though given, can still be resisted. All Christians receive the Gift, normally at the laying on of hands, which may either accompany, follow, or even precede baptism.⁶⁹ Its immediate effect, especially in the group, is both manifest and conscious,⁷⁰ since it produces both consolation and usually the gift of

⁵⁹ Acts ii. 38.⁶⁰ *Ibid.* ii. 42.⁶¹ *Ibid.* ii. 44, 45.⁶² *Ibid.* v. 32.⁶³ *Ibid.* vii. 51.⁶⁴ *Ibid.* vi. 3.⁶⁵ *Ibid.* vi. 5, 10, vii. 55.⁶⁶ *Ibid.* vii. 29, 39.⁶⁷ *Ibid.* xi. 24.⁶⁸ *Ibid.* xi. 28, xxi. 11.⁶⁹ *Ibid.* xix. 2, 6, viii. 17, 19, ix. 17, 18, *cf.* x. 44.⁷⁰ *Ibid.* and *cf.* iv. 31, ix. 31.

tongues. But its enduring effect varies with the individual, who may or may not in his life respond to the grace that is given.

The Gift of the Spirit is for each Christian an internal witness to the truth of what he believes. But it is also something more. It dwells in the whole community, as the principle of life dwells in an organism, controlling its development and action. It is under the guidance of the Spirit that the new *Ecclesia* grows. The Apostles preach, deliberate amongst themselves and, with others, devise expedients, pass judgments, make plans for the future, but it is the Spirit that prompts them to this, in the power of the Spirit that they do it, to the Spirit that they attribute their success. At Pentecost the Spirit descends, and forthwith Peter makes the first proclamation of Christian dogma: He Whom you crucified, God hath raised; it is He, the Lord and Christ of prophecy, Who has sent the Spirit; in His name is remission of sins. A like declaration is made in the temple, after the first cure effected in Christ's name; and again before the princes and ancients of Israel, Peter speaking "full of the Holy Ghost."⁷¹ The first exercise of Peter's binding and loosing power is ratified by the death of Ananias, condemned because, in lying to Peter, he has lied to the Holy Ghost and to God.⁷² When there is need to find some who will "serve tables," it is men "full of the Holy Ghost" that are sought. In them the diaconate is instituted by the laying on of hands, the symbol of a conveyance of the Holy Ghost's power.⁷³ It is in the same power that the first martyr, Stephen, vindicates Christianity at his trial; by this power that he is sustained at the moment of death.⁷⁴

Still more significant is the chain of events leading to the admission of Gentiles into the Church, and ultimately to the recognition of their equality with Jewish converts. This was essential, if the Church was to be Catholic, and had been foretold both by Christ and the prophets; yet the idea of it, as is evident,⁷⁵ was intensely repugnant to the mind of the Jew, especially to the Jew of Palestine, with his narrow traditions and his hatred of the Gentile yoke. Somehow this repugnance must be overcome. It is overcome, and God's will in the matter made plain, by the vision granted to Peter at Joppe.⁷⁶

⁷¹ *Ibid.* iv. 8.

⁷⁴ *Ibid.* vii.

⁷² *Ibid.* v. 3-5.

⁷³ *Ibid.*, cf. especially x. 28.

⁷⁵ *Ibid.* vi. 1-7.

⁷⁶ *Ibid.* x. 9-23.

Obeying the guidance of the Spirit, Peter goes to Cæsarea, and is finally convinced of the significance of his vision, when, on Cornelius accepting the "Word," the Spirit descends upon him and his friends.⁷⁷ When these events are related to "the Apostles and brethren" in Judea, they too become reluctantly convinced that "also to the Gentiles God hath given repentance unto life."⁷⁸ Later, when a bitter controversy has arisen in the Church as to the terms on which the Gentiles are to be received, it is Peter's vision and the subsequent happenings which determine the issue in the Jerusalem conference. "If God gave testimony," urges Peter, "giving unto them the Holy Ghost, as well as to us, and put no difference between us and them"—the clean and the unclean meats—"why tempt you God to put a yoke upon the necks of the disciples which neither our fathers nor we have been able to bear?"⁷⁹ To this argument, there is no reply. Then James assents, supporting Peter's evidence by appeal to the prophets, and proposing a resolution in accordance with it. It is passed, and a message announcing that "it seemeth good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay no further burden upon you than certain necessary things" is sent to the Gentile brethren of Antioch, Syria and Cilicia.⁸⁰

Besides the personal gifts and graces given to individuals, there is also the normal guidance of the Spirit in the government and work of the Church. This operates especially through the Apostles, who in virtue of it issue judgments and decrees in God's name; and still more especially in St. Peter through whom the Church speaks, and by whom the first of her great decisions is determined. To him was given the command that he should strengthen his brethren and feed the whole flock. That he might do so, there was given to him the same plenitude of power which was bestowed upon the Apostles as a group. In his life as described in the Acts the whole mission of the Church is summed up. It is he who proclaims her advent, he who defends her against attacks from without, he who in the Spirit guides her in a momentous question to a right decision. Christ is in heaven, but the Spirit of Christ still dwells in His Church, governing her action and fostering her growth, and the law of the Spirit's operation is

⁷⁷ *Ibid.* x. 44-47.

⁷⁹ *Ibid.* xv. 8-11.

⁷⁸ *Ibid.* xi. 18.

⁸⁰ *Ibid.* xv. 23-29.

no less discernible to those who will to discover it, than are the laws manifest in nature's operations.

The Gospels relate how redemption was wrought and the way prepared for the coming of God's Kingdom by Jesus, God's Son, in Whose life the Father is revealed. The Acts of the Apostles of Christ tell how, when the Spirit descended upon them, the Kingdom came into being, and under the guidance of the Spirit developed. In the writings of Paul we have a description of the Kingdom as through experience he knew it, and in it beheld the three Divine Persons operating for the salvation of mankind. With an account of what Paul saw in the Kingdom, therefore, we may well conclude these essays; for what he saw, we may see, and in it the same eternal verities, which Christ became man to reveal, and has sent the Spirit to communicate.

The fundamental truth, summarized in the baptismal formula, finds constant expression in the Pauline epistles. When the fullness of time was come, *God* sent His *Son*, made of a woman, that, being redeemed from the law, we might receive the adoption of sons; to whom, being sons, God hath sent the *Spirit* of His Son, whereby we cry in our hearts, *Abba, Father*.⁸¹ Through *Christ* in one *Spirit*, therefore, we have access to the *Father*.⁸² It is by the blood of *Christ*, Who by the *Holy Spirit* offered Himself unspotted to the *Father*, that our consciences are cleansed⁸³ by the laver of regeneration and renovation of the *Holy Ghost*, Whom He hath poured forth upon us abundantly through *Jesus Christ*, our Saviour, that *God*, our Saviour, saves us.⁸⁴ Hence, we Christians are the true circumcision, for in the *Spirit* we serve *God* and glory in *Jesus Christ*, not having confidence in the flesh.⁸⁵ *God* sent His own *Son* in the likeness of sinful flesh that we may walk according to the law of the *Spirit* in Christ Jesus;⁸⁶ and by *Christ Jesus* are we built together into a habitation of *God* in the *Spirit*.⁸⁷ There is, therefore, one body and One *Spirit*; one *Lord*, one faith and one baptism; one *God and Father* of all, Who is above all and through all and in us all.⁸⁸

As Peter declares himself an Apostle according to the foreknowledge of *God the Father*, unto the sanctification of the *Spirit*, and unto the obedience and sprinkling of the blood

⁸¹ Galatians iv. 4-6.

⁸² Ephesians ii. 18.

⁸³ Hebrews ix. 14.

⁸⁴ Titus iii. 4-6.

⁸⁵ Philippians iii. 3.

⁸⁶ Romans viii. 1-3.

⁸⁷ Ephesians ii. 22.

⁸⁸ Ephesians iv. 4-6; cf. 1 Corinthians xii. 4-6.

of *Jesus Christ*;⁸⁹ and John says that, having an unction from the *Holy One*, he confesses the *Son*, and in confessing the *Son*, has the *Father* already in him;⁹⁰ so, too, does Paul proclaim himself a minister of *Christ Jesus*, sanctifying the gospel of *God*, that the oblation of the Gentiles may be made acceptable and may be sanctified in the *Holy Ghost*.⁹¹ He ceases not to pray that the God of Our Lord *Jesus Christ*, the *Father* of glory, may give unto His disciples the *Spirit* of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him,⁹² and for their sakes bows the knee to the *Father* of Our Lord *Jesus Christ*, that He may strengthen them by His *Spirit* with might unto the inward man.⁹³ Be ye filled with the *Holy Ghost*, he exclaims, giving thanks always for all things in the name of Our Lord *Jesus Christ*, to *God and the Father*;⁹⁴ for it is in the name of the *Lord Jesus Christ* and in the *Spirit* of our *God* that we are justified.⁹⁵

In God, then, Paul contemplates three Persons—three subjects to whom in the grammatical and the real sense operations may be referred.⁹⁶ It is God the Father Who created all things;⁹⁷ of Whom all paternity in heaven and earth is named;⁹⁸ Who chose us in Christ before the foundation of the world that we might become holy in His sight;⁹⁹ and Who hath now made us His children by adoption through Christ,¹⁰⁰ having delivered us from the power of darkness and translated us into the Kingdom of the Son of His Love.¹⁰¹

The Son is the image of the invisible God, His first-born before all creatures, in Whom and by Whom all things were created in heaven and earth.¹⁰² God no man hath seen, nor can see.¹⁰³ But Christ Jesus, Who, being in the form of God,

⁸⁹ 1 Peter i. 1, 2.

⁹⁰ 1 John ii. 20-23, iv. 13-15.

⁹¹ Romans xv. 16.

⁹² Ephesians i. 16, 17; cf. Galatians vi. 18.

⁹³ Ephesians iii. 14, 16.

⁹⁴ Ephesians v. 18, 20.

⁹⁵ 1 Corinthians vi. 11.

⁹⁶ The Greek term, *πρόσωπον*, was used in the sense of person by Dionysius Thrax of Alexandria, born B. C. 166, in the earliest Greek grammar extant. It is the ordinary grammatical term for person; and the first, second and third persons are distinguished in Dionysius' grammar, just as they are today. The Latin term, *persona*, is also to be found in the *De Lingua Latina* of Varro, a contemporary of Julius Cæsar, as the ordinary term for person in the grammatical sense. The oft-repeated statement that to the Greek and Latin Fathers the term "person" can only have connoted a mask, or the actor who wore it, ignores the fact that for centuries every Greek and Latin schoolboy had been taught to use it just as we are taught to use it today.

⁹⁷ Ephesians iii. 9.

⁹⁸ *Ibid.* iii. 15.

⁹⁹ *Ibid.* i. 4.

¹⁰⁰ *Ibid.* i. 5.

¹⁰¹ Colossians i. 12, 13.

¹⁰² *Ibid.* i. 15, 16.

¹⁰³ 1 Timothy vi. 16; cf. 1 John iv. 12.

can claim equality with God, has emptied Himself, taken the form of a servant, become made in the likeness of man,¹⁰⁴ and so has made manifest the goodness of God, our Saviour.¹⁰⁵ He hath loved us, and delivered Himself up for the Church, an oblation and a sacrifice unto God, that He might sanctify her, cleansing her in the laver of water and in the word of life.¹⁰⁶ In His blood we have redemption and the remission of sins.¹⁰⁷ For in Him it has pleased the Father that all fullness should dwell, that through Him He may reconcile all things to Himself.¹⁰⁸ By His grace we are saved through faith;¹⁰⁹ for through faith we are able to comprehend the breadth and length and height and depth of the charity of Christ, in which the charity of God has become manifest.¹¹⁰

But to know this, to know the Sonship of Christ, which has become our sonship, the Spirit must give testimony to our spirit.¹¹¹ The things that are of God no man knoweth, but the Spirit of God searcheth all things, yea even the deep things of God.¹¹² Christ has ascended into heaven that He might give gifts,¹¹³ which the Spirit distributes as He wills.¹¹⁴ For as Christ was sent, so has the Spirit been sent,¹¹⁵ that the eyes of the heart may be enlightened, that we may know the hope of our calling, the richness of our inheritance, the greatness of God's power—that we may realize the significance of the risen Christ, and of His position in heaven, above every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in the world that is to come.¹¹⁶

The Spirit is God operating within us, and yet is distinct from the Father and Son, by Whom He is sent. He is the third Divine Person, revealing Himself within our experience, and so bringing us into immediate relationship with God, whereas the Father is still invisible, and Christ also, since He has ascended now into heaven. The Spirit knows God, and has been given us that we may know the things given us of God, which things the Apostles speak in the doctrine of the Spirit.¹¹⁷ For St. Paul as for St. John, He is essentially the Spirit of Truth and testifies to Truth. He is the "Spirit of

¹⁰⁴ Philippians ii. 6, 7.¹⁰⁵ Ephesians ii. 4-7; Titus iii. 4, ii. 11.¹⁰⁶ Ephesians v. 25, 26.¹⁰⁷ Ephesians i. 7; Colossians i. 14.¹⁰⁸ Colossians i. 19, 20.¹⁰⁹ Ephesians ii. 8.¹¹⁰ *Ibid.* iii. 18, 19.¹¹¹ Romans viii. 16; cf. 1 John iii. 24, v. 6.¹¹² 1 Corinthians ii. 10, 11.¹¹³ Ephesians iv. 8.¹¹⁴ 1 Corinthians xii. 11.¹¹⁵ Galatians iv. 4-6.¹¹⁶ Ephesians i. 18-21.¹¹⁷ 1 Corinthians ii. 11-13.

wisdom and revelation,"¹¹⁸ the pledge of our inheritance unto the redemption of acquisition.¹¹⁹ Those that possess not the Spirit have their understanding darkened; through ignorance are alienated from the life of God; and, hence, despairing, give themselves up to lasciviousness, and to the working of all uncleanness.¹²⁰ Walk in the Spirit, and you shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh,¹²¹ but shall put off the old man, who is corrupted according to the desire of error, and, being renewed in the Spirit, shall put on the new man, created by God in the justice and holiness of Truth.¹²²

It is by truth we are saved; by error that we are led astray. Yet the Spirit makes no new revelation, still less a private revelation. He is the Spirit of wisdom and revelation *in the knowledge of Christ*.¹²³ In the Spirit we meditate upon Christ, upon His baptism which symbolizes our baptism, upon His life, which is the model for ours, upon His sufferings in which we must share, upon His death in which we are crucified to sin, and upon His resurrection which is the promise of our victory. The light of the knowledge of the glory of God shines upon us in Christ's image,¹²⁴ which, beholding, we are transformed into the same image from glory to glory by the Spirit of the Lord.¹²⁵ We thus become God's workmanship—created in Jesus Christ in good works,¹²⁶ doing the truth in charity that we may all grow up in Him Who is the Head, even Christ.¹²⁷

In this is true liberty. The liberty wherewith Christians are made free,¹²⁸ is not the liberty to do what we will; nor yet, for that matter, the liberty of voting or of democracy. It is the liberty which ensues when, beholding the glory of the Lord, we are transformed into Him in the Spirit.¹²⁹ It is the liberty that comes of submission, not of license; of submission to the guidance of God's Spirit manifesting to us the glory of God's image. Thus it is that we are joined to Christ in one Spirit, and hence, glorifying and bearing God in our bodies, cease to be our own.¹³⁰ Thus it is that, as Peter says,¹³¹ grace and peace are accomplished in us in the knowledge of God and of Christ Jesus our Lord. Thus it is that all things of His Divine

¹¹⁸ Ephesians i. 17.¹¹⁹ *Ibid.* i. 14.¹²⁰ *Ibid.* iv. 17-19.¹²¹ Galatians v. 16.¹²² Ephesians iv. 22-24.¹²³ *Ibid.* i. 17.¹²⁴ 2 Corinthians iv. 6.¹²⁵ *Ibid.* iii. 18.¹²⁶ Ephesians ii. 10.¹²⁷ *Ibid.* iv. 15.¹²⁸ Galatians iv. 31.¹²⁹ 2 Corinthians iii. 17, 18.¹³⁰ 1 Corinthians vi. 17, 20.¹³¹ 2 Peter i. 2, 3.

power, which appertain to life and godliness, are given us through the knowledge of Him Who hath called us to His own proper glory and virtue, so that, flying the concupiscences of the world, we become partakers of the Divine nature. We are freed from sin, in that we have become servants of justice.¹³² We are freed from the lust of the flesh, in that, and in so far as, we are led by the Spirit.¹³³ We are no longer under the pedagogue of the law,¹³⁴ with its bondage of fear,¹³⁵ nor are we the bondslaves of men;¹³⁶ but in the Spirit through faith have become children of God;¹³⁷ have become free in becoming the bondsmen of Christ.¹³⁸ It is not I who live, but Christ liveth in me.¹³⁹

It is the Spirit testifieth within me, and without Him I cannot accept truth, nor believe in Christ's name.¹⁴⁰ It is through the Spirit I *know* Christ. Yet not by any private revelation. Christianity is not merely a personal, it is also a social, religion. The Spirit dwells in the corporate body, whose members are human beings, and through them is the knowledge of Christ conveyed. Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ, the sword of the Spirit, which must be received from those who are sent.¹⁴¹ Therefore, in the one body are there given some apostles and some prophets, other some evangelists, and other some pastors and doctors, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the building up of the body of Christ, until we all meet in the unity of faith and knowledge of the Son of God, unto the measure of the fullness of Christ.¹⁴² For this reason, too, is charity the greatest of Christian virtues. For the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man, not for himself only, but to profit: wisdom, knowledge, faith, the grace of healing, miracles, prophecy, the discernment of spirits, tongues, interpretations—all these are given that as members of one body, we may help one another, whether Gentile or Jew, bond or free, honorable or less honorable, comely or uncomely, that there may be no schism in the body, but each member co-operate with the other in suffering and in glory.¹⁴³

There never has been any great movement, religious,

¹³² Romans vi. 18. ¹³³ Galatians v. 16-18. ¹³⁴ *Ibid.* iii. 25, 26. ¹³⁵ Romans viii. 15.

¹³⁶ 1 Corinthians vii. 23.

¹³⁷ Galatians iii. 25, 26; Romans viii. 15, 16.

¹³⁸ 1 Corinthians vii. 22.

¹³⁹ Galatians ii. 20.

¹⁴⁰ Romans viii. 16; *cf.* 1 John v. 6. ¹⁴¹ Romans x. 14-17; Ephesians vi. 17.

¹⁴² Ephesians iv. 11-13.

¹⁴³ 1 Corinthians xii. 7-26.

political, literary, scientific, artistic, which has not begun with an individual or a group, and in which, as it has spread, there have not been two elements, relatively distinct, teachers and taught. In this matter God has not departed from the policy which characterized His action prior to the Christian era, a policy which is rooted in the very nature of human society. What was not known in other generations—the mystery of Christ—has now been revealed, but it has been revealed, as hitherto, in the first instance, to Apostles and prophets.¹⁴⁴ God is closer to us now, and we to one another, through the knowledge which has been given in Christ, and through the Spirit which conserves and communicates that knowledge, the Spirit *in* which we believe. We are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and members of the household of God.¹⁴⁵ But it is on the foundation of the Apostles and prophets that we have been built, Jesus Himself being the chief corner-stone;¹⁴⁶ and it is still necessary that there should be prophets and apostles, having grace from God, if all men are to be enlightened, that they may see what is the dispensation of the mystery which has been hidden from eternity in God, and if the manifold wisdom of God is to be made known through the Church, according to the eternal purpose which He made in Christ Jesus Our Lord.¹⁴⁷ The Church can fulfill her mission, the saving of souls through the preaching of Christ, the image of God, and Him crucified, only if the Spirit dwell within her, only if she have the “mind of Christ,” only if, within the unity of her body, the Spirit, which searcheth the things of God, operate in each member according to his function and need.

Man was created that he might enter into conscious and personal communion with his Creator. It is this that he seeks, and has sought age after age. Impelled by his instincts, which environment awakens and molds, he is ever striving after knowledge, whereby he may explain both his environment and himself, and whereby he may adapt himself, and so find the satisfaction of his needs. Because he thinks, and may choose, he imagines he is free; but in truth is the slave of tradition, of his own concupiscence, and of the idols which he himself creates. Unaided, the true solution, which alone can bring him genuine and lasting satisfaction, ever escapes him. Thus

¹⁴⁴ Ephesians iii. 5.¹⁴⁵ *Ibid.* ii. 19.¹⁴⁶ *Ibid.* ii. 20.¹⁴⁷ *Ibid.* iii. 8-11.

he learns humility, and the impotence and nothingness of this tiny being, man; yet remains with his problems unsolved, his intelligence still uneasy, his personality dissatisfied with aught this world provides, his heart still yearning for peace. He is still trying to probe the great Beyond, is still seeking—consciously or unconsciously—the ultimate Source of all being; but has now learned from bitter experience that to reach the ultimate in his own strength is impossible. He breaks forth into prayer.

To this prayer the answer has been given. The Second Person of the Trinity, Who knows God because He is God, has taken to Himself human flesh, and has dwelt amongst us on earth, manifesting in His life God's knowledge and power, and in His death God's love for mankind. In Him God is manifest; through Him God works, for the salvation of humanity, wrecked with error and distorted by sin. He died; but also He rose again and lives. Though ascended to the Father and no longer visible in the flesh, He has taken to Himself a new body, composed of human beings. To it He has bequeathed the story of His life, upon it has impressed His own image, and has endowed it with His power. This He has done through the Spirit, Who with Him is one with the Father in the infinite Experience of God. The Second Person has withdrawn Himself from our sight, only that the Third Person may dwell within us, preserving and vivifying the image of the Son, which is the image of the Father, in the mind of the body which He has chosen and to which we belong.

This mind, which is God's Spirit, we share, through communion with Him and through intercourse one with another. The experience which we seek of God is ours, for of the Spirit we have experience, each of us in whom He dwells; and in Him recognize the truth of what we have been taught by those whom Christ has sent. The dry bones of history, man's actions past and gone, become for us animate with life. In them, imperfect as they may be, we see the operation of the Spirit of God. And in the Jesus of history we see, as the Apostles saw, God incarnate in flesh like to ours. That which is distant in time becomes to us present, through the Spirit to Whom all things are present. He Who is invisible, and has gone from our experience, enters it again through the Spirit with Whom He is one. In the Spirit we become conscious of

our unity with the Whole which God has created amongst men, that man may be drawn unto Himself; conscious that in this Whole God dwells, giving continuity to its parts, past, present and future, and sustaining in it the knowledge of Himself.

Man's greatest problem—the problem of how to get in touch with ultimate Reality, so as to render our knowledge of It both certain and durable, has thus been solved in the only way it could be solved—by God Himself, Who has entered our experience first as man, and then as Spirit, vivifying the image of Himself which remained in the minds of His chosen Apostles, and which exists in our mind through communion with the body formed in them. No longer are we children, tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine, for in the body which the Spirit animates, and each member of it, Truth resides. The image of Christ, which must needs be communicated, expresses itself within us and through us, in speech, literature, symbolism, art, and, above all, in works of charity. In proportion as we possess it, we are free: free from the thralldom of error; free from the bondage of sin. Not yet is our destiny fully realized. Not yet have we an immediate consciousness of either the Father or the Son. But we know what we are and what we shall be. Born again in Christ's likeness, already are we truly sons of God; and because sons, heirs also, destined, if His image develop within us, to share ultimately with Christ His experience of the Father, through the Spirit which dwells within us, unifying through experience the many and the one.

That this might be our destiny, and we have assurance of it, is the answer to the question why God became man. What of ourselves we could not know, we now know through Christ, Who has revealed to us God's nature; and in this knowledge both God and the universe become intelligible to us in a way in which they were never intelligible before. Unless God be experience, intelligence, life, goodness, unless in Him be all that we esteem highest and best, what is God? And how can He be this, unless within His Experience, infinite and eternal, there be distinction of personality? Aristotle got almost thus far; but we now *know* that it is so, and also that this distinction, while yet remaining, is none the less transcended in the Spirit of Unity and Love. Unless there were personality in

God, how could there be society among men, or number or difference? And unless in God's Experience we were destined somehow to share, mediately or immediately, what reason could there be for our existence; what reason for our evolution unless that we may grow in this experience, one with another, and so attain a happiness which no passing creature can give? What, except this, is the meaning of the first Commandment? What the meaning of the second, unless it be that, each having the same end, each should help the other in attaining it?

Our faith, which is in the Trinity, has value for intelligence and value for life, both personal and social. In it lies, as Augustine saw, the key to a right understanding of nature; because of it, as Paul pointed out, law ceases to be law in that the wherefore of law stands revealed and charity replaces coercion. It contains also a promise for the future. But its greatest value lies in the fact that with the promise is conjoined the pledge of its own fulfillment. Our redemption is one of acquisition, but what we shall acquire, already in part we possess. Already we are one with God through the flesh, in which He became one with our race; through the Cross, on which He took to Himself human suffering and sin; through the Spirit, which is God, indwelling the society He has chosen, and giving life to the image of the Son, by which and into which we are gradually transformed. The pledge of our redemption dwells within us: we await but the moment when, the flesh being subdued, the self abnegated, vanity and error purged away, the Sonship, which already is ours, shall be fully revealed. The Society God has formed in His Church, though imperfect, is already Divine. The knowledge which sustains her in being, though imparted through symbols and speech, is none the less already immediate through the Spirit which animates her members. In the end this immediacy will extend to the whole of That which *is*: we shall see God face to face; and so shall be made one Society with Father, Son and Spirit, in Whom we believe. To become god man sinned: yet he can become God if he wills through the Son, in Whom man is redeemed, and through the Spirit which is given that process in time may be completed in creatures, even as it is eternally complete in the Experience of the three Divine Persons to Whom creatures owe their being.

[THE END.]

- VERLAINE AFTER QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

BY WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY, PH.D.



INTEREST in Paul Verlaine has steadily grown at home and abroad. The errors of his life are forgotten as the greatness of his work emerges. In the perspective of time, we now understand the poet of *Sagesse* far better than at his death a quarter of a century ago. His adverse critics have modified their strictures. Such strictures were based upon his Bohemian career and equally upon the eccentricities of his "symbolism." René Doumic, for example, condemned his poetry as consisting of "*polissonneries*," "*niaiseries*" and "*radotage*." Even so sympathetic an appreciator as Jules Lemaitre found himself forced to exert persistent effort in order to understand Verlaine. "What I took at first to be pretentious and obscure refinements, I have come to regard as the natural boldness of a spontaneous poet, his charmingly awkward gestures." "Certainly, he was mad," said Anatole France. "But remember that this poor madman has created a new art, and that concerning him the future will be likely to say: 'He was the first poet of his time.'"

Abandoning the architectural forms of the Parnassians, Paul Verlaine evolved a personal poetry that was essentially musical. After the pompous lyrism of the Romanticists, he created a language capable of expressing deeper sensibility, employing for this a syntax emancipated from that Latin influence which even Victor Hugo had been obliged to respect almost as rigidly as had Racine. Thus Verlaine represents the confluence of classic tradition and the French genius. Mr. Harold Nicolson, in his recent biography of Verlaine, has so skillfully reconstructed the vagabond poet's stormy life that it unfolds with fascinating vividness. Born at Metz in 1844, he had begun his career during the vogue of the Parnassian school. Even such standard bearers of Romanticism as Hugo and Gautier had virtually abdicated in favor of Leconte de Lisle and Baudelaire, masters of the younger generation. It was as their disciple that Verlaine composed *Les Poèmes*

Saturniens (1866), his maiden effort. Here, misunderstanding his own temperament, he insisted upon the Parnassian creed of "*impassibilité*," and cautioned against heeding the voice of inner inspiration. The poet, he said, should not abandon himself idly to the blowing of the wind. He should assert his will, not waste his soul in vagrant feeling, and, above all, he should remember that the Venus de Milo is created out of marble. Thinking himself similarly destined to carve from stone or to cast in bronze, Verlaine tried his hand at plastic poems such as *La Mort de Philippe II.*, which were only clever imitations of Leconte de Lisle. But already his true talent had found expression in *Paysages Tristes*:

*Et je m'en vais
Au vent mauvais
Qui m'emporte
De ci, de là
Pareil à la
Feuille morte.*

And, as by wind
Harsh and unkind
Driven by grief,
Go I, here, there,
Recking not where,
Like the dead leaf.¹

And ere long traces of a new manner became evident, his true nature betraying itself beneath the mask now by a furtive tenderness and now by whimsicalities in thought or expression due to the originality of his genius. Even in *Les Fêtes galantes* (1869), poems somewhat *précieux*, written according to eighteenth century taste, and in *La bonne Chanson* (1870), a collection of brief love poems, sweet, sincere and simple, the outstanding trait was no longer Parnassian contemplation, but palpitant sensibility.

The excesses of a wild life during the decade that ensued frightened away Verlaine's Muse. He became a vagabond and a wastrel, and it was only in prison that he again found himself. He had read widely, and the wisdom thus acquired and his bitter experiences wrought upon his sensitive nature. He

¹ Translated by Gertrude Hall.

was a strange combination of god and beast, now mystic, now carnal, now shaking his sides with laughter, now weeping with melancholy. Religion, from which he had strayed, once more claimed him. Redeemed from his sins, he returned to his traditional faith. The change became apparent in 1881 with the publication of *Sagesse*, remarkable poems of piety. Here, lamenting his former skepticism and license, he wrote: "The author of the present volume has not always believed as he does today. He long went astray in corruption, sharing the vice and ignorance of the time. Recently, however, merited misfortune gave him warning, and, by God's grace, he understood. He knelt before the altar so long disdained, and now he adores the Almighty as a submissive child of the Church—the last in merit, but confirmed in good will."

The convert describes his fruitless struggle against the flesh until a Divine Lady, radiant in snowy garments, came to his rescue:

*J'étais le vaincu qu'on assiège,
Prêt à vendre son sang bien cher,
Quand, blanche, en vêtement de neige,
Toute belle au front humble et fier,
Une Dame vint sur la nue,
Qui d'un signe fit fuir la Chair.*

I was a prisoner, at bay,
Ready to sell his blood most dear,
When lo! in raiment white as day,
Most beautiful, with brow most clear,
A Lady came to me from heaven
And with a sign my Flesh did sear.

So the poet, time and again, grows fervent in his confessions and supplications. He is as ardent in faith as he had been in infidelity. With the ecstasy of a Pascal, he exclaims:

*O mon Dieu, vous m'avez blessé d'amour
Et la blessure est encore vibrante!*

O God, Thou hast pierced me with love,
And the wound is palpitant still.

Of the Mass he says: "Everything passes; this service alone

endures. It will remain as it was established at the beginning. From every corner of the world speaks this voice, always the same, inexhaustible in meaning, not to be altered or rendered more profound by all the centuries. . . . The words of the Mass are graven as in bronze, not to be effaced by eternity itself." How different is the poetry of such a man from that induced by the vague religiosity of the Romanticists! To God Verlaine appeals in language worthy of Thomas à Kempis. To Christ he dedicates sonnets of rare beauty. Indeed, it is only in St. Teresa that one finds more exquisite mystic effusions. As for Verlaine's "confessions," they are reminiscent of St. Augustine. "It is here for the first time," affirms Jules Lemaître, "that French poetry has truly expressed the love of God," and Anatole France asserts that Verlaine's verse is the most Christian written in France.

Evidently, the strains of *Sagesse* were remote from Parnassian eloquence. Instead of carving in marble, Verlaine now strove to reproduce the music of the soul. Mallarmé, another master of the hour, represented a similar tendency. In fact, the theories of poetry were again in the melting pot, as witness the number of dissidents from the Parnassian creed. A precursor of the new movement was Baudelaire, who pointed its way in his famous sonnet, *Les Correspondances*:

*La Nature est un temple où de vivants piliers
Laissent parfois sortir de confuses paroles;
L'homme y passe à travers des forêts de symboles
Qui l'observent avec des regards familiers.*

In Nature's temple living pillars rise,
And words are murmured none have understood,
And man must wander through a tangled wood
Of symbols watching him with friendly eyes.²

Reaction against a rigid, metallic, or marmoreal poetry, and against impassive scenes from nature or society had begun to manifest itself before 1880. Poets evinced a taste for ideas and emotions revealing eternal laws and personality. Young rhymesters, grouped in coteries, with their progressive literary journals, proclaimed the dawn of a new school. The

² *Poems and Prose Poems*, with Introduction and Preface by James Huneker. New York: Brentano's.

people heard this movement described as *décadent* and *symboliste*. The fantastic obscurities and the mystifying pretensions of the new creed struck them for a time as grotesque, the features of a hoax. Nevertheless, the movement was serious and fruitful.

As Gustave Lanson has pointed out, the decadents and symbolists did not wish to return to Romanticism, to fill their poems with autobiographic confessions. They sought to render, in place of the fixed form of material things, fleeting impressions of the moment, the rhythm of life in action. They saw in nature a moving symbol of eternal causes, and they endeavored to interpret, through art, the world without and the soul within. They strove for a more individualized poetic medium, restrained only by the desire of escaping the unintelligible. Not all succeeded in avoiding this danger in their desire to fashion a style peculiar and expressive. They disdained the old syntax, preferring sensations and impressions to logic. Their verses must be more varied, capable of finer harmonies. Impressionism, in short, was their aim.

Now although Verlaine was recognized as master by the élite among his younger *confrères*, he was anything but a dogmatic regent of letters. He lacked the over-weening confidence of the doctrinaire. Thus he differed from Malherbe, who had discarded all that Ronsard and his literary forbears had accomplished. To merit Malherbe's favor, a writer had to pay him abject homage. Verlaine, on the contrary, welcomed all impartially, incapable of exercising tyranny. Nor was he eager to attract converts. He recruited disciples only by his genius. Never was a writer less given to argument. If pressed regarding a disputed point of doctrine, he would evade his questioner by some pleasantry. He abhorred pedantry and theorizing. From experience, he knew that a poet is a man of instinct, and that, in art, intuition plays the principal rôle. He was convinced that the born poet makes his verses much as the bee its honey, without the aid of recipes.

And yet Verlaine paid attention to the theory of poetry. He criticized his contemporaries, and wrote an *Art Poétique*. In such work, however, he was not didactic. It was necessity rather than taste induced his efforts. Vanier was publishing a series of biographies, *Hommes du Jour*, and Verlaine under-

took to write of such poets as he knew personally. His *Art Poétique*, composed as the result of an epistolary contention with Charles Morice, is not without inconsistencies. Here Verlaine cautions against "*la pointe assassine, l'esprit cruel et le rire impur*;" and yet he practises satire and epigram in his admirable *Invectives* and *Parallèlement*. He confuses Eloquence with mere Declamation, exclaiming: "Take Eloquence and wring its neck." Later, he admitted that he had meant only "the excess of romantic verbiage, in which the meaning evaporates amidst sonority of words, whose superabundance destroys the essence and mars the flavor."

Nor was Verlaine less inconsistent with regard to rhyme. Once he characterized it as "*ce bijou d'un sou qui sonne creux et faux sous la lime*." Ernest Raynaud, writing recently in *Belles Lettres*, says: "I afterwards chanced to remark, in *Le Décadent*, Verlaine's desire for rhyme reform, basing my argument upon his authority. Modest in my suggestions, I only asked that the poet be permitted to rhyme for the ear. This got me into serious trouble with my revered master, whom I had thought it unnecessary to consult about the matter. To my astonishment, he wrote me a letter for publication in which he proclaimed the necessity of 'rich rhyme,' an orthodox profession of faith worthy of Boileau." Small wonder that, in view of these inconsistencies, Verlaine should have referred to his *Art Poétique* as a "song not to be taken too literally." As a matter of fact, he did not approve of radical symbolist innovations, although literary manuals represent him and Mallarmé as leaders in that movement. His love of verbal music was instinctive. Thus he employed lines of thirteen, eleven and nine syllables in a swaying rhythm that made the rigid movement of the Alexandrine seem heavy by comparison. He used interlaced feminine rhymes, also, giving to his strophes a novel sweetness. Exquisite assonances and delicate alliterations rendered his verse more like the buzzing of bees than the utterance of human voices.

Much as Verlaine appreciated the music of poetry, he held clearness to be essential. Like Gautier, he came to believe that there are few synonyms. Proof of his ultimate conservatism is afforded by his lecture upon contemporary poets given at Brussels near the end of his career. In speaking of the younger symbolist poets, he said: "I have not always

agreed with them. To *vers libre*, for example, my objections are many, as well as to the loose versification which some of our younger poets employ or strive to attain. I do not understand the word *symboliste*. Applied to poetry, it is a pleonasm pure and simple." Here he even suggested that poets "return to the eternal formulas"—the old rigid versification. As Ernest Raynaud has remarked, if you go through Verlaine's stout volumes, you perceive that whenever his genius is most in evidence, he is composing according to tradition. Thus, Verlaine was in part attached to classicism. Wishing to praise Arthur Rimbaud, he found no higher tribute than to compare him with Virgil, Racine and Lamartine. He recommended to writers the essential qualities of the French genius—intelligence, measure and clearness. With him it was an axiom of æsthetics that a good writer must know his own language. Speaking of Mallarmé, he lamented that "preoccupied with beauty, he had regarded clearness as a secondary grace." In a word, Verlaine is classic when at his best. Those critics are in error who, basing their arguments upon his *boutades* and paradoxes, see in him only a radical reformer. Far from vilifying the French Academy, he used his influence to open its doors to writers he admired, such as Leconte de Lisle, François Coppée and Villiers de l'Isle Adam.

According to Mr. Nicolson's interpretative biography, at once readable and scholarly, Verlaine achieved in poetics two important reforms. In the first place, he ridded French metrics of various impediments which had baffled even Victor Hugo. Then, too, he brought discredit upon the arbitrary dogma of rich rhyme as formulated by Théodore de Banville. The poet of *Sagesse* was the first to understand that Victor Hugo and his Parnassian successors had dethroned the hemistich only to raise in its place the autocracy of rhyme. He realized, moreover, that the meaning and the scope of a verse would be equally impeded by the enforced stress of the concluding rhyme, as it had been curtailed by the tyranny of the cæsura. His object was not to abolish rhyme, but to make it serviceable and *sensible*. Accordingly, he introduced a system of rhymes which should be strong when concordant with the sense of the verse, but which, when they conflicted with logical expression, should be so modulated as to become almost imperceptible. In other words:

*De la musique encore et toujours!
 Que ton vers soit la chose envolée
 Qu'on sent qui fuit d'une âme en allée
 Vers d'autres cieux à d'autres amours.*

Music ever and again!
 Speed your verse with winged flight
 From a soul that scales the height
 Toward distant spheres, toward love not vain.

This primitive poet, who never formed a definite conception of the world or of himself, whose life was spent in the semi-hallucination of solitary dreaming, possessed the child-like naïveté and the abnormal senses of one deranged or inspired. Says André Delacour: "Certain of his strophes, which resemble the enchantments of reverie, express in all simplicity the soul of the lowly, and like the morning dew, seem to come from the depths of our race." In *Sagesse*, certainly, there speaks a pure passion like that which found voice in the erection of cathedrals and in the composition of *The Imitation of Christ*. It was, owing to the spell of *Sagesse*, this most Catholic of books, that poets so different as Louis Le Cardonnel, Paul Claudel, Francis Jammes and Charles Péguy escaped the vague religiosity sprung from Rousseau and entered wholeheartedly into the pure spirit of the Church. From Verlaine they caught the warmth and rhythm of a new life and learned that beneath the humblest of exteriors may lie the finest poetry.

The religion of Verlaine was by no means incompatible with the highest patriotism. He was a nationalist rather than an internationalist. In his prose *Confessions*, he proclaims passionately his love for Metz, his native town, and in his splendid *Ode to Metz*, written in 1892, he assails the conception of anarchistic dreamers who would substitute for love of country love of the race in general. To say that all peoples are brothers is for him to deny national traditions and national hopes:

*Tous peuples frères! Autant dire
 Plus de France, même martyr,
 Plus de souvenirs, même amers!
 Plus de raison souveraine,*

*Plus de foi sûre et sereine,
 Plus d'Alsace et plus de Lorraine. . . .
 Autant fouetter le flot des mers.*

Peoples brothers! That would mean
 France disrupted, Martyred queen,
 Memories vanished bitterly!
 Kingly reason downward thrust,
 Faith serene a shaken trust,
 Alsace, Lorraine, dust to dust. . . .
 Sooner still the surging sea.

To Metz he sings as remaining virginal in purity though violated by the invader, from whose hand it will at length be rescued. In prophetic accents he bids the day and the hour of deliverance to sound.

Here Verlaine is vigorous. More often, he is relaxed and brooding, expressing for his generation something of the sadness that Musset uttered for his. Indeed, he represents the culmination of romantic lyrism, a melancholy which Chateaubriand had magnified in *René*, after its inauguration by Rousseau. Such melancholy, nourished by Northern literatures, was as varied as the sensibility of its exponents, just as a toxin, in passing through different organisms, becomes more or less virulent. Thus, the happy childhood and fundamental optimism of Lamartine preserved him from bitterness. The healthy plebeian, Victor Hugo, might prate of the tragedies of conscience, but he did so with one eye on his audience. De Vigny, however, was truly pessimistic, and Musset struggled between contending moods, now joyous and now despairing. As for Baudelaire, Verlaine's immediate master, he was temperamentally neurotic, his morbid melancholy alternating from gloom to hysteria. In his *Fleurs du Mal*, the bombast of Romanticism was refined, and in the verses of Verlaine it is still further subdued, gaining in depth and subtlety what it has lost in amplitude. Freed from such accessories as orientalism, mythology, history and biography, it has become with Verlaine sheer subjectivism, exquisitely sad.

At a time when others were coldly sculpturing the same conventional designs over and over, Verlaine, as we have seen, breathed life into marble and then turned to another medium for poetry—the free fantasy of music. This bourgeois in the

midst of Paris sang like a faun or a minstrel of the Middle Ages, evoking the most delicate vibrations of the nerves, the most fugitive echoes of the heart. As for influence, that of Paul Verlaine is latent and all-pervading rather than concentrated. He bequeathed to posterity an atmosphere rather than a specific doctrine. He remains the purest lyrical genius of his country in our day, a verbal musician who has succeeded in transforming a melancholy that was painful into a thing of beauty. His work will live as long as the language in which he wrought this miracle.

GOD.

BY FRANCIS CARLIN.

THE Shining Three
Are One Who is
Simplicity.
Heaven's One
Is Three Who are
As Triune Sun.

Behold! Their Sire
Is Mercy Who
Shall be our Fire.

And He, Their Word,
In kindled Wine
Is yet Our Lord;

The while Their Dove
In flaming Truth
Is yet our Love.

Heaven's One
Is Three Who are
As Triune Sun.
The Shining Three
Are One Who is
Simplicity.

THE FAILURE OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

BY A. PALMIERI, O.S.A., D.D., PH.D.



OLSHEVISM is a tyranny—a revolutionary tyranny, if you will, the complete negation of democracy, and of all freedom of thought and action. Based on force and terroristic violence, it is simply following out the same philosophy which was preached by Nietzsche and Haeckel, and which for the past twenty-five years has glorified the might of force, as the final justification of all existence. By substituting one class domination for another, it has merely reversed the former tyranny of the Romanoffs into a tyranny still more terrible in its onesidedness.”¹

Everyone who has followed the gradual enhancement of Bolshevism, and its domestic policy within the frontiers of Russia, can subscribe to the definition set forth above. Politically, Bolshevism is the fanaticism of the Revolution. It aims to create a new mind in Europe. The social order, as it exists in the most civilized nations of our day, appears to Bolshevism a relic of mediæval barbarism, and therefore doomed to complete disappearance. “The purpose of Russian Socialism,” wrote Leon Trotzky, “is to revolutionize the minds of the working class in the same way as the development of Capitalism has revolutionized social relations.”²

Faithful to its aims, Bolshevism has succeeded, at least temporarily, in subverting the foundations of society. In default of a convincing logical foundation, it has resorted to violence. The soil of Russia has been piled high with corpses to test the social reforms of Bolshevism. A French Socialist deputy after his visit to Russia could not help declaring openly that in Russia “terror and death are everywhere and no one knows why the dead are dead.”³ The chiefs of Bol-

¹ “*Bolshevik Aims and Ideals*” and “*Russian Revolt Against Bolshevism*,” reprinted from the *Round Table*, New York, 1919, p. 53.

² *Our Revolution*, New York, 1918, p. 142.

³ Charles Dumas, *La vérité sur les Bolsheviki: documents et notes d'un témoin*, Paris, 1919, p. 134.

shevism have followed the maxim written in blood by a victim of the old régime on the walls of his prison: "Whatever promotes revolution is moral; whatever raises an obstacle to it is immoral and criminal." The foes of Tsarism were not so severely crushed as have been those who rebelled against Bolshevism.

But Bolshevism is not only a political and social system. It is also a religion. Even atheism, from a certain point of view, is not exempt from a religious element. It denies God, only to set up gods of its own. In essence, atheism is not the negation of religion, but a depraved religion. And Bolshevism, in spite of its irreligion, takes the shape of a religious system, and wraps itself in hieratic draperies. "Bolsheviki are fanatics who have no concern for their personal lives, regarding death merely a sacrifice for the sake of humanity. From this we can see that the terrible, brutal and impracticable Bolshevism, is transformed by these fanatics into a new religion, a creed for the international proletariat."⁴ A Russian writer says that Bolshevism is "a religious madness that sanctifies all crimes."⁵ Its power is the product of a religious exaltation. Revolution is God acting in man and through man. Its onward sweep is the movement of the Divine Being. According to the poet of the Russian revolution, Ivanov-Razumnik, Bolshevism is a fiery hurricane that is crossing Russia, and bearing the seeds of spring.

It goes towards the West; it upsets the world. It is crucified by its foes, but rises from its grave. The Revolution is eternal and unchangeable. It is the *Absolute*.

As a religious system, Bolshevism naturally tends to oppose the forms of religion that repudiate its principles. In Russia, its natural enemy was the Russian Church. We need not be surprised, then, if Russian Bolshevism in its attempts to extirpate the institutions of the past, assumed from the outset

⁴ A. Carasso, *The Imitation of Cain. A Few Words on Modern Russia*, Frederick, Md., 1921, p. 60.

⁵ Serge De Chessin, *Au pays de la démente rouge*, Paris, 1919, p. 300. "Bolshevism as a social phenomenon is to be reckoned as a religion, not as an ordinary political movement. . . Among religions, Bolshevism is to be reckoned with Mohammedanism rather than with Christianity and Buddhism. What Mohammedanism did for the Arabs, Bolshevism may do for the Russians."—B. Russell, *Bolshevism: Practice and Theory*, New York, 1920, pp. 117, 118.

an hostile attitude towards Russian Christianity, and made its destruction a starting point in its programme.

A recent historian of Bolshevism, H. N. Brailsford, writes that "there is full religious tolerance in Russia, but the Communistic party is fiercely anti-clerical and conducts an unremitting controversy with the Orthodox Church, certainly the most grossly superstitious form of belief that survives in the civilized world."⁶ Of course, there is a grain of truth in these bold assertions. Bolshevism proclaims that it champions religious tolerance. Its utterances are belied by the facts. The Russian Church, in turn, is infected with superstition. But, as a Church possessed of sacramental life, and voicing the word of God, she preserves the riches of Catholic doctrinal inheritance. That Church was for centuries the palladium of Russian nationalism, the strongest support of Russian autocracy. The history of Russia is largely her history for the Russian people in their form of government, to quote Vladimir Solovev, were a theocracy. "The Russian Church," writes De Chessin, "was the soul of the Russian people. She was so, in spite of her constant decay and decline into a clumsy bureaucratic machinery, a spiritual police of despotism. For centuries she had worked as the only source of enlightenment, and the only true bond of national unity. The history of Russian grandeur is inseparable from the history of the old monasteries with battlemented walls and Byzantine cupolas. The Patriarch was a second Tsar, and without the cross, the sword was powerless. To the crown of the heroic princes, the Church added, by their canonization, the crown of holiness."⁷ Why then did "the Russian people, apparently the most religious, the most Christian in Europe, surrender themselves, tied hand and foot, to a dozen Jewish adventurers, and burn their sacred icons? Why have they preferred the kingdom of Antichrist to the emperor of the faithful, according to the official term of the Orthodox liturgy? Why have they given themselves up to the dynasties of Bronstein, Apfelbaum and Rosenfeld? One thousand years have been wiped out! We are witnessing a new passion, a new Calvary. The chosen people have hurled down their Lord."⁸

The powerlessness of the Russian Church in face of the

⁶ *The Russian Workers' Republic*, New York, 1921, p. 150.

⁷ De Chessin, *op. cit.*, p. 296.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 299.

Revolution is the consequence of an incurable disease that paralyzed her. She lost her vigor in her isolation from Western Christianity, in the worship of those political maxims which led the Eastern Churches to lamentable disaster. The Russian Church broke with the cultured classes, and lost her hold upon the peasantry. Her influence rested upon the crumbling foundations of autocracy, and when they were shaken, she followed in the ruin of Tsarism. Bolshevism in achieving the destruction of the old political régime, found no obstacle in its attempts to de-Christianize Russia and to inflict a Neronian persecution on the clergy.

The Russian Orthodox Church made her own grave, and in it the Bolsheviki laid her bleeding body. During the nineteenth century she lost both the nobility and the *intelligentsia*. The Russian nobles despised a clergy composed of ignorant *Mujiki*, the offspring of generations of serfs. A materialistic rowdyism debased the ranks of the nobility. They were known in Russia and abroad by their orgies, absurd whims, and wasteful expenditures. At times they produced flowers of gentleness and moral elevation, of which the best were transplanted into the garden of the Catholic Church. Yet, the Russian nobility officially did not sever relations with the Church. They needed the Russian priests to bridle the peasants charged with the cultivation of their vast domains. The "*popes*" (village clergy) were the policemen of the peasants' souls. A heavier loss was that of the *intelligentsia*. They were the brains of Russia, and it may be said, of the Russian Revolution. The *intelligentsia* depended upon Germany for their intellectual food. Russian philosophy was grafted on French positivism and German materialism.

In his early youth Vladimir Solovev (he was then twenty years old) raised his protest against this abject imported philosophy, and published his admirable thesis, entitled *The Crisis of the Western Philosophy*. Vehement recriminations were heard from the lips of the most distinguished scholars of the Russian universities. They despised spiritualism, and based their conceptions of universe and life on empiricism. Russian philosophers were preachers of atheism. They strongly opposed the infiltration of the clergy in their scientific sanctuaries. Russian universities were compelled to teach fundamental theology, canon law and Church history: the

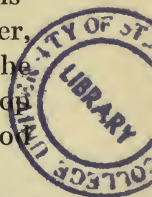
academic councils, however, were always upon the watch for a favorable opportunity to dismiss them. On January 22, 1906, a commission of university professors was vested with the responsibility of drawing up a new programme of courses. This body proposed and recommended the suppression of the theological chairs. A year before (September 19, 1905) the council of the University of Kiev relieved students from the obligation of taking the examination on theology.⁹ The *intelligentsia* pretended to ignore the literary production of the theological academies. The official organs of these learned institutions, in spite of their scientific value, had subscribers only among the priests, and were unable to prolong their existence without the financial support of the Holy Synod. The *Bogoslovsky Viestnik* (*Theological Messenger*), a monthly magazine famous for the breadth of its ideas and the seriousness of its contents, had only fifteen hundred subscribers. The *Trudy* of the Spiritual Academy of Kiev, only two hundred.

The Russian *intelligentsia* did more than ignore the meagre intellectual life of the Church: their writings were saturated with hatred of the clergy. In the novels of Solovev, Tchirigov, Glukhovtsov, Volkovich-Vell, Krizhanovsky, Vasilich, Kruglov and particularly, in the writings of Leonid Andreiev, the most talented of the Russian decadents, there passes before our eyes a long procession of priests, upon whose faces are seen the indelible traces of prolonged servitude, of ancestral abjection, of the moral lapses and bleeding wounds produced by their unhappy conditions of existence and by the atmosphere of hostility surrounding them. "The Church in Russia," wrote Dillon, "was a mere museum of liturgical antiquities. No life-giving eyes animated that rigid body, for Byzance was powerless to give what it did not possess."¹⁰

Deprived of the support of the nobility and the *intelligentsia*, the Russia Church, had she been conscious of the ruin impending, would have turned her gaze to the lowest social class. The peasants in the villages, although ill-disposed towards their *popes*, were, in a superstitious manner, somewhat attached to their Church. In the large cities the workers had already begun to desert Christianity and to trod into the ranks of Socialism. But the clergy unwillingly stood

⁹ A. Palmieri, *La Chiesa Russa*, Florence, 1908, pp. 605, 606.

¹⁰ L. Bryant, *Six Red Months in Russia*, New York, 1918, p. 261.



in the way of popular aspirations. The *popes* could but follow the example and instructions of their bishops. Like the episcopate, their spiritual influence was at the service of bureaucracy. They became clerks, spies and gendarmes of the State. They forgot their mission of healing souls, in order to help the régime that paid them.

The spiritual dissolution of the Russian Church was hastened by the religious dictatorship of Constantine Pobiedonostzev, the High Procurator of the most Holy Synod, "the deepest and most talented expounder of absolutist ideas."¹¹ Pobiedonostzev was at the helm of the Russian Church for a quarter of a century, acting as the spiritual Tsar of the Russian people. His soul was a mixture of hatred for Catholicism, Western Civilization, Freedom, Democratic Ideals and nationalities. The popular masses were to him a chaos. In order to establish system in the midst of the disparate elements of that chaos, the ferrule of autocracy was the only effective weapon.

In his famous *Moskovskii Sbornik* (*Moscow Essays*), he wrote: "The masses are dissatisfied, indignant, restless, protesting: they overthrow institutions and governments which have not kept their word, which have not realized the hopes aroused by their fantastic ideas. They establish new institutions, and again destroy them; they turn to new rulers who have lured them with the same deceptive words, and again they overthrow them, seeing that they are unable to keep their promise. A miserable and terrifying chaos in public institutions; waves of passion surge and sweep everywhere; time and again, the people are pacified by the magic sound of the words 'freedom,' 'equality,' 'publicity,' 'popular sovereignty,' and he who knows how to play skillfully and at the right time with these words becomes the ruler of the people."¹²

This quotation shows that Pobiedonostzev was acquainted with the changing moods of the masses. They need a strong government to be bridled. The autocratic form was, in his eyes, the only force for cohesion in Russia. Individuals and institutions must be subservient to the autocratic State, and first of all the Church, which, by reason of her mission, ought to regulate the life of the masses. The principle of the sub-

¹¹ J. Olgin, *The Soul of the Russian Revolution*, New York, 1917, p. 61.

¹² *Moskovskii Sbornik*, Petrograd, 1896, pp. 101, 102.

serviency of the Church to the State, a principle clearly formulated in the *Spiritual Regulation* of Peter the Great, was carried by him to its utmost conclusion. Under his dictatorship, the dioceses were intrusted to bishops who were known for their full submission to the orders of Russian bureaucracy. The best elements of the Russian Church, the most learned bishops, such as, for instance, Sergii of Vladimir, "the Russian Bollandist," were either silenced or confined to small towns and unimportant offices. The Holy Synod headed the nationalistic crusade against Poles, Jews, Lithuanians, Finns, Letts and Tartars; the barbarous persecution against the hundred thousands of Ruthenians who, by force of a decree, were placed under the banners of Orthodoxy, and forced to receive their sacraments from Orthodox *popes*. All the measures sanctioned against the religion, the literatures, the languages and autonomy of the nationalities living within the vast frontiers of Russia, bear the stamp of the undaunted will and the constant policy of Pobiedonostzev. His theories of government may be summed up in the following aphorisms: (1) Christianity is a religion which gives life to Russia; (2) Christianity in Russia needs to be Orthodox and national; (3) the Russian Church ought to be subject to the State.

Pobiedonostzev is responsible for most of the mistakes of the Russian bureaucracy. He was, according to his foes, the evil spirit of Russia. The hatred that filled the hearts of Russian liberal patriots against absolutism in politics, turned also against the Church. Before his death (1907), he realized the fruitlessness of his efforts. The new generation was coming along, and, unfortunately, was wandering far from a Church that had lent a helping hand to a despotic State. The dictator was compelled to make concessions. He allowed the convocation of a general Synod of the Russian Church. The remedy came too late. The debates of the various commissions appointed by the Holy Synod in 1905-1906 for the preparation of the Council, left things as they were, and revived only some obsolete forms and canons of the ecclesiastical discipline of Byzantium. The Russian Church under Pobiedonostzev became a bedizened corpse.

Russian writers, even members of the ecclesiastical academies, where a limited freedom of press was granted, graphically set forth the conditions of the clergy among the Russian

peasantry. "The *popes* have no feelings of mercy: they look with indifference on the sufferings of their flocks; and their only concern is for their fees. Many of them have erased from their minds the maxim of the Gospel: they make no distinction between good and evil, nor do they enlighten the faithful. Still worse, they are pleased with their estrangement from the Church, and clip the wings of the friends of progress, and extol to the skies the ancient customs as the distinctive marks of genuine Orthodoxy. Their tongues are filled with venom. In their relations with their flocks, they are false and untruthful. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the common people drew away from them. Their words are no longer the expression of divine truth. The faithful know by experience that they are the mouthpieces of civil authority, and, therefore, their exhortations are void of results. They refuse to support the clergy because the clergy constitute the pillar of of a covetous bureaucracy."¹³

The eclipse of Pobiedonostzev was not followed by a brilliant revival of the Russian Church. Things went from bad to worse. Pobiedonostzev, at least, was a cultured man possessed of a strong will. He was detested and feared, but admiration mingled with hatred of his strong personality. Those who came after him, passed like meteors with no other aim than that of plundering the resources of the clergy. A certain Kiprianov, a specialist in mental diseases, was called to heal the nervous breakdown of the Russian Church. Of course, her diseased body and soul did not recover, and the government of the Church passed into the hands of the faithful disciple of Pobiedonostzev, Charles Vladimirovich Sabler, of pure German stock, who tried to conceal his German name under the Russian name of Deviatkovsky. The régime of Sabler, a régime of embezzlements and simony, inflicted a deathblow on the Russian Church. Ecclesiastical dignities were put up for sale.

After the ephemeral days of freedom in 1905-1907, the reaction had its revenge. The edict of religious tolerance remained practically a dead letter. Russian bishops, like Anthony of Volhynia and Eulogius of Minsk, raised the hue and cry after the pioneers of the social regeneration of Russia. The Poles and Jews were attacked next. And following in the

¹³ Palmieri, *La Chiesa Russa*, pp. 334, 335.

steps of the reaction, an ill-fated monk achieved the ruin of Tsarism and the Russian Church. On March 4, 1914, Miliukov addressed the members of the Duma in the following terms: "The Church is in the hands of the hierarchy. The hierarchy is a State prisoner and the State is dominated by common tramps."¹⁴ On May 12, 1911, Prince Mansirev was more explicit in his denunciation: "You know a man, whose name is associated with exhibitions of the vilest schemes, and the demoralization of the whole Society. Through him or by him all are terrorized who venture to utter their thoughts in any respect opposed to the prevailing tendency of the Orthodox Church and the leading cultured circles."¹⁵

The story of Gregorii Ephimovich Rasputin is the darkest page in the record of the downfall of Russian autocracy. A simple peasant, without any spiritual and intellectual gift, and living a life of debauchery, for several years, was the master of the Russian court and the ruler of political Russia. Many documents concerning his adventures have been published since his tragic death: the veil of mystery covering his vices has been torn away. Yet he finds even now warm admirers, like Baroness Leonia Souing-Seydlitz, who calls him a saint,¹⁶ or obstinate deniers of his ill-doings.

"Rasputin, the monster," writes G. G. Telberg, a professor of law in the University of Saralov, "is a fiction, bred in the busy brains of politicians and elaborated by the teeming imagination of sensational novelists. Rasputin, the saint, is an imaginary product of a woman's diseased mind."¹⁷ We cannot here attempt to narrate the extraordinary career of the Siberian peasant, whom the caprice of hysterical women raised to the pinnacle of glory and power. As soon as the Revolution proclaimed the end of the old régime, Rasputin found scores of biographers, who related the episodes—certainly not edifying—of his adventurous life. The most important documents about him and his relations with the Russian court were made public by a former friend, the ex-monk Iliodor, who married after his escape from Russia, and sought refuge in the United States. His memoirs of Rasputin portray also the humiliating conditions of the Russian Church, whose

¹⁴ T. Vogel-Jorgensen, *Rasputin, Prophet, Libertine, Plotter*, London, 1917, p. 83.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 84.

¹⁶ *Russia of Yesterday and Tomorrow*, New York, 1917.

¹⁷ *The Last Days of the Romanovs*, New York, 1920, p. 252.

bishops dared not denounce the abuses and scandals they witnessed, and, at times, sanctioned and approved for the sake of their own safety and promotion.¹⁸

Rasputin is the genuine product of the Russian sects and Russian extravagant mysticism, which, among Russian sectarians, revives the practices and doctrines of the Gnostics and Manicheans of old. "Religion was his best weapon: it became foul in his hands. With its aid, he obtained by force erotic satisfaction, and then religion and eroticism attained a higher unity which, in his hands, became a power and a political instrument of the first order."¹⁹ His teaching, which drew about him a coterie of aristocratic ladies, seems to be a derivation of the theories professed by the *Skoptzy*, a sect which the Russian Government branded as extremely dangerous to the social welfare. "The pitch of Rasputin's religious doctrine is that to live is love. In love he grants the widest liberty. He says: 'Sin is the path to grace. Unless a man sins, there is nothing to pardon him for.'"²⁰

To his liking, he changed the chiefs of the Government, and ruled the Russian hierarchy. The Tsar venerated him as his spiritual counselor, and the Tsarina reposed full confidence in him. And since he was a tool in the hands of the most reactionary element of Russia, the Church was made responsible for the evil results of his interference in Russian political affairs.

Thus at the outbreak of the Revolution, the Russian Church found herself isolated. The fall of autocracy left her without support. She flattered herself that the Government of Kerensky would extend to her the benefits of freedom and still more the economic help of the old régime. At the outset, her hopes seemed to be realized.

The Council of Moscow did not answer the expectations of the devout Orthodox. It showed itself to be a meeting of twaddlers who, while their house was burning, seriously discussed where to get water to put out the fire. Instead of examining the vital needs of the Russian people and the causes of the unpopularity of the Church, they prattled about

¹⁸ *The Life of Rasputin*, by Sergius Michailov Trufanoff (Ilidor), New York, 1916. The Russian edition is entitled *The Holy Devil (Sviatoi Chort: Zapiski Rasputinie)*, Petrograd, 1917, and contains the reports of Russian police officers about the private life of Rasputin in Petrograd.

¹⁹ Vogel-Jorgensen, pp. 9, 10.

²⁰ Trufanoff, p. 11.

titles, dignities, administrative divisions, increases of salaries—a whole lot of dead things and dead names. The Council pointed out the exhaustion of the inner life and apostolic zeal of the Russian Church. The Russian episcopate acted and talked as if the sun of the days of old had not set. Bolshevism found the Church unarmed, and spread its web over Russia. The peasantry that had been forsaken and oppressed by the Church, welcomed the new régime, and its first decision to divide among them the land possessed by Russian nobility. Under Bolshevism, the *intelligentsia* disappeared: the nobility fled from Russia or was massacred; the workers and the peasants espoused the cause of the Revolution. The clergy remained as a caste embodying the tendencies hostile to revolution, the falling bulwark of buried autocracy. Political, religious and national hatreds spent themselves on them. The leaders of Bolshevism were mostly Jews, who kept in memory a vivid recollection of *pogromy* (massacres) of their brethren with the cognizance of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of the old régime. Besides, they abhorred the Christian faith, as the antithesis of their ideals. Bolshevism first consolidated its power: then it measured its own forces, and when conscious of the inborn weakness of the Russian Church, began the religious war which is aiming to extirpate Christianity from Russian soil.

MY MOTHER.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

IN all men's loss, I see my loss:

So dear thy memory!

The world's great cross is mine own cross:

All death: the death of thee!

A PROPHET IN ITALY.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS, M.A.



GREAT renaissance of the Catholic religion is coming over the world. It will be marked even in the Latin countries."

This is the prediction of Giovanni Papini, the celebrated Italian philosophical writer, whose recent conversion from atheism and anarchy is the sensation of Italy. Papini is the latest prophet of the Old World who turns to the past to see the future. A complete reversal to the obedience of Christ and His Church, according to Papini, is the only solution for the present ills of the world and the only security for its future. He insists on this renaissance being distinctly Catholic. He does not say merely "religious," or "Christian," but, to quote him further, "of the Catholic Faith, of the only true Church—that of Rome." After a lifetime of unbelief and denial, he tried "evangelical" Christianity, but it could not satisfy him. He has gone the full length of submission to the See of Rome.

Papini's entrance into the Church, while it actually took place two years ago, has only recently attracted notice, by reason of the publication of his *Storia di Cristo*, his *Life of Christ*, which appeared a few weeks ago, and which immediately became the most widely read book in Italy. No literary work of any kind, not even excepting the sensational productions of D'Annunzio's fervid pen, has had such a thoroughgoing success as this remarkable recital of the life of Our Saviour. Every bookshop from one end of Italy to the other displays it in its windows. The publisher cannot supply the dealers' demands. The first edition of twenty thousand copies—which in Europe is exceptionally large—has been quickly exhausted. At the same time translations of the book in half a dozen languages are already in process. English and American editions are included among these.

Back of the *Storia di Cristo* is another story, the story of one of the most interesting careers to be found in the annals of modern thought. The first hint of this story came to me, not

unfittingly, from the pulpit, when Padre Magri, one of the celebrated preachers of Florence, spoke of the book while delivering a Lenten sermon in the famous old Church of Or San Michele. When the work of a man known for years as one of the foremost radical writers of Italy is recommended from the altar within stone's throw of the Vatican—within hearing of the Congregation of the Index!—then, said I, it is time to look into it.

I had not read many pages of the *Storia di Cristo* before I was carried away by the beauty and spirit of the work, and I determined to learn, if possible, the history of its writing and its author. A little later the opportunity came of meeting the much talked of Papini. Before that, however, I had taken the reassuring precaution of asking Padre Magri point-blank about the book. He praised it with uplifted hands.

The meeting with Papini gave me a pleasant surprise. Atrocious portraits of him printed in the papers—pictures that looked more like caricatures than portraits—coupled with a slight acquaintance with his handwriting, which at first glance seemed to suggest all sorts of imaginable eccentricities—had somehow given me the impression that he was of the fire-eating type, that he belonged to that category of erratic and untidy minds so frequently labeled "genius." True, I had not quite succeeded in reconciling that impression with the cameo-like cutting of his wonderfully lucid prose. Nevertheless, that was vaguely my preconceived notion of Giovanni Papini. I had even imagined him tousled and undersized!

How different the reality! A tall, spare man, easily over six feet in height, erect and soldierly, with a face at once strong and astonishingly youthful, indeed boyish, greeted me, and ushered me into a study that might have been the private office of a railway director for all the signs it gave of the average literary worker. The heavy oak writing table by the window, very plain and solid, instead of being littered with papers, fairly shone with order and precision. There was nothing on it but a blotter, an ink bottle, and one book; not even any cigarette ashes, although Papini smoked continually. The walls of the little room were lined from floor to ceiling with books—but they were all in place, and there were none either on chairs or on the floor! Only a big bowl of lilacs,

their petals falling to the carpet, broke the severe rigidity of the author's workroom.

But Papini was not rigid. With his slim figure dressed faultlessly in the dark gray tweeds of a business man, without a trace of Byronic tie or other literary negligée, he was as easy and as gracious as his own flowing Italian. There was about him the quiet charm of a man completely and unconsciously in possession of himself. ("This conversion," I commented inwardly, "is no flash in the pan, no new coat to be worn only while its colors seem bright. This man knows what he is about.")

His shaggy head is the only mark on him of the artistic celebrity—or of his erstwhile days of anarchy. Despite the boyishness of his face, it has a rugged sculpturing; and the eyes are rather worn with study. When he was obliged to peer closely at a paper he was writing, I learned the secret of his odd penmanship, which after all is remarkably clear and exact, despite its first appearance of carelessness.

Papini knew my errand and spoke of himself when questioned with the directness and simplicity of a legal mind. He should have been a lawyer! Of course, he is long ago accustomed to this sort of thing: a man who has given his life to the literature of opinion is not to be embarrassed by a few queries from a stranger. But all that he told me seemed somehow to be in the spirit of an offertory—the same spirit that one feels permeating his *Storia di Cristo*: told frankly in thanksgiving for what he has gained, and not reluctantly, if others may benefit by it. He is, in fact, like all radicals—even anarchists—a born missionary. "The whole inclination of my character," he explained to me later, "has always been, even during the long period of unbelief and negation, toward the desire of helping and illuminating others."

Papini is only forty—and looks no more than thirty—yet in his short career he has produced twenty-three volumes of published works which have run already into fifty-seven editions. "You see," he laughed—just to show me his acquaintance with things American—"fifty-seven varieties!"

"How do you do it?" I asked. I had a mental picture of a roomful of typists and secretaries in the offing.

"No," he answered, "I never dictate and have never used a typewriter. All my work, for twenty years, has been done

in manuscript." ("You are a human dynamo, then," I commented to myself—a dynamo that runs so smoothly, there is neither noise nor vibration.) "But, for all that I have been able to turn out," he went on, "I am very lazy! Sometimes I go whole months without even writing a letter. Then come periods of abundance and work, in which I compose with great rapidity."

Only forty; born January 9, 1881; but a Florentine. That explains a good deal. The Florentines are all born dynamos! Papini had begun, I had been told, as a mere boy. I asked him if this were so. "Yes."

"And were there any influences in your youth tending toward literary expression? I mean, were there any writers in your family?"

"None whatever."

"And about other influences—toward radical thought?" (For which he had early become famous.)

"As to that, yes. My father was an ardent anti-clerical, a Garibaldian soldier, a follower of Mazzini—so much so that, when I was born, my mother had to have me secretly baptized."

"Then your schooling—under what influences did that bring you?"

"I had no classical education, only that of the common and normal school. But I began very early to read in the libraries. At eight I had made my first attempts at writing—poems, stories, dramas. Yes," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I even did what I suppose many an American youngster does—I wrote a tragedy on Christopher Columbus!"

"Between thirteen and fourteen I began to take a lively and very serious interest in the problems of mankind and the world. Between fifteen and sixteen I was strongly attracted to the study of religion and philosophy and read everything I could lay my hands on—but it was all in a negative sense, as a skeptic and pessimist. That, you know," he added, "is a favorite failing of youth—pessimism. But with me, I am sorry to say, it remained more than a passing phase. Voluntarily, at that age I began a rationalistic commentary on the Bible. I even took up the study of Hebrew in order to go on with this work. I was temperamentally an anarchist, destructive and iconoclastic."

"When did you begin to actually write?"

"At nineteen. In 1900 I published some philosophical essays in the scientific journals. It was not until two years later, however, that I published anything in America. An article on Italian Philosophy appeared in the *Monist* of Chicago in 1902."

The writings of this young searcher after Truth early attracted attention, not only in Italy, but abroad, all the more so since, even at the age of twenty-one, he had founded an organ of his own, the philosophical and literary review, *Leonardo*, which was so well written and edited that it immediately took its place among the critical journals of Europe. Its publication continued until 1907, and it made Papini known to the leaders of thought in the Old and the New World. This new voice in the universal chorus, in fact, spoke with such a tone, that it quickly attracted the attention of Bergson, Bontroux and William James. In 1904 Papini met Bergson in Switzerland. In 1905 began his acquaintance with William James, who was then visiting in Rome. James at once formed a sympathetic friendship for the youthful Italian, whose name is to be found frequently mentioned in the writings of the American psychologist.

Papini's first book, *The Twilight of the Philosophers* (*Crepuscolo dei Filosofi*), published in 1905, was a vigorous and radical attack on all the modern schools of thought from Kant to Nietzsche. It made the name of the Italian known throughout Europe, and although never translated into English, was introduced to American readers by James, who published a lengthy review of it in the *Journal of Philosophy* of New York (1906). This book was quickly followed by a still more brilliant work, a mixture of philosophy and phantasy, called *The Daily Tragedy* (*Il Tragico Quotidiano*), published in Florence in 1906.

I was curious about Papini's literary associations and influences during these first years of his success. I found them, as I had expected, of unusual interest. Naturally, so youthful and brilliant a writer was distinctly in the ring when it came to knowing the people of his own country who were "doing things"—who were thinking and writing, especially those who were leading or following in the same free lines that he had chosen. Giuseppe Frezzolini, author of a widely read work

on Modernism; Morselli, poet and dramatist—"He is dead," Papini explained: "at Rome, just a few weeks ago; and he died the death of a saint!"); Soffici, famous skeptic and cubist; Giuliotti, anarchist—since become a fervent Catholic, "the Veuillot of Italy," as Papini calls him; these and many others of the busiest and most brilliant of modern intellectuals in Europe were Papini's intimates—even a bare review of whose names today shows straws in the wind of Papini's prophecy of the coming Catholic renaissance.

At the same time his reading was playing its rôle in Papini's development. There was Carducci, stylist—and "Satanist." "I felt the influence of Carducci very strongly," said Papini, "and especially in my youth I owed much to him as a model of literary style. In 1917 I published a volume treating of Carducci (*L'Uomo Carducci—Carducci the Man*), but in that work, as you will see, I did not pass over his spiritual limitations or his anti-Christian animus. By that time I was getting on to Christian ground myself."

"And what of Manzoni?" I asked. "This year you are celebrating the centenary of *I Promessi Sposi*—"

"Ah, Manzoni! For many years, from childhood, I did not like Manzoni at all. It was not until I was thirty years old that I came to see the value of his writings, especially his great religious work, *Catholic Morals*, which I especially recommend as the best piece of modern apologetics we have in Italy. It is a most beautiful thing, even though he died without completing it. I have in press at present an anthology of Manzoni's work."

Through all this story one can see the unsatisfied spirit of the man searching through the dim crowded galleries of human thought, throwing down one idol after another, overturning every pedestal to examine its foundation, impatient with the half lights and multitudinous shadows of the labyrinth—but still going ahead, never resting long, always thrusting forward, determined to find the way out to daylight. It was the red glare of war blazing across the world that finally swept him into the open air of certitude—that certitude which speaks with such quiet finality in his whole air and manner, as of a man who has found himself—not today, perhaps, but yesterday—and is no longer troubled.

What is the story of Papini's spiritual adventure? He gives me this bit of searching autobiography:

"As you see, I followed through many philosophies, through many schools of literature, religion, thought, and so on—but little by little they all convinced me of one thing, the weakness and insufficiency of human opinions. It was not through them that I was to reach Absolute Truth. And nothing but the absolute could satisfy me.

"So I went on. But no, not any particular personal event precipitated my conversion. (As you see, it was not precipitate at all.) It was one big universal fact—the War.

"At first I took the War with the everyday indifference that characterized so many of us. But in 1916 I began to suffer, I myself, from all that was afflicting the world—the misery of it, the ferocity, the falsehood, the death! Then I really began to ponder how men, civilized men, could have fallen to such degradations. I thought and read, thought and read—until finally I turned to the story of Christ, the study of the Gospels. And in the light of that study I soon discovered that the same terrible things, more or less according to proportion and form, had always been happening for the same old reasons.

"The question was, how to make them happen less often—how, in fact, to put a stop to them altogether. All our external systems—of politics, economics, etc., were good for nothing. Changing our social régimes—Democracy, Communism, and so on—were equally useless. They did not alter the fact. What was to be done? What did the world need?

"I arrived at the conclusion that we must change the spirit of man. To leave it as it is, is to simply keep on going wrong, perpetuating the evil. We must change our *instincts*.

"How was that to be achieved? What was the doctrine which most perfectly revealed such a transformation—the actual changing of the instincts of man? That of the Gospels. Coming to this conclusion I rested a little while, having laid hand on the moral system of the Evangelists. I was convinced now of my immortal soul. But, of course, that was not enough. There was one step more—from the law of the Absolute to the Absolute Itself. Logically, I passed from the moral system of the Gospels to Christ. And Christ led me into the

Church—that is, the only true Church, the Catholic Church, the Church of Rome.

“This was in 1917, my first turning to the Gospels. In 1916 I had gone into a sort of solitary confinement to study and meditate. Then, the year following I went to Rome to become literary editor of *Il Tempo*. But by 1918 I had again reached such a mental state that I was obliged to give up my work and once more seek solitude for thought and study. What I call my ‘first’ conversion took place at that time—that is, to partial or evangelical Christianity.

“But I was still unsatisfied. I must go on. I must pursue the thing to the end. In 1919 I had begun the writing of a new book—but I never finished it. I interrupted it to commence the *Storia di Cristo*. That year I entered the Church.”

I asked him about some of the reading he had done during this period of his development. “Several of the Russian writers helped me reach the first phase of my conversion, Tolstoi and Dostoevsky among them. Then, in passing from ‘evangelical’ Christianity to the full light of the Catholic Faith I was aided by the French apologists, by Hello and Bloy and others. But the greatest influence of all was Newman, especially his *Development of Dogma*. I know Monsignor Benson also—his *Paradoxes of Christianity* and his striking novel, *Lord of the World*. Benson, however, I have read only recently.”

Nothing of the mental strain and turmoil of spirit which Papini has experienced shows in his quiet self-contained personality. All the struggle is definitely a thing of the past. He feels, he says, like a man who has been climbing all his life until now he has gained those highest levels above which there is nothing but sky and light. Speaking with him, there is left only a feeling of the man’s strength—a strength which must be enormously physical, as well as mental, for him to have accomplished all that he has in his still brief years. Besides the astonishing number of books he has published in the fifteen years since the appearance of his first volume, and besides an immense amount of journalistic work, he has been the founder of three important reviews and the editor of two others (counting the literary editorship of the Roman *Il Tempo*). He has likewise traveled abroad, lived and studied

in Switzerland and France, and yet has found time to marry and devote himself to the raising of a family. When one sees his good Catholic wife, with that mother of his who, secretly baptizing him, had lived to see him a loyal son of the Church, and his two little growing daughters, aged eleven and thirteen, one's thought inevitably goes back to the old story of the silent partnership of woman's love and children's prayers in the life of a man.

The unaffected, easy-going, business-like air of Papini makes his success seem a matter of course. There is nothing superficially exciting about it because, as it is plain to see, he is not thinking of how many copies of his book are sold, but of how many people are getting the message of it. "It is the non-believers I want to reach," he said, "the everyday people who will not go to church or read the Scriptures or listen to sermons. That is why the book is published as it is, in the 'popular' style, in large attractive type, with short snappy chapters." Certainly, it is the easiest imaginable book to read. It flows like a ballad. It is in fact a great prose poem, rich in imagery, colorful and dramatic and as simple as an old song. There is not a footnote to distract you from the tale, not a date, not a single historical reference to remember; only the beautiful old story told in a new way—or rather told in something of the old-fashioned way of folklore, with the flavor of the soil in it and a deep fund of appealing human nature, which makes Christ and His Blessed Mother, the Apostles and St. Mary Magdalen, Judas and Pontius Pilate, and all the other figures of the Divine Drama, very real and living creatures.

Papini's *Story of Christ* strikes a singular note in the life of Italy at the present moment. The whole country is in a state of unrest, with periodical outbursts and frequent manifestations of the spirit of Bolshevism, which has been allowed to seep in from Russia. It is the year of the sixth centenary of Dante—"but the memory of Dante," Papini remarks, "is not being honored in a manner worthy of the greatest of Christian poets. That alone is a commentary on the temper of the time. There are scholastic parades and military parades, restorations of monuments and many useless discourses. But the spirit of Dante is forgotten. The grand final commemoration in Florence has been assigned to D'Annunzio,

the farthest removed of any living man from the soul and art of Dante."

But Italy is safe, spiritually and politically. The growing strength in parliament and at the polls of patriotic Catholics devoted to the saving of their country from inward destruction, is a guarantee of the future. Without in the remotest degree touching on politics at all—for as he expressly declared to me, he occupies himself with political affairs only as an observer and a voter—Papini's is really a voice leading the better elements of his nation. "As for social disorders," he says, "they are simply the consequences of our moral and intellectual disorders. The making of Christians will automatically cure all that—and the cure will be exactly in proportion to the making of Christians.

"I am not worrying about the future," declares Papini. (He is no longer a pessimist, you see: Christianity has cured *him* of that.) "Certainly not about the future of the Church. I rejoice to note the progress the Faith is making in the English speaking countries—especially in the United States. Your Catholic churchmen are well known here. The late Cardinal Gibbons was very popular in Italy and his writings are widely read.

"A great renaissance of the Faith is coming. It will be felt everywhere, in the Latin countries as well as in those less traditionally Catholic. The Catholic countries need it as much as the others."

ENSHRINED.

BY PATRICK COLEMAN.

SECLUDED from the din and dust
Of life, its loathly lure and lust,
For thee, Belovèd, in my heart
I keep a hidden place apart.

A secret place whereunto oft,
When I the cares of day have doffed,
In reverential love and awe
I and my pilgrim thoughts withdraw.

There only aspirations high
May keep thy queenly company,
Nor any thought less pure than thou
Before thy grave, sweet face may bow.

Could feeling false to thee profane
The cloistral heart where thou dost reign,
Or desecrate the hallowed place
That holds enshrined thine imaged face?

Ah, no, for nothing base may brook
Thy saintly smile, thy virgin look;
And nothing sensual may dwell
With thy chaste eyes delectable.

So from the world I keep apart
The sanctuary of my heart;
A secret haunt, a hidden shrine,
To hold thy loveliness divine.

A hidden shrine, a holy place,
Wherein, to ponder on thy grace
And pore on thy perfection high,
Oft go my pilgrim thoughts and I.

A PAPAL CURIOSITY IN NEW YORK.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.



FEW people know that there is in New York City an extremely interesting curio bearing a close and probably rather intimate relation with one of the well known Popes of the Renaissance. It has been on public exhibition for years, but most of those who see it have little idea of its rather significant place in history and in geography. As there gathers about it a whole chapter of information with regard to the relations of the Church to science in the century before Galileo, it seems well that attention should be called to it.

This curio is the terrestrial globe made by Ulpius in Rome in 1542, and is one of the treasures in the library of the New York Historical Society. The globe is fifteen and a half inches in diameter and is supported upon the original stand of oak. This is somewhat worm eaten, but remains strong and substantial. The globe still turns easily on its pivots and every visitor takes a turn at whirling it, so that one wonders whether it may not have to be put eventually into a glass case to preserve it from wear and tear. The main axis on which it turns is topped by an iron cross representing the North Pole. From the top of this to the floor is three feet and eight inches. The two hemispheres were constructed separately, and they shut together like a spherical box firmly held in place by pins. The latitudes are marked by the nicely graduated copper equator on which the names of the signs of the Zodiac are engraved. The equatorial line of the globe has the longitude divided into sections covering five degrees each. The Tropic of Cancer is called *Aestivus* and that of Capricorn *Hyemalis*. The Arctic and Antarctic circles are indicated and the Elyptic is marked out very clearly. A brass hour circle enables the student to ascertain the difference in time between any two given points. The globe was evidently meant for use and is very complete.

As the inscription shows, the globe was dedicated to

Cardinal Cervinus,¹ who afterwards became Pope under the name of Marcellus II. Unfortunately, Marcellus lived but twenty-two days as Pope, his Pontificate being, I believe, the shortest in the whole history of the Papacy. As Cardinal he is said to have interested himself very much in art and, according to tradition, was an accomplished draftsman and a good sculptor. A knowledge of science was sufficient passport to his acquaintance and friendship. At the time the globe was made Cardinal Cervinus was Cardinal Director of the Vatican library. There seems to be good reason to think, therefore, that he must have had much to do with the making of the maps for the globe and perhaps actually dictated the lines of it to the engraver, Euphrosyne Ulpius, who was only a Roman handicraftsman, utterly unknown except for his connection with this globe. Indeed, the Cardinal is known to have had some ability and skill in this kind of draftsmanship himself.

Marcellus was one of the most distinguished churchmen of his time. He was present at the Diet of Spires, and on April 30, 1545, was made one of the three Presidents of the Council of Trent. Ten years later he was unanimously elected Pontiff and enthroned on the following day. Ranke has said of him that "the reformation of the clergy of which others talked, he exhibited in his own person." He was zealous for a pure administration throughout the Church. While he was interested in literature and criticism, he seems to have been especially devoted to science. He advocated the form of calendar in accordance with the plan devised by his father, who was a receiver of taxes of the March of Ancona, and who had given much time to the subject of mathematics and brought it to his son's attention early in life. About this time an impression gained ground that the world was to come to an end in the course of a few years by a universal deluge. Marcellus wrote a treatise to contradict this notion, and neutralize the effect of the superstition upon the minds of many people who

¹ The dedication in Latin runs as follows: *Marcello Cervino S. R. E. Presbitero Cardinali, D. D., Rome*. To Marcellus Cervinus of the Holy Roman Church, Rome. Rev. B. F. Da Costa in translating this has suggested that the D. D. after the Cardinal's name stands for Doctor of Divinity, but it seems much more likely that it is the usual abbreviation for *dicat dedicat*, the Latin verbs of the formula of dedication. On the globe the dedication is surrounded by an ornamental frame capped by sheafs of barley or wheat, which form part of the device of the family arms, and with two deer in reference to the word Cervinus, derived from the Latin word *cervus*, a stag.

were beginning to think it scarcely necessary to go on with the ordinary avocations of life, since the world would so soon come to an end. He also wrote some elegant Latin poems, one of which, at least, *De Somnio Scipionis*, is still extant.

Yet Marcellus is better known for his relation to music than to science. In his day, ecclesiastical music had become so full of disturbing artificialities that it served to distract, rather than to foster devotion. It is said that he had concluded to make one of the first acts of his Papacy the suppression of music, to a great extent, in connection with Church services. The story goes that Palestrina heard of the Pope's intention and was naturally very much disturbed. He pleaded with him, and finally asked him to hear a Mass which he had just finished. Marcellus consented, and was so overcome by the beauty of many of the passages that he was found in tears at its conclusion. A few days later he died, and Palestrina's Mass, known ever since as the Mass of Pope Marcellus, was sung first in public as his requiem. As that Mass continues to be one of the greatest and most appreciated of musical works, Pope Marcellus would seem to be assured of immortality by his connection with it.

The history of the globe of Ulpius is very interesting. It was probably the only one of its kind made. It is engraved on copper and was undoubtedly made at Rome, but was found in an old curiosity shop in Madrid. It was rather dingy and somewhat battered, but was very carefully restored, its outer surface being left intact, and was brought to this country and presented to the New York Historical Society. The inscription on the globe within an ornate border capped by the barley or wheat sheafs, or heads rather, of the Cervino family, runs as follows, and in this typographical form:

REGIONES ORBIS
TERRAR QUÆ AUT A VETERIB.
TRADITÆ AUT NOSTRA PATRVQ
MEMORIA COMPERTÆ SINT
EUPHROSYNUS ULPUS DESCRIBE
BAT ANNO SALUTIS
M. D. XLII.²

² "Regions of the Terrestrial globe handed down by ancients or discovered in our memory or that of our fathers. Delineated by Euphrosynus Ulpius, 1542." B. F. Da Costa, *Magazine of American History*, Vol. III., 1829.



There is, of course, no way of tracing its history. Rev. B. F. Da Costa, in *The Magazine of American History* some forty years ago, called attention to a reference in Hakluyt to "an olde eccellente globe in the Queen's privie gallery at Westminster which seemeth to be of Verarsanus makinge." On that globe he says the "coaste is described in Italian" and, as this is the special characteristic of many of the names to be found on this globe, it might possibly seem as though this were the one which Queen Elizabeth frequently consulted in the privacy of the gallery at Westminster. It would be interesting to trace, at least conjecturally, the possibilities of how the globe found its way over to England. Very probably it was among the possessions left by Pope Marcellus II. at his death in 1555. This was the year of the restoration of Catholicism in England under Mary Tudor, and the following year Cardinal Pole became her principal adviser. Through him the globe might easily have found its way into England at this time, and an interesting question would be to trace the relations of friendship between Reginald Pole during his sojourn in Rome and Cardinal Cervinus before he became Pope, so as to discover how this globe could have come into Pole's possession and be taken to England. Even with that problem settled, however, the question as to how the globe found its way back to Spain, would remain. If there were a replica, one could easily understand that one of the two should find its way there since Mary's husband was Philip II. of Spain, and he doubtless would have been very much interested in this globe which, better than almost any other map of the time, set forth the Spanish possessions on the other side of the water. But Hakluyt's reference is to Elizabeth, perhaps thirty or forty years after Mary's death, and when there was no possibility of any such communication between England and Spain as would account for the globe reaching Spanish dominions.

A very interesting feature of the globe, doubtless the reason why it was made at Rome, is that it shows as one of its most important lines the famous arbitrary arbitration line drawn by Pope Alexander VI. to delimit the possessions of the Spaniards and the Portuguese who were both engaged in explorations, and were claiming dominion over territories they had discovered and explored. That line was drawn from pole

to pole at ninety degrees west longitude, giving the Portuguese the right over all the territory of Africa, but only a small portion of South America which projects beyond that line. This famous Papal decision made Brazil a Portuguese and not a Spanish country. Few people realize when they use the term Spanish-American, indicating that everybody south of the United States speaks and understands Spanish, that an extremely large country representing the face of the lion on the eastern coast of South America is not Spanish at all, but Portuguese with a literature that looks not to Cervantes and Lope de Vega and Calderon for its traditions, but to Camoens and the Portuguese historians and poets.

The globe of Ulpius was not the earliest globe made. The first we know of appeared just fifty years before, in 1492, the very year in which Columbus crossed the Atlantic on his first voyage of discovery. That globe was made by Martin Behaim of Nuremburg, and is of supremely striking interest because of its date and, as Dr. Stevenson, the expert on cartography, has declared, "because of its summary of geographical knowledge recorded at the very threshold of the new era." Behaim tells us that his delineation of the earth's surface was based upon Ptolemy, whose world map, dating from the second century of the Christian era, had been republished just about ten years previous and had attracted great attention. The Nuremburg globe maker had, however, taken advantage also of information provided by the travels of Marco Polo and of Sir John Mandeville, and of the explorations carried on by King John of Portugal and Prince Henry, known in history as The Navigator. Copies of the two hemispheres of Behaim's globe may be seen among the transparencies at the American Geographical Society Building in New York.

Behaim had traveled considerably, had passed through Spain several times and had spent some years in Portugal. It has been suggested, and the suggestion seems not unlikely, that he had probably met Columbus and talked over with him the problems of Western Oceanic exploration, and doubtless influenced the great navigator by his geographical ideas. The fact that he greatly underestimated the distance from Portugal to China, quite mistakenly representing Japan as near the actual longitude of Mexico, would have encouraged Columbus very much in undertaking his voyage westward to the Indies,

that is to the Eastern coast of Asia, for that was Columbus' objective. Undoubtedly, some of these ideas influenced the discoverer of America to think that he had reached the East Indies, and to keep him from believing that he had discovered a new world.

There is another globe, that of Johan Schoener, also of Nuremburg, which preceded the globe of Ulpius by nearly a quarter of a century. A copy of that also may be seen among the transparencies in the American Geographical Society (New York). This is the first globe that presents the New World. Schoener does away with the Pacific Ocean to a great extent and Japan, on his globe, is placed in close proximity to the west coast of North America, entirely too close proximity for us to feel comfortable under present conditions, if what Schoener represented were a reality and not merely the dream of a sixteenth century cartographer. He places a strait between North and South America which, had it really existed, would have saved us the time, labor and money expended on the Panama Canal. He also places a strait at the south of South America, separating that continent from a still more southern continent, to which the name of Brasilia Inferior, Lower Brazil, was given. Probably these were only shrewd guesses, for the Panama or Darien Strait proved to be missing, the strait which we now know as Magellan, was discovered subsequently and the Northwest Passage was only demonstrated by Amundsen a few years ago.

On Ulpius' globe South America is called *Mundus Novus* and also America. The name of America had been reserved for South America for the better part of half a century, at least for over thirty years, from the time of Canon Waldseemüller's map in 1507, which followed the descriptions given in the notes of Amerigo Vespucci's voyages, until the world map of Mercator in 1538 where, for the first time, the name America is given to both the northern and southern continents of the New World. It may be interesting to revert here to the fact that this name was given to the new continent by the distinguished canon of the college of St. Dié, Waldseemüller, because, as he said, the other continents, Europe, Asia and Africa had been named after women, and it seemed only fair to name this new continent after a man, its discoverer.

Ulpian's globe corrects many errors of preceding geographers, though not free from errors itself. For the first time the peninsula of Florida receives a proper location and the shore of North America generally is rather well outlined. Florida is called Florida; Mexico, Nova Hispania; Northern Mexico, running over into what we call California, is named Nova Galatia, after the province of that name in the north of Spain. Yucatan is spelled Ivcatan, and its general shape is about correct. What we know as Central America is called Nova Andalusia; the Pacific Ocean is named Mare Pacificum, but also Mare del Sur, which became the familiar South Sea in English, and such names as Peru, Bresilia (Brazil), Venetia, Terra Paria, Rio de Platta, are to be found. In South America there is a note of cannibals and anthropophagy. There is a Terra Gigantum and a Terra de los Fuegos, as well as an immense Terra Australis—a great southern continent below the Strait of Magellan (the *initium freti Magellanici* is carefully noted)—but with regard to this southern continent the globe tells us that it had not yet been explored, perhaps not yet actually found, for the Latin words are *ad huc incognita*.

Perhaps the most surprising thing on the globe is to find that the portion of North America above Florida is called Verrazano or New France (*Verrazana sive Nova Gallia*). This, it is noted, was discovered by Verrazano, the Florentine, in the year of grace (*anno salutis*), 1524. Undoubtedly, Verrazano was the first to explore the coast behind which lies this immense geographic region, and yet very little was known of that fact until quite recently. His brother published, in 1529, a large map, preserved in the College of the Propaganda at Rome, which outlines Giovanni Verrazano's discoveries. It was doubtless from this that the details—some of them at least—of the globe of Ulpian were secured. The name *Nova Gallia* or New France is not surprising, though that term was applied later to territory farther north than here delineated, and indeed continued to be a favorite geographic designation for Canada and the French possessions until the middle of the eighteenth century. It was on Verrazano's discoveries and voyage, authorized and financed by the French king, that the French based their claims to this part of North America.

Verrazano first saw the North American coast in latitude

thirty-four degrees north, the fires of the Indians who had gathered in the early spring to feast on shell fish being visible for a great distance. He steered northward, passing the mouth of what we call Chesapeake Bay, and reaching in latitude forty what he called the Cape of St. Mary, now known as Sandy Hook. Rounding the point, his little vessel, the *Dauphin*, cast anchor in what is now New York harbor. They visited the shore in boats, and found the Indians ready to welcome them. Verrazano said of them: "They are very easily persuaded and imitated us with earnestness and fervor in all they saw us do in our act of worship." Bennet, in *Catholic Footsteps in Old New York*, has quoted Rev. Morgan Dix, late of Trinity Church, New York, as saying that "religious services of some kind or other were undoubtedly held, while his [Verrazano's] ship lay in the port which he has so accurately described." If a priest was with the expedition, which, however, we can only surmise, these religious services could be none other than the Mass which very probably, therefore, was said on Manhattan Island in April, 1524.

To many it may seem surprising that Verrazano is set down as a Florentine, for, ordinarily, we do not think of Florentines as having the wander-craze nor as interested in exploration and discovery. But practically all of the important explorations of this generation were accomplished by Italians. Columbus was, of course, a Genoese and his rival, Amerigo Vespucci, after whom the continent was eventually named, as he was the first to reach the mainland and to realize that he had found a new world, was also born in Italy. So were the Cabots, John and Sebastian, though because the name is now familiar in America and because the Cabots sailed with a commission from England, we are accustomed to think of them as of English origin. Their names were really Giovanni and Sebastiano Cabotto. Although spoken of as Venetians, having lived in Venice for many years, they were born not far from Genoa. Verrazano fits very well into this company, and so does Pigafetti, who was Magellan's second in command in the famous expedition that first circumnavigated the globe. Magellan was killed, either by the natives of one of the savage South Sea Islands, or, perhaps, by one of his own men, who feared his indomitable energy and courage would carry the expedition forward to a miserable ending, and his Italian lieu-

tenant is usually spoken of as the man who conducted the expedition to a successful termination.

While the Portuguese had done much to explore Africa, had sailed around the Cape of Good Hope and found their way to India, and had crossed the Atlantic Ocean and landed in Brazil, so that Pope Alexander VI., before the end of the fifteenth century, was obliged to define the territories of the two powers, Portugal and Spain, the Spaniards themselves were only rarely in command of expeditions in the early days of exploration. A succession of Italians proved the daring adventurers who assumed responsibility for the expeditions and so often brought them to a successful conclusion. There is a famous old-fashioned saying: "Unhappie Italy that still hath beaten the bush for others to catch the bird and hath inherited nothing in these eastern and western worlds." For it is a very striking feature of the story of this early exploration that none of the discovered lands came into Italian possession.

The names scattered along the coast of North America in Ulpius' delineation of it, are practically all of them of Italian form and termination, though many of them are evidently adaptations of place names well known in France. Breton, for instance, is mentioned, but there is a Selva de Cervi, a forest of deer or stags, there is, of course, a San Francisco and a Porto Reale, or Port Royal, and then there is a Terra Laboratoris, evidently what was later to be Labrador, but Ulpius, following Verrazano, places this very much farther south than our present Labrador. Above all there is, in the distant northwest of the North American continent, a Tagu Provincia, which is evidently a reminiscence of previous map makers who had used that name. Curiously enough, Greenland is pictured not very far from where we know it and under a name not very different from ours, but Islandia is placed very close to the Greenland coast. Hibernia has much the form we know and looks like the little dog we see on our maps, but Scotia, much less well known, did not extend far enough north, and England was much compressed in length. The Orkney Islands, under the name of Orcades, were given a very prominent place, thus leaving insufficient room for north Scotland.

Other names are also interesting. On what would be now the coast of South Carolina is to be found the B. della ✠

that is the bay of the cross, next to it is Valleombrosa, doubtless a reminiscence of Vallombrosa, the "shady valley," not far from Florence. Along the coast, one finds Lungavilla, evidently a reminiscence in Italian form of Longueville, the still fashionable watering place near Dieppe. There is a G. di S. Germano not very far from where New York harbor is, and perhaps intended to be the name for that, which recalls the French royal residence of St. Germain. C. Frio, the cold cape, is one of the capes of what we now know as Newfoundland. There is an Island of the Demons off the coast here, between the continent and Groestlandia, which is the spelling of the name for Greenland. The North, as well as the South, Pole is represented as having land all around it, though north of Asia there is a sea or immense lake called the Mare Glaciale. Only two of the names between the gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of St. Lawrence remain today. One of these is Port Royal and the other is Labrador. The country back of the coast up north is called Terra Baccularum, the land of sticks, because the Indians of that region dried their fish by spreading them apart with a stick. The Ulpian globe shows a number of islands not found in modern times. Some of these are in the neighborhood of Newfoundland and were evidently consequent on specious appearances due to fogs or icebergs. There is an island of S. Branda, which probably means Brandon, but no island is known in that neighborhood now. The Tagu Provincia, already mentioned, situated in the distant northwest near what is now Alaska, is probably the Tangut of Marco Polo, the coast of America here being joined to Asia.

The globe is further interesting for illustrations of many different kinds of fish that are found in the different oceans. Many of the varieties are very well illustrated. The parts of the ocean where they are usually seen are also indicated. These are the first illustrations of fish with any hint of their habitat that we have. Paul Jovius wrote a book on Ichthyology, which was published in 1524, but it was not illustrated. The whale is represented as living in the distant north and is, perhaps, the poorest illustration of all. Of course, the sea serpent finds a place here, but then the sea serpent has been seen many times, ever since, without scientists being able to locate him.

Da Costa concludes his account of the globe with these words: "This ancient globe has come to us from the Eternal City, finding a permanent resting place at last, not without a certain fine justice, in the great Metropolis which looks out upon the splendid harbor visited and described by him whose name is so prominently engraved upon the portion representing the New World (Verrazano). . . . It is a rare souvenir of the past. It embodies many of the great aspirations of the sixteenth century, it stands connected with its maritime enterprise and adventure and with its naval and geographic romance. It forms an epitome of the world from the beginning to 1542. Especially does it prove to the student how the exploration of our continent tried the courage, tested the endurance, baffled the skill and dissipated the fortunes of some of the noblest of men."

It also serves to show how deeply interested were the Popes and the high ecclesiastics near them at Rome in securing and diffusing the best available scientific information. This globe, surmounted with a cross, remains as a very definite demonstration that the too common impression of Roman ecclesiastical authorities as hampering the progress of science or keeping information away from the people, is one founded entirely on ignorance of the actual conditions.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

BY F. MOYNIHAN.



HE recent death of Austin Dobson removes a notable figure from the world of *belles-lettres*. He represented the last of a literary school that sought its inspiration in the England of the eighteenth century. In prose he harks back to Thackeray of the English Humorists, and the Four Georges; in poetry he recalls the modish prettiness, the exquisite convention of Prior, Praed and, more recently, Locker-Lampson. Like these, he excelled in *vers de société*, and improvised deftly on the *lyra elegantiarum*. He had the true Horatian quality, the smack of the man about town in the London of the Augustan Age. His Muse was powdered, patched, brocaded; wistful, frolic, *débonnaire*. He carved daintily in porcelain and tinted *couleur de rose* the beaux and belles of Georgian days. He sang of Beau Brocade and the ladies of St. James'. He sang, too, of the gallants and marquises of the times of Louis Quinze. The pictorial quality of his art suggests now the silken shimmer of a Watteau, now the tender pastel of a Greuze, and again the court pastoral of a François Boucher. He experimented in old French forms—rondeaux, rondels, ballades and villanelles—and made these gracile measures native to English speech. He penned idylls like "Good-Night, Babette!" that suffused with a pensive charm, a haunting tenderness the memory of a past bygone and irrecoverable. A Gallic grace and sprightliness, due to his French extraction, contributed with an English reserve and earnestness to give these poems their distinctive quality. The result is a vintage of choice bouquet that vies somewhat with the Falernian of his illustrious predecessor. Like him he dedicated his songs *virginibus puerisque*:

O English Girl, divine, demure
To you I sing.

and for an *exegi monumentum* he has written:

In after days when grasses high
 O'er top the stone where I shall lie.
 Though ill or well the world adjust
 My slender claims to honored dust,
 I shall not question or reply.

* * * *

But yet, now living, fain were I
 That some one there should testify.
 Saying—"He held his pen in trust
 To Art, not serving shame or lust."
 Will none? Then let my memory die
 In after days!

Mr. Dobson is a past master in the literary lore and topography of eighteenth-century London. He has written biographies of its distinguished worthies: Steele, Goldsmith, Fielding, Richardson, Hogarth. He is, like Leigh Hunt, a delightful cicerone who gossips endlessly about the Town and its historic associations. He loves to visit the places where dwelled its celebrities, to note the changes in and about Charing Cross, Leicester Square, Fleet Street, Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He re-creates its pleasure resorts: Ranelagh, Kensington and Old Vauxall Gardens. He sketches in miniature the figures who played minor rôles in that dramatic period. His curiosity is unfailing, and extends to the merest minutiae that concern them. The particularity of his method he is at pains to describe for us:

For detail, detail, most I care
(Ce superflu, si nécessaire!);
 I cultivate a private bent
 For episode, for incident:
 I take a page of Some One's Life—
 His quarrel with his friend; his wife;
 His good or evil hap at Court;
 His habit as he lived; his sport;
 The books he read, the trees he planted
 The dinners that he ate—or wanted:
 As much in short, as one may hope
 To cover with a microscope.

Anyone who has read the many volumes of his literary vignettes will recognize the exquisite justness of this charac-

terization. His personalia embrace Dr. Johnson in his garret at Gough Square; Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill; Pope and Matty Blount; Steele and Prue; Goldsmith, The Jessamy Bride and Little Comedy, Swift and Stella; Prior's "Peggy" and "Kitty;" Garrick, Peg Woffington and Mrs. Clive; the learned Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Delany; Lady Mary Coke, and Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey and others too numerous to mention. Among these he moves as a contemporary with an intimacy of reference and allusion that make them living, breathing personages. He is perhaps most original when he silhouettes some minor character—"Little Roubillac;" Jonas Hanway; the bookseller Dodsley, or Newberry; William Heberden, the physician—who figured in the entourage of these great lights of literature. If selection were not invidious, one might instance the papers: "Bewick's Tailpieces," and "In Cowper's Arbor" as supreme examples of his engaging quality.

The excellence of Mr. Dobson's work is such as to challenge comparison with that of acknowledged masterpieces. His monograph on William Hogarth, for instance, is no whit inferior to Lamb's and Hazlitt's essay on that painter-historian, and his sketch of Steele is more authentic than Thackeray's or Macaulay's. It is his amazing knowledge of customs and manners, of setting and accessories that accounts for the verve and gusto of his critiques on Hogarth's pictures. His *aperçu* of the London of the time in the opening chapter is a triumph of sympathetic realization. He interprets cursorily every detail of "Marriage-à-la-mode," or "A Rake's Progress," and he recognizes every motley figure in "The March to Finchley." His delineation of the special genius of the artist cannot be bettered: "To take some social blot, some fashionable vice, and hold it up sternly to 'hard hearts;' to imagine it vividly and dramatically, and body it forth with all the resources of unshrinking realism; to tear away its trappings of convention and prescription, to probe it to the quick, and lay bare all its secret shameful workings to their inevitable end; to play upon it with inexhaustible invention, with the keenest and happiest humor; to decorate it with the utmost prodigality of fanciful accessory and allusive suggestion; to be conscious at his gravest how the grotesque in life elbows the terrible, and the strange grating laugh of Mephistopheles is heard

through the sorriest story—those were his gifts, and this is his vocation—a vocation in which he has never been rivaled.”

His reconstruction of the London of the *Tatler* in his memoir of Steele, is a feat that recalls the best efforts of Leigh Hunt and Thackeray. This charming passage is reproduced in his mellow anthology, *A Bookman's Budget*: “We see the theatre with Betterton and Bracegirdle on the stage, or ‘that romp’ Mrs. Bicknell dancing; we see the side-box bowing ‘from its inmost rows’ at the advent of the radiant ‘Cynthia of the minute;’ we hear the shrill cries of the orange wenches, or admire at the pert footmen keeping guard over their mistresses’ bouquets. We see the church with its high pews, and its hourglass by the pulpit; we hear, above the rustle of fans, and the coughing of the open-breasted beaux, the sonorous periods of Burnet or Atterbury; we scent the fragrance of Bergamot and Lavender and Hungary-water. We follow the gilded chariots moving slowly round the Ring in Hyde Park, where the lackeys play chuck-farthing at the gates; we take the air in the Mall with the Bucks and Pretty Fellows; we trudge after the fine lady, bound, in her glass chair, upon her interminable ‘how-dees.’ We smile at the showy young Templars lounging at Squire’s or Serle’s in their brocaded ‘night-gowns’ and strawberry sashes; we listen to the politicians at White’s or the Cocoa-Tree; we accompany with the cits at Batson’s and the Jews and stock-brokers at Jonathan’s. We cheapen our Pekoe or Bohea at Motteux’s China Warehouse; we fill our boxes with musty or ‘right Spanish’ at Charles Lillie’s in Beaufort Buildings; we choose a dragon-cane, or a jambee at Mather’s toyshop in Fleet Street. We ask at Lintott’s or Tonson’s for *Swift in Verse and Prose*, we call for the latest *Tatler* at Morphew’s by Stationer’s Hall. It is not true that Queen Anne is dead: we are living in her very reign: and the Victorian age with its steam and its socialism, its electric light and its local option has floated away from us like a dream.”

And again for criticism which bears the *cachet* of the literary connoisseur, what can equal his arbitration of the respective claims of Steele and Addison?

“Addison’s papers are faultless in their art, and in this way achieve an excellence beyond the reach of Steele’s quicker and more impulsive nature. But for words which the heart

finds when the head is seeking; for phrases glowing with the white heat of a generous emotion; for sentences which throb with manly pity or courageous indignation—we must turn to the essays of Steele.”

The other full-lengths that he has executed are his portraits of Horace Walpole, *flâneur* and virtuoso, and Fanny Burney, diarist and novelist. In one book only, *Four Frenchwomen*, has he strayed beyond England, and given us speaking likenesses of the heroines of the Revolution—Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland and the Princess de Lamballe. In a style that vibrates with the passion of his theme, and catches the very accent of his emotions, he limns these noble figures of womanly self-devotion in luminous relief against the “red fool-fury” of the Terror. Of Charlotte Corday he is the confessed apologist:

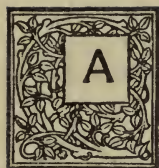
Ah! judge her gently, who so grandly erred
So singly smote, and so serenely fell.
Where the wild Anarch's hurrying drums are heard,
The frenzy fires the finer souls as well.

A fitting pendant to the essay on the Princess de Lamballe which recounts her fidelity unto death to the hapless Marie Antoinette, is the companion picture of the Abbé Edgeworth in his last volume just issued from the press. The account of this gallant Irishman's loyalty to the cause of the royal family—to Princess Elizabeth and to Louis XVI., whom he attended as chaplain at the guillotine, revives the memory of one “who belongs to the uncanonized Saints of self-sacrifice—the uncanotaphed Martyrs to duty.” It is pleasant to know that this generous tribute was the last labor that engaged Mr. Dobson's pen. Now he, too, is gone, and as the chronicler of a picturesque era he leaves no successor.

Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.

THICKER THAN WATER.

BY CATALINA PÁEZ.



AS Annette pushed open the outer door of the Church of St. Benedict the Moor, a driving gust of rain assailed her. Hastily drawing up her black satin skirt in her carefully gloved hand, she stepped back into the vestibule, which already harbored a goodly number of St. Benedict's dusky congregation. Annette withdrew as far as possible into the corner near the font of holy water. There she was accosted by fat, kindly Mrs. Williamson, her neighbor.

"I reckon ma umbrella's plainty big enough for two, Mis' Millet, and I see you ain't got none. I suttin'ly would be pleased to have you come home with me."

Her broad black face beamed with friendliness, but Annette shook her head.

"You're very *kin'*, Mrs. Williamson," her musical cadenced speech and rising inflections denoted her West Indian origin, "you're very *kin'*. But my husban' will be comin' for me, I feel sure."

She knew in her heart that her Jules would not be free to leave his elevator for an hour yet.

"But I jes' can't bring *myself* to associate with those South-erners," she mused, as she watched fat Mrs. Williamson waddle out of the door. "I jes' can't. Though I am *afrai* its uncharitable and unchristian. Jes' as unchristian as the way I feel to my sister. But I can't help that either! May the saints forgive me!"

Little by little the group in the vestibule left its shelter for the protection of some neighborly umbrella, or else boldly hazarded Sunday finery to the dangers of the downpour. At the last there was left only Annette, reluctant to accept of proffered hospitality, and still more reluctant to imperil her black satin and white kid; and, crouching in the furthest corner, a tiny girl with the straight nose, limpid eyes, and old-ivory tinted skin of the youthful octoroon. Annette's own was

only a tone darker, but she noted the distinction, and the child thereby gained caste in her eyes.

Surely, it was no fear for her apparel that kept the girl thus lingering away from the storm. For summer shower could run no color from her faded calico garment, nor shrink that which was already shrunken to the uttermost; neither could the wreath of field flowers nor the limp headgear which it purported to adorn, become more drooping and bedraggled than already they were. Annette's critical glance traveled from the child's withered daisies to her rusty broken shoes. She felt no need of further explanation.

"Poor lil' *thing!*" she murmured. "She isn't *afrai* of hurtin' her clothes, but *hersel'*. She'd be drenched through in a minute! Those shiftless Southerners!"

And just at that moment the child spoke. In her voice there trilled, as in Annette's, the mellow cadences and rising inflections of the West Indies.

"Do you think there is *goin'* to be a hurricane?"

Her limpid eyes held a dawning terror, and she sidled over toward Annette with the mute appeal of the frightened young thing seeking protection from an elder of its kind. The mother instinct in Annette roused at once to the call; and added to this there thrilled within her another great instinct almost as dominating—that of tribal kinship. The child was of her race, and of her breed. She drew the pathetic little figure to her, and patted the wee brown hand reassuringly.

"Don't you be *afrai*! They don' have hurricanes out here, lak in the West Indies."

The child beamed up at her joyously.

"You from *there*, too?" she cried. "How n—i—ice! I was born in S'n'Kitts! You from S'n'Kitts?"

"No," responded Annette, a ruminative light coming into her soft eyes, "though I bean *there*. I'm born een Hayti. My husban' he's from Martinique. He ought to be here soon, now. Unless the rain laits up he'll be comin' for *me*, with an umbrella as soon as the other elevator man relieves heem."

"*Nobody* will come for me," whimpered the child.

"Why, where's your mother?" queried Annette sharply. To her well ordered mind such maternal delinquencies were worthy only of "those Southerners"—those benighted sons and daughters of Virginia and Alabama, whom Annette from the

height of superior West Indian culture, so uncompromisingly despised.

"She's—she's—I'm not quite sure where she is."

To Annette the words conveyed only the possibility of some temporary maternal absence—a neighborly visit or such like. To Ivy May they meant a terrifying uncertainty, a revolting vision of a corpulent, disheveled figure, flourishing in one hand a pack of cards, and in the other an empty gin bottle, from which an hour since the child had fled to the gentle protection of Mother Church. Ivy shivered at the memory. Annette's kindly mother heart was touched.

"You're col'," she said gently. "You must be hungry, too. I know I am with this waitin'. Who's a' goin' to get your dinner eef your mother's not home?"

"Nobody," murmured Ivy May. "I jes' was a' goin' to eat bread and molasses."

"Bread and molasses is no proper food for a chil'," hotly ejaculated Annette. "Even if you could get decent molasses in this countree! Which you can't. You come home with me, chil', and I will give you a good West Eendian broth which will make you stop shiverin' in no time. Come, the rain is over."

They walked to the elevated station in Fifty-third Street, and there took a train to Harlem—where Annette conducted the child toward a modern and finely built apartment house.

"My!" breathed Ivy May rapturously. "You live here? But then I might a known eet! They do say all the fines' color' people in New York live in Hundred Thirty-seex Stree'."

Annette plumed herself a little at the frank compliment.

"I was brought up respectable, and I've got to live respectable," she confided as they shot up in the elevator. "I couldn't stan' a tenement swarmin' with those dirty Southerners! Though the rent here is somethin' dreadful! But I've three lodgers, and that helps some. The young man who has the fron' parlor comes from S'n'Kitts. His father's health inspector of the port. A color' man certainly does have a chance in the West Eendies."

She let herself in with her latch key, and ushered Ivy May into her cozy living-room. A modern rug, whose brilliant coloring delighted Ivy May's warm tropical sense, covered the floor; and gayly flowered chintz hung at the windows, arrayed

the sofa pillows, and draped itself about the oak extension table. There were a few inexpensive oak chairs, a little oak sideboard, and, contrasting strangely with these, a great high-boy and long davenport of deep and richly carved mahogany.

"A dealer once offer' *me* a hundre' dollar' for those pieces," Annette proudly confided to Ivy May, "but I tol' *heem* they're not for sale. I brought *them* from home," she murmured, lovingly stroking the arm of the davenport. "No! So long as my Jules can run an elevator, and I can get enough fine laundry work to do, we'll get along without those hundre' dollar'."

Ivy May gasped a little.

"You don' look lak you could be a washer-woman," she commented, her admiring gaze fastened upon the black satin raiment which Annette was exchanging for a trim print house dress.

At Ivy May's words she drew herself up to the full.

"I'm *not* a washer-woman," she asserted proudly. "I don' do none of that common laundry work. I'm a *blanchisseuse de fin!*"

"Oh!" said Ivy May, uncomprehending but impressed.

"I've done up laces and fine embroideries for Mrs. Vanderbilt," boasted Annette, "though she didn't know it was me that done *them*. When the cleaners get a spècial job they're afraid to try, they send it to me. Though I've got so many private customers now, I shan't be able to take any more of that work. If only I could get help that was help! But there is only one other woman I know in New Yor', can handle fine white goods the way I can. And she—" Annette's face lowered and she clenched her hands passionately. "Oh, what's the use of my makin' mysel' angry anyway! She isn't fit to be spoken of."

"Who is she?" murmured Ivy May, frightened at this outburst.

"My sister," said Annette. Then after a pause, "I don't have anythin' to do with her. I haven't seen her in seven years. I conseeder her a *deesgrace*. My family held their heads high in Hayti. My father and both my grandfathers were Frenchmen, and they all married their women legal. I never thought I would have to do laundry work for a *livin'*! But I've often been glad the nuns taught me to clear starch and flute. They taught my sister, too, and she could earn a

respectable livin' and be respectable, too, if she wan'ed to. But she don' wan'. She'd rather go 'roun' fortune tellin'."

Ivy May's little olive face twitched suddenly.

"*Ees* fortune tellin' so *very* bad?" Her tone sounded almost appealing.

"Eet's the devil' work," returned Annette grimly.

Ivy May shrank back as though she had been struck.

"Come chil'," said Annette. "This is useless talk, and I must be gettin' dinner. Jules will soon be here."

For a rapturous half hour thereafter Ivy May, delightedly sliced onions and green peppers, and with nimble fingers helped poke slim, spiced lardings of salt pork into beef for the *ragout*.

"You certain*lee* are clever with your hands, chil'," commented Annette approvingly. "It wouldn't surprise *me* in the leas' if you could learn clear starchin'. Would you lak to try?"

"Oh," cried Ivy May. "Oh, if you only would lait me! It certain*lee* is lonesome vacation time. I won't play with the color' children here. They're rough—not lak een the West Eendies! An' the white children won' play with me."

"Haven' you got *nobody* home," queried Annette sympathetically, "except your mother? Where's your father? Is he a white man?" she added with sudden suspicion.

"Maybe *you* call *heem* a white man," responded Ivy May. "In S'n'Kitts, we jes' call *heem* a Portugee. Only now we don' call *heem* nothin'. He's dead."

Ivy May's limpid eyes filled and flooded.

"*My* father's dead," said Annette softly, "and so's my mother. I've got *nobody* in the worl', exceptin' my Jules."

"And your sister," corrected Ivy May.

"I've *no* sister," cried Annette fiercely. "The one I did have is dead to me. I wouldn' breathe the same air with her, nor anyone belongin' to *her*. I wouldn' give them a bite nor a crumb if they were starvin'."

For a while they sliced and stirred in silence. The arrival of Jules, his elevator uniform replaced by staïd Sunday black and immaculate collar and shirt-front, sent the dinner on to the table in short order. Ivy May's soft eyes grew round and rounder, as one savory mess after another was dished up and served.

"It's only on Sunday we have both fish and meat," ex-

plained Annette half apologetically, as she heaped Ivy May's plate with that standard West Indian delicacy, salt cod-fish smothered in onions, tomatoes and olive oil. And after that came the *ragout*, in all the glory of its spiced lardings, and surrounded by chopped vegetables and mounds of rice, each grain gleaming and distinct. And then, joy of joys, the salad! A true West Indian salad, thoroughly infused with garlic and green pepper.

Ivy May crunched the last delicious clove of garlic and soaked up what little oil remained on her plate with a piece of bread. Then she closed her eyes and leaned back in her chair, replete and ecstatic.

"My," she breathed, "but that was better than bread and molasses!"

And before she knew it, she was fast asleep.

Early the next morning before Annette had even finished sorting Mrs. Van Elton's lace petticoats and hand embroidered blouses, Ivy May appeared, ready for her first lesson in clear starching. And all that day she hovered about the washtubs and boiler, hanging upon Annette's instructions as gems of wisdom.

"It's *all* in the wrinsin'," explained Annette, carefully sopping up and down in clear water an exquisite bit of Mrs. Van Elton's Paris finery. "You never can hope to have them any kin' of color at all, if you don' wrinse them plainty. 'Seven times is none too much,' Sister Marie-Rosalie used to tell us."

So all that day, and during many days thereafter, Ivy May sopped fine linen in seven clear waters. And as days went by, Annette grew to depend more and more upon the nimble fingers of her young assistant, and to listen with even greater delight to the little shrill cadences which made a music echoing of home in Annette's erstwhile silent kitchen. While every hour spent in that busy kitchen was one of untold happiness to the lonely child. And between the tiny ex-patriot and the grown up one, there grew a bond that was firmer and stronger than any of the fine linen tapes that fastened Mrs. Van Elton's dainty lingerie.

"*Eet* certainlee is a comfort to know I have some *wan* I can depend on for help; somebody that won't tear the laces and yellow the linen, and ruin things generally," Annette would often say. "If you were only a little older chil', we

could start that li'l business I have dreamed about so many years! A nice li'l store with a sign, and a *counter*, and the ironin' all out of sight in behin'. But *one* person can't do it alone, an' you've got to go back to school in the fall."

"Couldn' you get your sister—" began Ivy May. But her query broke in the middle, so fiercely did Annette turn on her.

"Didn' I tell you I don' have anythin' to do with my sister?" she cried. "I don' wan' *anything* to do with *her*. I wouldn' have her help me if she cared to! But she don' care to. She'd rather jes' go roun' fortune-tellin'."

Ivy May's little brown fingers trembled under the blouse she was wringing.

"*Maybe*," she said softly, "*maybe* she don' know no better! *Maybe* she don' think fortune-tellin' is so awful bad. *Maybe* if you tol' *her*, and explain' to her . . .! Perhaps, she don' understan' so many things lak you do."

The eyes she raised to Annette were soft with appeal; but the woman's proud heart was not to be touched.

"I don' wan' to hear anythin' more about *her*."

Her tone was so decided that Ivy May made no further effort at conciliation.

The following morning the child did not appear.

"Perhaps her mother needs her," mused Annette. "It's funny she didn' send me wor'."

The next day passed; still Ivy May came not. The third morning of absence found Annette torn with anxiety.

"Somethin' must have happen' to her," she murmured. "Perhaps she is sick."

She searched for the address Ivy May had given her, and at once set out to find it. Her quest brought her to a colored tenement of the poorest kind.

"Do you *know* a chil' name' Ivy May?" she asked of a little pickaninny at the street door. Only then she remembered that it had never occurred to her to inquire Ivy May's other name.

"Yes," asserted the baby. "She live on the top floh back. She is sick," he added. "You bettah look out! It might be ketchin'."

With a new fear clutching at her heart, Annette mounted the rickety stairs. Knocking at the top floor rear brought no response, so she tried the door. It yielded to her touch, and she entered the room.

It was bare, disorderly, dirty. In a corner on an untidy bed, lay Ivy May, her eyes closed, her little thin cheeks thinner if possible than ever. Annette went up to her, and took her hand. It was hot and dry.

"Tell me what's wrong with you, honey," she pleaded.

Ivy May opened her eyes and smiled wanly.

"I don' know exac'ly," she whispered, "but I think I did catch col' in the rain las' week."

"And what were you doin' out in the rain," demanded Annette. "Didn' I tell *you* not to go runnin' roun' in storms in those thin clothes you wear? What were you doin'?"

"I was lookin' for some *wan*."

"Who?" Annette's tone was gentle but insistent.

The child's purple veined eyelids wearily fluttered down and her little breast heaved.

"My mother," she sighed.

Annette's indignation flared out.

"What kin' of a mother you got anyway?" she exclaimed excitedly. "I guess she must *be* jes' about as bad as those..."

Ivy May's little brown fingers pressed down upon Annette's in weak protest.

"She's my *mother*," she whispered.

And, Annette silenced by the gentle reproof, ceased her tirade.

For several minutes Ivy May lay quite still, but her little face was twitching as though under the workings of strong emotion. She seemed to be nerving herself for something. She pulled herself up on the pillows, her little breast heaved, and one hand caught at the neck of the ragged nightgown. Then she opened her eyes and looked straight into Annette's.

"There is somethin'," she said, "I got tell *you*. I should have tol' you before, only I . . . I couldn,' I was afrai' you would not lait me *come* no more. My mother—my mother—she goes 'roun' fortune-tellin'."

Then spent with a tremendous moral effort of her revelation, Ivy May sank back wearily upon the pillows. Annette stooped over her gently, and smoothed back the straggling kinky hair.

"Poor lil' girl," she murmured. "Poor lil' girl."

Ivy May opened her eyes in startled surprise.

"Why you don' seem to mind!" she cried, "lak you did about your sister . . ."

"What's *your* mother got do with *my* sister?" answered Annette.

The door opened, and framed in its embrasure stood a corpulent, disheveled figure.

"I've got the med'ceen, honey," she cried. "The doctor at the dispens'ry said, . . ."

Her words trailed off into a half articulate exclamation, her relaxing fingers dropped the bottle which rolled unheeded to the floor, and she huddled limply against the door, staring, staring at the woman who bent over her daughter. And Annette, suddenly straightening up at the sound of that voice, stared back. Then almost simultaneously each woman uttered one word:

"You?"

Annette was the first to recover her self-possession. She gathered her skirts into one hand, and picked up her purse with the other.

"Well," she said, "I guess I better be goin'. I didn' know what I was coming into, or I certainlee never should have come. I didn' know, . . ." she cast a withering glance at Ivy May's weak terrified little figure on the bed—"I didn' know I had been nursin' a viper in my breas'."

Her next words caused her a tremendous effort, something within her protested wildly against her saying them, but, nevertheless, say them she did.

"You don' need come no more, Ivy May."

The child in her fright and exhaustion made no reply, but the slouching figure at the door straightened itself with a swift reminiscence of dignity, and she faced upon Annette with the resoluteness, thinly masking terror, of the mother bear making her last stand in defence of her peril-threatened cub.

"The *chil'* ain' done no harm to *you*. She ain' ever done no harm to nobody. I know *I* ain' much good, and I don't suppose I ever will be now. I've los' all *my chances*. But the *chil'* ain' never had a chance, till you took her up. Now if you throw her over, she'll never have another. She wan's to grow up respectable, and I can' do nothin' to help her. I've slid too far down. *Don'* force her after me. She ain' never done you no harm."

She cowered before Annette in almost brute appeal. Then she straightened herself, again with that ghostly remnant of dignity.

"After all's said and done, Ivy May's got jes' about as much of old grandfather Marceau's blood as you have, Annette. An' she's got somethin' else which he had, and you haven',—and never did have. And that's Christian charity."

Annette's eyes traveled from her sister to the limp little form on the bed. Silhouetted against the pillow, the wan brown face took on a sharp resemblance to the clean cut profile of "old grandfather Marceau" that melted into a still stronger likeness to his daughter—Annette's mother. Her heart fluttered wildly; she felt choked, weakened, overwrought.

She looked back at her sister once more. The woman was fat, gross, blear-eyed, but that ghostly mantle of the Marceau dignity still draped itself about her.

From the rooms across the hall there suddenly issued the sound of voices in altercation, followed by the noise of combat. Annette shivered, and almost automatically she reached a protecting hand out over Ivy May.

"Those dreadful Southerners!" she ejaculated.

The noise next door grew louder and more ribald. Annette shivered again.

"A child of the Marceaus in the midst of that!" she murmured.

Then she rose hastily, and picked up her pocketbook.

"I'm goin'," she said, "to get a taxicab. And I'm goin' to take Ivy May over to my house. And—and—" just for a moment longer she hesitated. "I guess you better come along, too, Marguerite. I never did believe in family separations."

As she took her way down the stairs, Annette paused for a second with a half smile. "It looks," she murmured "lak as tho' I'd be able to start that lil' laundry business after all."

New Books.

SUPERNATURAL MYSTICISM. By Benedict Williamson. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.75 net.

This book is introduced by Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, and it has in addition, "A Foreword on the Call to Contemplation," by the Lord Bishop of Plymouth. The twenty-seven chapters of the volume contain a series of discourses delivered by Father Benedict Williamson, a distinguished English convert who was a chaplain during the War, to the enclosed nuns of the Convent at Tyburne, who spend their lives in prayer and adoration before the Blessed Sacrament on that spot consecrated by the blood of the English martyrs.

Among the many and constantly increasing number of books dealing with mysticism that have appeared of late, this volume will probably prove to have a particular appeal to lay people because of the clarity of the language, the simplicity of the descriptions of the mystic way, and because of the fact that the tone and spirit of the book will enhance the devotional life of its readers, even though they may not be able to live and practise the life of contemplation. Not the least remarkable feature of Father Williamson's book are the experiences he relates showing the efficacy of prayer.

Supernatural Mysticism may not appeal very strongly to students of the subject, to those who seek to explore the philosophical concepts or trace the historical development of different schools, but as a book which enables the average Christian way-faring man, or those who are not as yet members of the Catholic fold, to grasp some idea of the reality and practicability of the life of prayer, Father Williamson's volume deserves, and will probably attain, wide circulation throughout the English-speaking world.

As Cardinal Bourne says in his introduction: "There are at the present day so many souls, not only among those consecrated to God in the priesthood and in the cloister, but among men and women in every rank and position in the world who need only a little encouragement in order to unite themselves more completely to Our Lord. By such union not only would their own sanctification be rapidly promoted, but their influence for good upon their own immediate world would also be enormously increased." For such persons *Supernatural Mysticism* will rank high among books that really help.

THE MORALITY OF THE STRIKE. By Rev. Donald Alexander McLean, M.A., S.T.L. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

Father McLean in this book gives the most complete account of the morality of the strike published in English. The morality of a strike in itself, in its object and in the means employed, the morality of the sympathetic and the general strike, and the morality of State action to prevent strikes are each given a chapter. The timeliness of the book in these days of "open shop" drives and Kansas laws is beyond question. The particularly strong portions of the book are the chapters on the morality of the strike in itself, in its objects and means, and the morality of State action.

Doctor Ryan, in a preface, gives three reasons for the timeliness of the volume. The first is that ordinarily the morality of strikes is not considered and, therefore, too many of them occur, and when they do take place, fail in their best results. The second reason is the conviction that strikes are unjust and should be prohibited. The third reason is that the book goes more completely into the subject than any other book in English, and does so on the basis of the new facts in industrial life. Side lights and direct statements are numerous on the contentions of those doing publicity work for the "open shop" drive, the Kansas law, etc. The sources of its merit are to be found in the knowledge the author possesses of what our industrial system is and what are the rules of justice. It gives a course in the ethics of strikes and, while some of its statements will be hard doctrine to many people, a closer knowledge of the facts, and a realization that there are such things as rules of justice for industry, business and labor unions will make the conclusions of Father McLean if not more palatable, at least more convincing.

PAUL VERLAINE. By Harold Nicolson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5.00.

It is gratifying that the twenty-fifth year after the death of Paul Verlaine should be commemorated by a book at once so readable and so scholarly as the present volume. During the last two decades of his life, and even long after his death, Verlaine's critics too often were biased—either detractors or charitable panegyrists. Since literary prejudices die hard, the perspective of time was necessary for an impartial appreciation such as Mr. Nicolson has contributed.

The first English critic to undertake a life of Verlaine, Mr. Nicolson has made his penetrating biography broadly interpretative, showing incidents and creative work in relation to their

causes. Accordingly, capricious as was the vagabond poet's stormy career, the reconstructed story unfolds with fascinating vividness. It is, moreover, logical enough. In view of Verlaine's environment and his complete lack of will, his life was inevitably an almost continuous tragedy. For without the will to resist alcohol and the temptations of the flesh, what does genius avail? Strangely enough, knowing his impulsiveness and his childlike dependence, the poet long sought in vain from without that authority which he could not evolve from his own will. After every fresh disaster he would yearn for a moral support. He cheerfully accepted the discipline of prison or hospital, and eventually the most salutary of all—the discipline of the Church.

Verlaine's early Parnassian attempts to "carve in marble and bronze" were unsuited to his impressionable temperament. It is as symbolist, as a delicately-attuned musician of the soul, that the poet of *Sagesse* will endure. Although he initiated much that is essential in contemporary French poetry, yet neither his genius nor his creed can readily be defined. Says Mr. Nicholson: "He was above all personal, and for this reason he stands, to some extent, in an isolated position. His influence is all-pervading rather than concentrated. He left behind him an atmosphere rather than a doctrine. He is universal rather than particular."

MAN AND HIS PAST. By O. G. S. Crawford. New York: Oxford University Press. \$4.85.

The title of this book, which would indicate that it is a manual of Prehistoric Archæology, is somewhat misleading, since it is in fact partly a plea for the better recognition of the importance, both scientific and national, of anthropology and partly a description of some of the recent methods employed in field work, methods largely based on those of a pioneer in this matter, the late General Pitts-Rivers.

It is a little difficult to form an opinion as to the kind of clientele to which this book is expected to appeal. If it be intended for the unscientific general reader, we must confess that we feel some doubts as to whether it is likely to make any great appeal to him, though there can be no doubt as to the valuable information which he would derive from its perusal. To the professed anthropologist the defence of his subject must appear a mere preaching to the converted, who likewise, if he is not, ought to be familiar with the methods described in the latter part of the book. These are quite sound and the descriptions given may well be commended to the young anthropologist, though, as in other subjects, he can learn more in a couple of days in the

field with an experienced worker than by a year's study of the most excellent books. We perfectly agree with the author as to the many futilities of history as commonly taught, amongst which stands preëminent the trivial and inaccurate information given as to almost everything which occurred in England before the Norman Invasion and still more before the coming of Julius Cæsar. But the careful anthropologist should abstain from misleading the historian and the student by fairy tales as to the origin of man, such, for example, as are to be found in the early chapters of this book. If set down as surmise, such statements may do no harm, but to talk of our "far-sighted ancestor" in the Tertiary Period and describe his doings as in the following passage, is simply to mislead the innocent and ignorant reader:

He did not, like so many, spoil his chances by giving way to fear on every possible occasion, he did not run away from danger on principle, and so have to adapt his limbs for swift flight; nor yet did he yield to the temptation to clothe himself in protective armor. Nor did he cut himself off from the world by adopting nocturnal habits. On the other hand, he was not possessed by a devil of pugnacity; he preferred vegetarianism to the horrors of carnivorous diet. Moderate in all things, he led a life of meditative aloofness in the forest, waiting for something to turn up. His patience was rewarded; what turned up was not any kind of external goods, but the key to all such—an intelligent mind.

When we reflect that no one *knows*, however much he may surmise, whether man had an ancestor in Tertiary times and, consequently, cannot have any sort of idea of what he or his ways may have been like, it is not too much to say that greater scientific nonsense than this never was put on paper.

A COMMENTARY ON CANON LAW. By Rev. Charles Augustine, O.S.B. Vol. VII. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50 net.

The seventh volume of Father Augustine's commentary on the new code of canon law deals with Ecclesiastical Procedure. It embraces canons 1552-2194 of Book IV. Part I. treats of Trials, discussing in brief the ordinary tribunals of the first and second instance, the order of procedure, the judges and other officials, the rights of plaintiff and defendant, proofs, witnesses, contumacy, appeals, etc. Part II. treats of the processes of beatification and canonization. Part III. discusses peculiar modes of procedure in the removal or transfer of pastors, the suspension *ex informata conscientia*, etc.

MORAL PRINCIPLES AND MEDICAL PRACTICE. By Charles Coppens, S.J. New and enlarged edition by Henry S. Spalding, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.50 net.

Father Coppens' book, *Moral Principles and Medical Practice*, has been so well known for years that it is gratifying to have it presented in a new and enlarged edition. The first nine chapters of the book have been left unchanged, for after all ethics do not change, and as the authors well say: "What was true of the ethics of craniotomy or abortion twenty years ago, when this book first came from the press, is true today." What the editor has done is to add chapters applying moral principles to the new problems that have come up in medicine in recent years, treating such subjects as Euthanasia and Vasectomy, Sex Hygiene and Eugenics, and Birth Control. Those acquainted with the book in its original form may be assured that the added chapters are worthy of the conservative thoroughness of Dr. Coppen's work. Father Spalding's years as dean of a medical school, has given him a practical acquaintance with the medical details of these subjects that makes him well able to apply ethical principles to them.

There are passages in the book which deserve to be known generally, although the volume is intended particularly for physicians and medical students, for hospital superiors and nurses, for clergymen in their ministry and for professional men and women in a teaching capacity. The chapters on Euthanasia, Sex Hygiene and Eugenics and Birth Control will be of special interest and significance to all engaged, however slightly, in social work or interested in social problems.

THE STORY BOOK OF THE FARM. By J. H. Fabre. Translated by H. Texeiro de Maltos. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 8 s. 6 d. net.

Fabre, that "inimitable observer" as Darwin called him, is well known to all lovers of nature study, and the book under review is one which will give much pleasure to all such persons. It is especially fitted for intelligent boys and girls, particularly those who have any taste for gardening. It gives not only a great deal of information as to how such operations as grafting and layering are carried out, but explains why the operations are conducted as they are and can be conducted in no other way. We cannot imagine any better text-book for a teacher desirous of instructing his class in the biology of the fields and especially of the cultivated fields. It opens up a vast number of interesting and unsolved problems which might form the foundation of a great deal of profitable inquiry and discussion.

An interesting point which rises to the mind in connection with such common objects of cultivation as the pear, the potato, the cabbage or wheat, is the inquiry as to what first set men to the task of improving the wild stock and how did they imagine that anything edible could be raised from the apparently useless and hopeless natural plants. We are apt to think great things of our modern inventions, wireless electricity, the internal combustion engine, aëroplanes and the like. Yet if we seriously consider the matter, the forethought and ingenuity of agriculturalists of days gone by were in no way less than those of the modern inventors of whom we think so highly.

The arrangement of the chapters of *The Story Book of the Farm* might well be rectified. It seems to us that the chemical preliminaries might first of all be treated and then the biological considerations built upon them. In this way a clearer view of the whole matter would be obtained. The lack of an index is also a great blot on a book like this, which is packed with facts. Nevertheless, it is an excellent elementary manual, and we can highly recommend it.

POST-BIBLICAL HEBREW LITERATURE. Vol. I. An Anthology Text, Notes and Glossary; Vol. II. The Translation. By B. Harper, M.A., Ph.D. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.

These two volumes by the erudite professor of Dropsie College serve as an introduction to the Jewish Classical series which the Jewish Publication Society has set out to issue. The work contains Hebrew selections of special literary merit and of pedagogic value. At the head of the works published and translated, Dr. Harper places the wisdom of Ben Sira, the Ecclesiasticus of the Vulgate. The Hebrew original of this book is now recognized by all, although it was not included in the Jewish Bible at the time of Luther. The other portions of the Anthology are taken from the Mishna, the Babylonian Talmud, the Midrash, of historians, philosophers, etc. The language is largely taken from the Biblical Vocabulary of the Old Testament, as all the authors from whom selections have been made did not speak the Hebrew as their mother tongue. The Hebrew language, however, never ceased to be cultivated in spite of difficulties. Witness, therefore, new words and expressions introduced into the works of post-Biblical writers. The style is of necessity lacking in the flexibility of a living tongue, Biblical phrases are taken bodily from the sacred text, and thus a tone of artificiality is seen in the selections.

The work will be of great importance to Biblical scholars and

to general readers who seldom have access to this kind of literature. The glossary appended to the second volume consists of non-Biblical expressions that have been introduced into the Hebrew by the Jewish writers of the last two thousand years. The work does great credit to Dr. Harper's scholarship.

THE AGE OF THE REFORMATION. By Preserved Smith, Ph.D.
New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$5.00.

It would take a volume to point out the many inaccuracies that disfigure the pages of this bulky book on the Age of the Reformation. The writer gives us a formidable bibliography of some sixty-seven pages, but certainly gives no evidence whatever of having profited by the writings of the Catholic scholars he quotes, such as Pastor, Janssen, Denifle, Grisar, Gasquet, Fouquetray, Brou, etc.

The apostate, Sarpi, is his authority for the Council of Trent, the bigot, Lea, furnishes him his data upon the Inquisition and the celibacy of the clergy, and the journalist, McCabe, provides his caricature of the Jesuits. If he had taken the pains to consult the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, which figures, we know not why, on his book list, he might have saved himself the trouble of repeating many a false statement of both fact and theory. Dr. Smith, in his preface, tells us that Dr. Guilday of the Catholic University read three of his chapters, the first, the fifth and the eighth. Certainly these chapters give no evidence of the Catholic critic. In his treatment of the Council of Trent and the Jesuits in Chapter VIII. he is more than usually unfair and inaccurate. No man can treat adequately of the Council of Trent without at least an accurate knowledge of the teachings of Catholicism.

THE GROPING GIANT: REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA. By William Adams Brown. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.50.

So fast is history being made in Russia that most of the recent books on that country have been out of date by the time they were presented to the public. This is an exception. Here is a volume that is just as valuable today as when it was written, and will be just as valuable ten years from now. The author covered the vast extent of Russia in his experiences as a relief worker both during and after the War. He saw the rise of Lenine and Trotzky and witnessed their methods. His observations are based on the effect Bolshevism has had on the three major groups of Russians—the Bolsheviks themselves, the masses and the *intelligentsia*. The transfer of autocracy from the hands of the Tsar to the control of the Soviet leaders did not lessen the horrors of that autocracy. Both the transfer and the subsequent attempts

at national adjustment affected each one of these major groups in a different way, but the general effect on the nation as a whole is that it forced it to live on its capital. Neither the peasant nor the intellectual nor the Bolshevik has planned for the future. Today famine stalks Russia as a consequent of this wasteful policy.

The picture this book brings is the composite view of a nation content to live for the present day, and not beyond the present. Incident after incident make the high lights in this view only the more pronounced. It is a ghastly panorama, analyzed coolly by one who sees it from the viewpoint of an American democrat. The conclusions that Mr. Brown has drawn have all been justified by the events of the past six months in Russia. The Soviet does not work; the dreams of Marx completely neglected the element of human nature, just as the theory of the Tsars neglected it. Bolshevism has only etched deeper into the Russian national consciousness that destructive fatalism which was always the weakness of her people. It has, moreover, proved conclusively that class rule, whether by Tsar or communist leader, must inevitably be tyrannous. The failure of Russia today is only one more justification of "the worthiness and adequacy of the ideal of free government, for which America at her best should stand."

THE SALVAGING OF CHRISTIANITY. The Probable Future of Mankind. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

The world is in a distressing and deplorable condition, Mr. Wells thinks. It will continue to drift to utter ruin and destruction, unless it can be educated to reform itself according to Mr. Wells' programme. Such is the Alpha and Omega of this, his latest book in which he assumes the rôle of prophet and toys, not with disturbing facts, but with pure futurity. As is his way, Mr. Wells has some good things to say, but he so wraps them up in the fantastic that they are hard to discover. He despises the present plan of the League of Nations, he abominates war and the patriotism that begets it, he calls the world stupid and advocates some educational reforms. In his opening paper, he reviews the present-day crisis of civilization, and prescribes the political reorganization of the world as a unity. To prove that such a collective will to reorganize is possible, he cites the propagation of Mohammedanism and Christianity, forgetting that the former required the sword, and the latter, supernatural help. The succeeding papers fill in the outline of his projected salvation of the world and his organization of a World State. To effect this, boundary lines must be effaced and patriotism quenched in an

all-pervading harmony. Such a brotherly union of the human family would be as feasible as the peaceful gathering of the feline family, tiger, jaguar, wild cat.

Mr. Wells' imagination soars when he describes the life of an ordinary citizen in this world state. The greatest blessing would seem to be that "probably he (the world citizen) will never know what a cold is or a headache." Fundamental in this future state of beatitude, is a world-wide reform of education. We are to have syndicated schools, conducted, of course, by the world government, and syndicated lessons taught to every child, European as well as African, the world over. We are to have a new Bible, new in a real, not metaphorical, sense, that will supplant our present Bible, and be better adapted to the needs of the world to come. Mr. Wells is, at times, quite humble in these essays, and while he is in some such mood, we would suggest that in meditating on the future of the world, he should think of Divine Providence, in his Biblical studies he should learn the meaning of Revelation and Inspiration, and in his observations on his fellowmen, he should notice the workings of grace and the supernatural life.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. New Edition. By E. Wyatt-Davies, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

Into a space comparatively brief, the author of this book has contrived to compress an outline of the history of the beginnings, the growth and the development of the British Empire that is at once reliable and interesting. His third chapter refers to the "ruined church of St. Martin outside Canterbury," though in the preceding pages nothing was said about the introduction among the Britons of the Christian religion. That subject, though really somewhat obscure, deserved at least a paragraph.

The importance of unity in the Christian Church as an example to the political and military leadership of that time is suggested rather than described. In effecting concert of action among the Germanic conquerors of Britain, the influence of the Christian Church was immense.

Though the victory of the Picts at Nectansmere (685) pointed to ultimate Celtic rather than Anglo-Saxon supremacy, the significance of that event is not emphasized. The intelligent student should be offered some explanation of the later subordination of the Celt, who at that very moment was forced to defend himself against the Norsemen. This unexpected assistance was the turning point in English history. Norse interference established for centuries the Anglo-Saxons in Britain.

The section describing the Norman conquest does not clearly set forth the ethnical character of Duke William's army. That, to be sure, is not the fashion. If our recollection is not at fault, the victor at Senlac or Hastings commanded Normans, from the valley of the Seine, Celts, from Brittany, and from other parts of Gaul, French, as well as continental, adventurers.

The author's summary of the age-long Irish question is thus given in his account of Henry II.: "Henry's interference, therefore, only began the unhappy policy by which England would neither rule Ireland nor allow the Irish to work out their own system of government." All later references to the relations between the two nations are not less sympathetic. The term *nations* is here used in its ethnological sense.

In the account of the Seven Years' War and of the result of that conflict in North America, the assistance of Prussia and of Ireland in securing complete victory for Great Britain is not so clearly indicated as its importance appears to deserve. The text follows the usual narrative found in the school histories of the United States, but it is not the more valuable for being time-honored. The policy of William Pitt was so to depress the power of France that she could never again become a rival of England in commerce or in colonization. In its execution, the regiments of Ireland and Prussia were helpful. The Duc de Choiseul, destined to divide the Empire, had not yet become a portentous figure on the international landscape.

This edition of an excellent text-book includes a sufficiently complete and very temperate narrative of the causes, as well as the progress, of the World War. Throughout the volume, indeed, all controversies, whether concerning religion or politics, are admirably presented.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF GEORGE A. LEFROY, D.D. By H. H. Montgomery, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$5.00.

Dr. Montgomery has written a good biography of his friend, the late Anglican Bishop of Calcutta. Most of his material has been drawn from the letters of Dr. Lefroy to his family during his thirty-nine years' stay in India. These letters reveal the troubles of an Anglican missionary in his all but futile endeavors to win over the Moslems and Hindus, and the difficulties of an Anglican Bishop in dealing with his clergy. As usual, with his confrères the good Bishop dared not teach too dogmatically when questions are proposed to him, for he realized the differing views of his fellow-Anglicans at home and abroad.

Yet we find him objecting strongly to Archbishop Benson's utterances on Mohammedanism. The Archbishop declared "that a missionary to the Moslem would not succeed if he believed that Mohammedanism ministered to pride, to lust and to cruelty, that we must go to them (the Moslems) acknowledging that God had brought them a long way on the road to Him!" The Anglican mission to the Moslems of India was never very successful at the best, but it surely could not be furthered, as Dr. Lefroy clearly saw, by utterly ignoring the evil nature of its religious teaching.

THE GOLDEN GOAT. By Paul Arene. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

Mr. Arene has given us a pretty, wholesome, and charming story of the kind which no one can do better than a Frenchman when he so desires. It is the tale of a visitor on a holiday, who finds himself in the quaint town of Puget Maure, whose inhabitants trace their descent to the Saracens and who cherish the tradition of a goat on whose bell and collar was inscribed in Saracenic characters the secret of a great treasure. The legend persisted, but never a sign of the mysterious treasure appeared. At last, among the effects of the recently deceased Mayor, M. Hannorat, are found some papers which explain the failure of many ardent seekers to find the treasure.

The book is charmingly done and touched by playful humor and Gallic irony. The translation by Frances Wilson Huard is excellent. It is comforting to know that Americans are given access to French novels, and there are many of them, which are not a source of offence, *virginibus puerisque*, and are as fresh and fragrant as a breeze across the daisied fields of May.

WILL-POWER AND WORK. By Jules Payot, Litt.D., Ph.D., Rector of Aix-Marseilles University. Authorized Translation by Richard Duffy. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.75 net.

Professor Bayot treats such familiar themes as Love of Work, The Condition of All Progress, How to Work, Real Intelligence and Pseudo Effort, Attention, Memory, Instruction Through Reading, in special chapters, and has made each of them a little monograph full of suggestion, at least, if not of new information. A chapter on Studies of Great Men and Their Habits of Work will be particularly interesting to most readers, largely because of the great differences noted. Manifestly the individual counts more than the method, but men have to evolve a system for themselves if they expect to accomplish much.

What one misses in Payot's book is the lack of any hint of anything more than a natural motive for all the effort that is counseled. In spite of this, these purely secular studies of work and the will recall old-fashioned asceticism. There is insistence, for instance, on the fact that will power enables men to continue their work even when difficulties and injustices assail them, and that indeed such apparent obstacles often serve, especially for those who are great enough of soul, to bring out the best qualities of mind and heart.

The new cult of success in life is bringing back the old philosophy of stoicism without the consolations introduced by Christianity, and with merely human motives for effort in spite of hardships: "grin and bear" because that will help you to grin and bear all the more, replaces the consoling counsel, "take up your cross and follow Me." The satisfaction of success, so likely to be empty, is set up as the goal of life. It is interesting to note how popular these success books are, showing how much people feel the need of external stimulus.

A HUNDRED VOICES AND OTHER POEMS. By Kostas Palamas.

Translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$2.50.

This present volume by Kostas Palamas, being the second part of his *Life Immovable*, is significant chiefly as an expression of poetic activity in contemporary Greece. Its author has become recognized as a champion of all that is somewhat dubiously meant by modernity: he is a passionate lover of freedom, a seeker of inspiration from humble, familiar sources, a defender of the colloquial language of his people—very reverent toward art and toward thought, and correspondingly irreverent toward authority either temporal or spiritual. These "hundred voices" tell, in free verse and blank verse, the poet's brief reactions to various unrelated emotions, and for the most part they are voices of beauty if not of any memorable illumination. But in his "songs of wrath," with their denunciations of "the black monk's fury and the teacher's rage," there is, to the detached mind, something curiously puerile and outworn.

No doubt this singer of modern Greece has worked against the odds of classicism and convention—no doubt he does sincerely long to find that mystical unity which shall bring all human experience, even the most bitter, "nearer to the wings of birds and songs of nightingales." But he has not found it yet—possibly because he seeks it in pantheistic skepticism rather than in the awful simplicity of a personal God. Palamas may be described

for English-speaking readers as an Athenian Walt Whitman, with something of Byron and something of Renan thrown in. But candidly it is doubtful if his work will intrigue readers of another tongue, even in Dr. Phoutrides' dignified and devoted translation.

ST. PAUL: HIS LIFE, WORK AND SPIRIT. By Philip Coghlan, C.P. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.50.

The author's foreword states, as matter of legitimate surprise, that although English Catholic literature abounds in biographies of holy persons, English-speaking Catholics have not hitherto been provided with a life of St. Paul, written by one of themselves. An unaccountable indifference obtains, not limited, however, to any one country, in regard to him who more than anyone else "has influenced the thought and life of the Church in succeeding ages." He quotes a German writer's complaint that the great Apostle of the Gentiles has never become an object of the people's religious veneration, in any such sense as Joseph, or Anthony of Padua. To supply this lack, in such a manner as to promote fuller, closer knowledge of the personality of St. Paul, is the author's intention. It is not lost sight of at any time; whether he is guiding his readers in the Apostle's footsteps through the conversion, journeyings and missionary labors, or is carrying the student through the Epistles with analytical, explanatory comment, at every turn he holds up to view the charm and attraction of the character that is the object of his loving study, thus imparting to the work a vital interest that should appeal to readers among the laity.

Purposely, the book has been kept within as small compass as was consistent with its title; it is scarcely the size of the average novel, and agreeably light to hold. Notwithstanding this, it is indexed, and is supplied with a map of St. Paul's journeys, also a bibliography.

PRIZE STORIES OF 1920. O. Henry Memorial Award. Chosen by the Society of Arts and Sciences. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.90 net.

In the spring of 1918, the Society of Arts and Sciences instituted annual prizes of \$500 and \$250 for the best short stories of the year, as an appropriate perpetual memorial to the genius of O. Henry, the admitted master of this form of artistic expression. Sifting the periodicals of 1919, the Committee of Award found thirty-two short stories which they considered superior, and from these the prize winners were selected. This year the process has been repeated. Seventeen prize winners were chosen, and are

reprinted in this, the second volume of the series. The selection is of particular interest as throwing light upon the sources of the best American short stories. Magazines of frankly popular appeal, much frowned upon by pundits, are far in the lead. The *Red Book* and the *Pictorial Review* are represented by three stories each, the *Saturday Evening Post* by two, *Everybody's* and *Collier's* by one each; while *Harper's* has three, *Scribner's* two, and the *Century* one.

Conrad, perhaps the supreme master of the art today, has said that the aim of the story-teller, difficult and evanescent, is to arrest for the space of a breath hands busy about the work of earth, to compel men entranced by the sight of distant goals to pause for a look, a sigh, a smile. Such an ideal, reserved for only the very few to achieve, is reasonably well secured by the writers represented. The range of emotional appeal is broad, from the sheer horror of "Butterflies" and the poignancy of "Contact" to the ludicrous absurdity of "The Camel's Back." Wholesome enough in general, it is to be regretted that some strike a note of fatalism, making it appear that blind destiny holds the strings and men, like puppets, move but as they are led. False and depressing as it is, such, unfortunately, is a philosophy of life only too common today, and must necessarily have been reflected in a collection like this, for, as the Chairman of the Committee of Award says in her introduction: "A revenant who lived one hundred years ago might pick up this volume and secure a fairly accurate idea of society today; a visitor from another country might find it a guide to national intelligence and feeling."

AN OCEAN TRAMP. By William McFee. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.75.

This reprint of Mr. McFee's first published work cannot but be welcome to his large and growing circle of readers, most of whom have probably made his acquaintance through *Casuals of the Sea*. Issued originally in 1908, it makes its reappearance with a long preface written especially for this edition, while retaining that of the earlier publication. To say that this preface outranks the main substance, is not to disparage *An Ocean Tramp*, which is entirely characteristic and worthy of the author; it is only to acknowledge the augmented power of his mind, enriched by thirteen years more of experience and reflection.

Mr. McFee's keen, sensitive observation vibrates response to all human appeals. In speech, as in thought, he is a free lance: his writings are not for the immature. For those who can discriminate, there is nothing that offends; and, always, he holds

consistently to the conviction expressed at the end of the preface: ". . . character, the achievement and acceptance of it, stands out as the one desirable and indispensable thing in the world. . ."

THE GRINDING. By Clara G. B. Bush. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.00.

The title of Miss Bush's story of Creole life in Louisiana before the World War, denotes both the grinding of the sugar cane and the grinding of character under the stress of unexpected poverty.

The heroine, Catherine Maine, is a New Orleans society butterfly—lazy, ignorant, capricious and selfish—who enters the story as the Queen of the Mardi Gras. In a moment of pique, she has rejected her lover, and betrothed herself to the villain of the piece. Luckily, the family fortune disappears over night, and she and her brother are forced to take refuge on a broken-down sugar plantation belonging to the family. The grinding is a slow process, but at the last moment Catherine succeeds in learning the gospel of work and in understanding the unselfish devotion of her lover.

The thesis of the novel is well stated by Fergus, the sterling brother, who retrieves the family fortune by his indomitable will. "Poverty is humiliating, not degrading. No outside circumstance can degrade us in the true sense of the word, any more than a poor garment can impoverish the soul."

The writer gives us some vivid pen pictures of superstitious Louisiana negroes, proud Southern planters, and interesting Creole types.

THE WRITER'S ART. By Those Who Have Practised It. Selected and Arranged by Rollo Walter Brown. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$2.50.

The distinctive feature of this book is indicated in its subtitle: instruction on the writer's art is imparted by those who have practised it. Of text-books in Rhetoric, the number is legion: as a matter of fact, one familiar with educational catalogues is forced to marvel where so many enterprising publishers find a market for their wares. But there is a plentiful lack of books by men who can sincerely and truthfully say: "Here are the principles of my art as I have formulated and practised them. Be their worth what it may, I, at least, by following them, have achieved recognition and success." Other professions, as Professor Brown points out in his preface, are quick to take advantage of expert counsel: why should the literary man alone make but small con-

tribution to the promotion of his art? Hence has the editor gathered together twenty-eight essays on the technique of composition contributed to the world by successful critics whose very criticism is itself literature, like Hazlitt, Emerson, and, to some extent, Poe, or by successful novelties of the standing of Stevenson, Conrad and de Maupassant.

The great advantage to be obtained from a book like this is that the reader finds within its covers a number of fugitive pieces not otherwise readily accessible, and can analyze, compare and synthesize at leisure. At the same time no compiler has succeeded in pleasing everybody by his choices. We cannot but feel that Newman, for instance, deserves an honorable mention among those who could teach as well as practise the writer's art. But, though in this single instance Professor Brown might perhaps have chosen better, he has, at all events, always chosen well, and has provided a valuable source-book for the philosophy of literary mechanics.

THE WORKS OF SATAN. By Richard Aumerle Maher. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

This entertaining book is pure comedy, with now and then an aside of the "half-joke but whole-earnest" nature, which is all the more forceful because of its unexpectedness. The humorous happenings are well told, without apparent straining for effect, and they appear to grow naturally out of one another. The reader will find entertainment and many a hearty laugh. The only possibility of disappointment is in the title, which promises wickedness of the deepest dye, and is consequently misleading.

THE PROBLEMS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By Hereward Carrington, Ph.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.00.

The best thing about the present volume is the fact that it does not claim to have solved the nature of the causality behind the so-called spiritistic phenomena. As an investigator, Mr. Carrington, unlike many of his predecessors and contemporaries in the same line, is painstaking and laborious. Unlike them, too, in his conclusions, he is conservative.

In a field so subtle it is a great relief to find an experienced experimenter who declares that the problem is as yet unsolved, and is likely to remain so for some time to come. Spiritists of the extremer type, like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, might well learn caution from the weighed judgments of Mr. Carrington.

While Sir Arthur is already assured that "Spiritism" solves everything and that the "New Revelation" is a "*fait accompli*,"

Mr. Carrington quietly asserts: "I do not believe that the simple spiritistic explanation—especially as at present held—is the correct one, nor one that explains all the facts."

The net result that one gathers from Mr. Carrington's volume is that in the sphere of psychical research there are "problems" a-plenty, while "solutions" are as scarce as food in the famine areas of Russia.

THE PARISH SCHOOL. Its Aims, Procedure and Problems. By Rev. Joseph A. Dunney. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

With the marvelous growth of our parochial school system, it is well to take pause and look to its strength and efficiency. The parish school must not only compete with the best of the public schools in the secular branches, it must enter a field of education to which they never attain. To keep this moral and supernatural ideal fresh in our minds is the purpose of Father Dunney. The scope of the book is summarized in the sub-title. Under the first heading, the author discusses the general status of our system, the results expected from the individual school in this system, and such fruitful topics as "Organization and Coöperation," "Principals and Teachers," "Discipline," and "Grading." He then turns to the actual school work, laying particular emphasis on the necessity and methods of teaching religion. Under the heading of "Problems," he discusses honestly and with candor, certain difficulties that have been forced upon our system by non-sectarian educational theorists.

The book does not attempt to trace the historical growth of our system of schools, neither is it a manual of pedagogy, nor does it descend to the intricacies of class methods and management. It is a general survey that places before us our ideals; that warns us of our dangers, and emphasizes the Catholic spirit that should supernaturalize all our educational efforts. Father Dunney is Diocesan Superintendent of Schools in Albany, and speaks as a specialist, who has reduced his theories to practice and success.

THE PATH OF VISION. By Amern Ribani. New York: James T. White & Co. \$1.50.

This series of pocket essays, written partly in America, partly in Syria, attempts to meet the problems of man's restlessness. It suggests that we take account of our self-satisfaction, which is born of materialism. This is the source of unrest, social, religious, economic. We are conscious of our ailment. We are

groping for a cure. The platitudes of the pulpit, Spiritism, mystic love, theosophy fail us. The author recommends "Vision." The vision, he presents, is not very clear. He makes a passing reference to "Divine essence." He insists upon "spiritual ideals," "innate flame," union of the soul with "pure thought"—influences by their nature never impelling and generally too obscure to awaken the dull of heart. If the author withheld his almost Voltairean dislike for the Church, sprinkled less rose-water and fulminated more, his message, in some measure, might find its way into the minds and souls of a distraught and restless people.

OUR LORD'S OWN WORDS. By Right Rev. Abbot Smith, O.S.B. Vol. III. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.75 net.

This is the third volume of meditations on the words of Our Lord as contained in the four Gospels. This volume begins with chapter xv. of St. John's Gospel and completes the Gospel. The words of Christ have ever been a rich source of meditation and Abbot Smith, in these volumes, has done a service to all of their lovers. Those who have been in the habit of meditating on the Saviour's words will find here new thoughts, and those who have never meditated, will be initiated into a practice which cannot but be most beneficial to them.

SINGING BEADS, by Dom Theodore Baily, Monk of Caldey (London: Heath Cranton). In a prefatory note to his compilation of old English prayers and devotional verses, *A Book of the Love of Jesus*, Monsignor Benson pointed out certain characteristics of mediæval English devotion. They spring, for the most part, from an intense and passionate love for the sacred humanity of Jesus Christ, manifested in an intimate familiarity of vocabulary and a deep love for the details of the Passion. A mediæval suggestion is deliberately sought in the format of Dom Baily's book, especially in the antique wood cuts, and the characteristics sketched by Monsignor Benson are easily recognizable. The note of wistful pathos and spiritual yearning is constantly struck in practically all of the thirty poems included in this little book. The verse lines are unusually free, but here Dom Baily follows a tradition for devotional verse, already well established by Patmore, Lionel Johnson and Thompson. It is to be regretted that the book was not published in a more substantial form of binding.

BIRD-A-LEA, by "Clementia" (Chicago: The Extension Press. \$1.50). Bird-A-Lea is the name of the beautiful house in one of the Southern States which is the home of twin girls, four years old, their eleven-year-old sister, their parents, colored servants, and various pets. The story deals with the exciting adventures and other experiences of the young people, but is, unfortunately, rather forced

in dialogue and happenings. All who have enjoyed *Uncle Frank's Mary* and *The Quest of Mary Selwyn* will be equally pleased with *Bird-A-Lea*, and will be glad to meet again the little heroine of the other stories. This book, like the others, is pervaded by an edifying Catholic atmosphere. The type is clear and good, and the book is illustrated.

DAISY, OR THE FLOWER OF THE TENEMENTS OF LITTLE OLD NEW YORK, by Gilbert Guest (Omaha: Burkley Printing Co. \$1.00). This is a story suited for the consumption of very young children, who like their realism strongly flavored with fairy-tale occurrences of the type in which the child from the tenements is adopted by a beautiful and very rich foster-mother, and everything ends happily for her, her real parents, her adopted family, her newsboy friends, and, in general, everyone remotely concerned.

EXCEPTIONAL CHILDREN AND PUBLIC SCHOOL POLICY, by Arnold Gesell (New Haven: Yale University Press), gives us the results of a survey made of the public school children of New Haven, Conn. Only those children whom the teacher reported as backward were examined. This examination was made by Doll's abbreviated version of the Binet intelligence scale. This method of survey showed that about one and five-tenths per cent. of the school children of the city were feeble-minded. The same method in Meriden, Conn., gave one and twenty-five-hundredths per cent. feeble-minded. Considering that these figures are lower than the incidence of feeble-mindedness in the general population, either the method did not discover all the cases in these cities or the standard of diagnosis was somewhat lax. Unfortunately, the author gives us no definite information about the criteria he used in making his diagnosis. The pamphlet advocates the passing of a law of compulsory education of the feeble-minded, either in public schools or in institutions.

BUNCH-GRASS AND BLUE-JOINT, a Book of Verse, by Frank B. Linderman (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). This is a group of swift-riding and colorful little poems, celebrating the excitement, and (one gathers) the rather precarious glory, of the life of the typical American cow-puncher. The manner is, in the main, the manner of Service, with much of his ease and jingling finish. The verses are quite sufficiently pleasant to read, and not at all taxing emotionally.

MEDITATIONS ON THE LITANY OF THE HOLY NAME, by the Right Rev. Joseph Oswald Smith, O.S.B., Abbot of Ampleforth (New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents net). Any book that helps to give us a deeper appreciation of our accustomed vocal prayers is to be welcomed. The Abbot Smith, in these meditations, has done this for the Litany of the Holy Name. We recommend this little book to all those who make this Litany a part of their devotions, as well as all who seek materials for daily meditation.

OF small—really pocket—editions of new devotional books that have reached us, *The Christian Ideal—To Make God Known and Loved*, which is from the French, treats briefly of the Divine Attributes (New York: Benziger Brothers. 65 cents net); these publishers also offer a dainty little volume, entitled *A Gift from Jesus, the Spirit and Grace of Christian Childhood*, a translation and adaptation from *L'Enfance Chrétienne* (M. Jean Blanlo), by a Sister of Notre Dame (80 cents net). The translation gives the spirit rather than the letter of the original, while here and there a suggestion is made, or a verse quoted, which tends to illustrate or emphasize its teaching; *A Practical Guide for Servers at High Mass and for Holy Week*, by Bernard F. Page, S.J. (35 cents net), in which the instructions and diagrams are so clear and simple that it will be found a great help to the "Altar Servers," for whom it is written, is another Benziger book; *The Blessed Sacrament Guild Book*, with a preface by His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 65 cents, postpaid, 70 cents), has for its purpose to inspire love of the Blessed Sacrament by assisting souls individually in the matter of personal devotion, and collectively, in their devotion in common, by treating of the origin and development of the Archconfraternity and Guild of the Blessed Sacrament, and giving the Guild service, Daily Devotions, Indulgences, Music and Hymns.

FAMILIAR ASTRONOMY, by Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A.M., Sc.D., A.A.S., A.S.P., B.A.A., Fellow of the A. A. A. S., Member of the St. Louis Academy of Science (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.50 net). A text-book on Astronomy with sixteen illustrations. The book gives a concise summary of the science of Astronomy, and treats with fairness the history and different theories of the science.

STUDENTS of shorthand may find it interesting and, we hope, also profitable, to read *The Garden of the Soul* in shorthand. (\$1.00.) This curious experiment in book publication is issued by Isaac Pitman & Sons of New York, and follows the version as prescribed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

SONGS FOR CHRISTMAS, by Daniel Joseph Donahoe (Middletown, Conn.: Donahoe Publishing Co.), is an attractive pamphlet of Christmas songs, featuring specially the author's versions of *Stabat Mater Speciosa*, and the *Adeste Fideles*.

CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL FOR 1922 (New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents), is out. The Annual contains Church Calendars, sketches of the Saints, religious articles from learned pens and fiction by such popular authors as Marion Ames Taggart, Mary T. Waggaman and A. J. Bradley. It is an interesting number, and is sure to be much in demand.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The Foundations of Modern Ireland is a selection of extracts from sources illustrating English rule and social and economic conditions in Ireland in the sixteenth and early seventeenth century, by Constantia Maxwell, M.A., Lecturer in Modern History, Trinity College, Dublin. The Macmillan Co. is the American publisher.

The Terror in Action, by J. L. Hammond, a reprint from *The Nation and the Athenaeum* of April 30, 1921, is a light on Irish history of recent times.

Ireland and the Presidents of the United States, by John X. Regan, M.A., contains various quotations from Presidents of the United States who favored Ireland's freedom. Orders may be addressed to J. X. Regan, care of Washington Press, 242 Dover Street, Boston, Mass. \$3.50 per 100; \$30.00 per 1,000. Second edition.

An Irish Pilgrim Priest, by the Rev. E. O'Leary, O.S.A., gives a short biography of Father Benjamin Joseph Braughall, a pioneer parish priest of Graig-na-managh. It is a delightful story of holiness and goodness (The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland).

The Catholic Truth Society of Canada issues in pamphlet form, *Divine Faith*, by Cardinal Manning, and *Why Separate Schools?* giving some moral, social, political, national, British, historical and religious reasons in support of the Separate School system. Father George Thomas Daly, C.S.S.R., is the author.

The student of Dominican lore in England will find a very complete history of the English Dominicans in a valuable series of pamphlets issued by the London Catholic Truth Society (twopence each).

Scholastic Philosophy Explained, by the Rev. Henry H. Wyman, C.S.P., is a clear and scientific exposition of the rational grounds for belief in God and immortality, especially useful for advanced students in colleges and seminarians (New York: The Paulist Press. Six cents by mail. \$3.50 per one hundred copies).

Catholics should have the Catholic position on the vital question of Eugenics. A very comprehensive and enlightening treatment is contained in a small booklet of sixty-four pages, entitled *The Church and Eugenics*, by the Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 50 cents).

The Catholic Truth Society of London also publishes *Why I Came In*, by B. M.; *I Am a Catholic Because I Am a Jew*, by Hugh Israelowicz Angress; *Buddhism in Europe*, by G. Willoughby Meade, A.I.A., M.R.A.S.; *Pascal's "Provincial Letters,"* by Hilaire Belloc, and *The Beginning and End of Man*, by Rev. Ronald Knox, M.A.

The Catholic Reading Guild with its interesting motto, "The Conversion of England by Books," publishes a report of its work in pamphlet form. This effort to make conversions is deeply interesting.

A very useful, devotional pamphlet is that entitled *The Precious Blood*, by Richard F. Clarke, S.J. (Brooklyn: International Catholic Truth Society. 5 cents). It contains short meditations for each day in July.

In these days of political upheaval, when all sorts of notions are advanced about the State, it is well to have a clear understanding of the State's power. A pamphlet, entitled *After All, What Is the State?* by the Rev. Lucian Johnston, S.T.L. (Brooklyn: International Catholic Truth Society), offers this information.

Dante students will find helpful a *Guide to the Student of Dante*, a small folder coming from the Academy of Our Lady of Victory, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

A Catholic Historical Brochure (St. Louis: Central Bureau of the Central Society) on *Blessed Peter Canisius*, by Francis S. Betten, S.J., covers its subject very comprehensively and interestingly.

Recent Events.

France.

French and European interest generally in the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, which is to open in Washington on November 11th, has been growing steadily. At first there seemed a disposition in certain French circles to discount the importance of the Conference, but with the more or less ineffectual proceedings of the League of Nations' Assembly before their eyes, and the feeling that their country stands in a position of isolation, the French have now come to the belief that much depends on the outcome of the Washington meetings. The chief aim of the French Government will be to convince the delegates of other nationalities, especially those of the American Government, that France is not unduly armed and that her security requires the number of men now in active service. France at present has under arms between 450,000 and 500,000 men, including the army of the Rhine and colonial troops, which is about sixty per cent. of the number in active service on May 1st last, when the French army consisted of about 800,000 men. The French attitude will be to show just how far France can go towards disarmament in the face of information received from Germany concerning that country's power of prompt mobilization, and in the absence of other guarantees than France's own troops. It will be the viewpoint of the French delegation that unless there are guarantees along the lines of those contained in the American, British and French defensive agreement against unwarranted aggression, as elaborated by President Wilson and Premiers Lloyd George and Clémenceau, but never ratified, a standing army of from 400,000 to 450,000 men, with a like number subject to immediate call to mobilization, will be required.

During the month various reports have come from London that international banking interests were desirous of having the powers at the Conference make a definite decision on the question of pooling the Allied war debt. Paris, however, is opposed to raising this issue, and would be better satisfied if financial matters were entirely ignored in the discussion at Washington. In the matter of her obligations to the United States and Great Britain, France frankly admits her inability to pay for a long time, and she fears that the war debt question might easily be the source of bargaining pressure in Washington, by which France's national

defence would be weakened, and she would be left without adequate military guarantees. France's debt to the United States is \$3,000,000,000, on which the interest alone every year is in the neighborhood of \$150,000,000, and her debt to England is even more. England owes the United States \$4,277,000,000.

Besides French reluctance to bring up financial matters for consideration, the United States Government looks with disfavor on their introduction, except as they are related to a reduction in armament costs, and wishes to limit the discussion to the subjects considered vital to the Conference. These subjects, as set forth tentatively in a note by Secretary Hughes on September 20th, include under the head of Limitation of Armament the limitation of naval and land armaments and rules for control of new agencies of warfare, and under the head of Pacific and Far East Questions, questions relating to China, Siberia and mandated islands. The foreign offices to whom this list has been sent, however, have been informed it is merely suggestive and subject to amendments or additions.

It has been decided that that phase of the Conference having to do with the limitation of armaments will be participated in only by the five principal Allied and Associated Powers, and other nations, such as China and Holland, which have since been invited to enter the Conference, will discuss only the questions regarding the Pacific and the Far East. The participating Governments, regardless of the size of their delegations, will have but one vote each, and action on any subject must be unanimous.

The second Assembly of the League of Nations adjourned on October 5th after a month's session. Immediately before adjournment Brazil, Belgium, China and Spain were reelected as the four non-permanent members of the League Council, and Latvia, Esthonia and Lithuania were admitted to membership in the League. The most important and, incidentally, most definite, action of the League was the establishment of the permanent Court of International Justice, to which twenty-nine countries have subscribed, and the election of its eleven members. Although the United States has never ratified the project, an American citizen, John Bassett Moore, was named as one of the judges. The Court will hold its first meeting at Geneva in October, but its permanent seat will be The Hague.

Despite a report early in September that the Vilna dispute between Poland and Lithuania had been finally settled, the question is still at issue, the Assembly contenting itself with assuring the League Council of its moral support in its efforts to solve the problem. The controversy between Bolivia and Chile also



failed of settlement, due to Bolivia's action in withdrawing the question from this session of the Assembly.

The Silesian imbroglio, which was handed over to the League Council, is still under consideration by that body, though a decision is expected in the near future. Great alarm has been expressed in Germany over the report that the Council has decided to give political control of the Silesian industrial area to Poland, and intimations have been given to the Allies that the Wirth Cabinet would be definitely placed in jeopardy if the plebiscite area is partitioned. Meanwhile German and Polish workmen in Upper Silesia have united in a demand for compensation because they were thrown out of work during the May uprising. A general strike is threatened unless the Inter-Allied Commission or the employers grant the demand.

On September 17th the French Foreign Office issued a statement to the effect that, despite rumors to the contrary, there was complete accord between England and France on the question of keeping in force the economic penalties imposed upon Germany last March. These penalties were to have been lifted on September 15th if two conditions were fulfilled by Germany. First, the payment of 1,000,000,000 gold marks by the end of August; and second, the acceptance by Germany of an international organization to collaborate with the German customs authorities. Germany has met the first condition, but not the second; consequently the customs barrier will be maintained until such time as Germany shall have accepted the control indicated.

Roland W. Boyden, the American member of the Reparations Commission, was asked by the Allied Supreme Council to decide whether Belgium's debt to the Allies, to be paid by Germany under the Peace Treaty, should be repaid at the rate of exchange at the time the loans were made or at present rates. He has decided that calculations should be made on the gold mark rate of November 11, 1918, the day of the armistice. Under this ruling France will receive more than 2,000,000,000 gold marks instead of 1,000,000,000.

Germany. Out of the extremely complicated political, financial and economic situations in Ger-

many today, one fact seems strongly emergent—namely, that the central Government at Berlin, with Chancellor Wirth at its head, is for the time being firmly established in power. The only cloud on the horizon is, as mentioned above, a possible adverse decision on Silesia. As a result of the investigations following the Erzberger assassination, several monarchist organizations have been discovered in Bavaria, and vigorous meas-

ures taken against them, and the reaction on which the monarchists counted after the murder, have turned instead overwhelmingly in favor of the Republic. Bavaria itself, which had been holding out against certain exceptional powers claimed by the Berlin Government, finally gave in and a new Bavarian cabinet has been constituted. Count Hugo Lerchenfeld has been elected as the new Premier in succession to Dr. von Kahr, who had stood for an autonomous Bavaria and had virtually defied the German national Government to enforce its laws in Bavaria. Von Kahr's resignation is considered a blow to Bavarian reactionaries and a victory of no small importance for republican Germany.

A much more vital element, however, contributing to the continuance of the Wirth régime, is the serious financial situation of the country, which has forced the support of the chief political parties. The Majority Socialists, meeting at Goerlitz in September, voted in favor of entering a coalition cabinet, and the entire Centrist, Socialist and Democratic press declares emphatically that Chancellor Wirth must remain. The prospect of the entrance into the cabinet of the People's Party, or the party representing the big industrial interests such as those of Stinnes, also seems bright in view of the attitude shown by the Association of German Industry and its readiness to cooperate with the Government in the solution of the country's economic problem. Till recently the big industrialists showed an inclination to back the monarchical element, but with the reactionary movement badly discredited and its Bavarian citadel smashed, they have apparently come to realize that they must work with the Republic if they are to have any influence in affairs.

The great question in Germany today is: How can Germany bring about a revision of the Allied reparation terms. On this issue all parties are united, those which opposed, as well as those which favored, acceptance of the Allied ultimatum. Late in September the value of the mark reached the low record of eight-tenths of a cent and emphasized the country's need of stabilization. The German contention is that revision of the terms is necessary from the Allied standpoint as well as the German, since the more Germans work, the more will workers in outside countries remain idle, thus swelling the ranks of the unemployed. Recently Winston Churchill, the British Colonial Secretary, declared himself in favor of an international readjustment of the world's financial situation, including the reparations problems, and on this declaration the Germans are largely basing their hope for a revision of the financial features of the Versailles Treaty.

One means of staving off possible bankruptcy and of assur-

ing the regular payment of future installments on Germany's war bill, was the agreement signed by representatives of the German and French Governments at Wiesbaden on October 6th. Under this agreement France agrees to accept as part of her share of the reparations payments due in the next five years 7,000,000,000 marks' worth of live stock, machinery and goods, in lieu of cash. The signing consummates the tentative agreement drawn up last month by Louis Loncheur, French Minister of the Liberated Regions, and Walter Rathenau, German Minister of Reconstruction.

After a three-day session of representatives of the Berlin Government and of the Inter-Allied Guaranty Commission, it was announced officially on October 1st that Germany would pay in full the first export tax payment due the Allies on November 15th. This announcement came simultaneously from the Commission and the German Treasury, after the Commission had audited the Government's accounts for the first quarter of the fiscal year beginning May 1st. It is on this period that payment is to be based.

The cost of maintaining the Allied troops on the Rhine up to the end of March, 1921, was more than one hundred billion paper marks, according to figures recently published in Berlin. All this expense must be borne by Germany, under the Treaty of Versailles, although to date the Berlin Government has paid only 7,313,911,829 paper marks on the bill, the Allies having advanced the remainder.

On October 6th the Reparations Commission officially issued figures showing that the cost of the American Army of Occupation on the Rhine from the date of the armistice until April, 1921, was second only to that of France. The figures in gold marks, which has been established as the standard, instead of francs or sterling, are as follows: France, 1,276,450,838; United States, 1,167,327,830; Great Britain, 991,016,859; Belgium, 194,706,228; Italy, 10,064,861.

Germany, throughout the period of occupation, has been paying in marks more than ten per cent. of the upkeep of the American forces. Brigadier-General H. T. Allen, commander of the forces, is now working out with German authorities a plan to increase the amount to thirty or forty per cent. of the cost. The percentage paid has amounted to between \$25,000,000 and \$30,000,000.

The unemployment wave that swept the world has left Germany in the best condition of any of the great industrial nations except France. A boom in industries, stimulated by the low value of the mark in other countries, has absorbed the idle, until today there are less than 400,000 unemployed in the whole country, and even this number is decreasing steadily. The latest official re-

port from the Ministry of Labor, dated September 20th, shows that on that date there were 301,647 men and 81,981 women seeking work. These figures show a progressive decline in unemployment in Germany in the last twelve months and represent a particular improvement, as compared with August of this year, when the number of men unemployed was 681,000 and of women 256,000. These figures are the result of a canvass made by three hundred and twenty State unemployment bureaus throughout the greater part of the country.

Russia. After considerable preliminary delay, due to the demoralized condition of the railways, outside relief began to reach famine sufferers on September 22d, when the American Relief Administration opened its first kitchen in Kazan in the Volga region. Since then the twenty-two members of the administration, under the direction of Colonel William N. Haskell, have succeeded in spreading out their activities. Other agencies are also in the field, including an international relief corps under Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the Quakers, and the German Red Cross. The Soviet authorities are working in close coöperation with the American administration, in accordance with the agreement reached with Secretary Hoover. Speaking broadly, it may be said that the aiding of a million children by the American Relief Administration will have to constitute the major portion of foreign relief this winter. The situation along the Volga, where the Government has successfully evacuated 50,000 workers and 70,000 members of their families, has been temporarily ameliorated by this move, but it is expected to be worse again in a couple of months. Meanwhile the relief of starving adults remains an unsolved question.

The successful completion of the Soviet Government's campaign to secure seed grain for the famine district, was announced in September, when it was declared that 13,500,000 poods of grain had been collected instead of the 12,000,000 poods required. The greater portion of the seed grain has already reached the famine area and will be available in time for sowing.

In a note dated October 10th, the British Foreign Office points out that the stipulation made by the International Russian Relief Commission that the Russian Government must recognize its existing debts and other obligations, has not been fully appreciated. The British Government has already given \$1,250,000 in surplus stocks, clothing and medical and transport supplies, and is willing to give the Red Cross and other charitable societies working in Russia further help at once, but the immediate relief efforts are

distinct from the credit question. On the question of credits, the view taken by the British Foreign Office and Government is that the Russian Government must on its part undertake the obligation of all civilized countries, namely, that their loans will at some time be repaid.

A request by the Far Eastern Republic, whose seat is at Chita, addressed to the American Minister at Peking, that it be permitted to participate in the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, was the occasion in September for the reaffirmation by Secretary Hughes of the American policy towards Russia. In a communication to the Minister at Peking, Secretary Hughes lays down the principle, that until "a single recognized Russian Government" is in existence, the vast territory that formerly constituted the Russian Empire, with the exception of that portion ceded to the new Polish nation, must remain under a moral trusteeship of the Powers which are to take part in the Washington Conference. It is made plain that the United States considers the break-up of Russia and Siberia into a number of independent States as a calamity, and that it intends to do its best to preserve Russian unity, so that in the course of time the Russian people might establish a central Government for all Russian territory. The reiteration of this principle is regarded in this country and abroad as notice to the Soviet Government of Russia, that in no circumstances will the United States recognize the Soviet authority.

On the other hand, a special mission to go to the Washington Conference has been appointed by the members of the Russian Constituent Assembly in Paris, representing virtually all the anti-Bolshevik groups. The mission will be headed by Nicolai Avskentieff, President of the Constituent Assembly, and Professor Paul Milukoff, member of the Assembly and editor of the official anti-Bolshevik organ in Europe. Although they have not received an invitation to the Conference, both these delegates express the belief that they will be given a hearing when the Far Eastern questions are discussed.

A Polish ultimatum was handed the Russian Government on September 22d, demanding the restoration to Poland of railway rolling stock, creation of a joint Russian-Ukrainian-Polish commission for the evacuation of Poles from the Ukraine, and the payment to Poland of 30,000,000 gold rubles of the Russian imperial gold fund, all in accordance with the first three sections of the Russo-Polish Peace Treaty. In reply, the Soviet Government stated that, while Poland insisted upon compliance with the first three sections of the Peace Treaty, Russia likewise insisted on

Poland's compliance with Article 5, under which both States mutually guaranteed to respect the sovereignty of each other's territory, and agreed not to support organizations fighting against the other's Government. The tense situation created by these notes was suddenly relieved on October 11th, when Poland agreed to expel from her territory the various White Guard representatives who had been actively opposed to Soviet Russia.

The new economic policy of the Soviet Government had resulted, up to September 25th, in the leasing to private concerns from all of Russia's twenty-five provinces a total of two hundred and sixty manufacturing plants. The leases run for various periods of years, and the list includes five chemical works, ten saw-mills, twenty-seven tanneries, five textile, eleven metallurgical and fifty-six food factories and thirteen plantations. Moreover, the Russian Soviet Council of Commissars, of which Premier Lenine is President, decided on October 7th to create a State bank to develop industries, agriculture and trade, and also to control circulation and exchange. The bank will be capitalized at 3,000,000,000,000 rubles. The decentralization of Russia's schools and denationalization of the theatres and moving picture houses also was recently announced.

Italy. The Fascisti have grown dissatisfied with the compromise agreement effected by the Government two months ago, restoring peace between these Extreme Nationalists and the Socialists. They accuse the Government of partiality towards the Socialists in view of the expectation that they will join the national cabinet. As a result of this feeling, conflicts between the two factions have again broken out at various places, particularly at Ortanova, near Bari, and a general strike has been declared in virtually all of South Italy. In a fight at Modena five Fascisti were killed and twenty seriously wounded.

Communist riots and bomb outrages have occurred in Trieste as the result of the refusal of the Italian Government to pay what it regarded as exorbitant demands from the shipbuilders for money grants, to facilitate the completion of fifty-four vessels now under construction. The company tried unsuccessfully to intimidate the Government by notifying the workmen of a reduction in wages, knowing that this would involve a strike, but the Government stood firm. Thereupon the workers declared a strike, which has since extended to the dock workers, the bakers and most of the public utilities. Traffic in the port has been completely paralyzed, and no ships are arriving or leaving.

Professor Ricardo Zanella, leader of the Fiuman People's Party, on October 6th was elected President of the new independent State of Fiume by the Constitutional Assembly, receiving fifty-seven of the sixty-eight votes cast. Since then he has announced his programme and made public the names of his cabinet, in which he himself will hold the portfolios of foreign affairs, commerce and communications. In his programme President Zanella said he desired to end feuds and hatreds, and declared he had no thought of revenge against political enemies. The President announced that he placed all Fiuman citizens residing abroad under the protection of the representatives of the King of Italy. He urged an early solution of the question of Porto Barros, which is still an unsettled point between Italy and Jugo-Slavia. The programme of President Zanella was adopted by the Assembly by a vote of fifty against ten. The Fiume Fascisti have issued a proclamation calling the Assembly's election of Professor Zanella illegal, and characterizing Zanella and his party as enemies of Italy.

Spain.

The outcome of the month's fighting in Morocco, where the Spaniards have now concentrated 60,000 troops, has on the whole been favorable to Spain. The latest and most important fighting has been in the mountainous Gourougou region, which has been the principal Moorish base of operations. Though the Moors were driven back, the Spanish forces did not hold the positions they had taken, contenting themselves with burning a number of native cantonments. Three cannon and a quantity of ammunition were captured. Other places taken by the Spaniards include Nador, a town southwest of Melilla and the key to the Moorish positions around that city. Warships with a heavy barrage of shells have been used in covering the advance of troops along the coast. The Moors are offering stubborn resistance, and the indications are that it will require months of constant fighting before the country is finally pacified.

Former Emperor Charles of Austria, at present in Switzerland, has for the second time petitioned the Spanish Government for permission to take up his residence in Spain. The Government, however, is demanding certain political and financial guarantees before granting the requested permission. Spain especially demands restrictions on the household expenses of the ex-Emperor, which are estimated to amount annually to 1,280,000 Swiss francs. This expenditure is caused by his staff of eighty persons, which the Spanish Government desires to see reduced considerably.

Greece.

In a nine days' battle beginning on September 30th along the new front in Asia Minor extending from Afium Karahissar to a point almost directly east of Brusa, the Greeks won a complete victory on the southern end of the line, driving the Nationalists from the field and inflicting heavy losses upon them. Further north the fighting consisted of raids in force. Turkish concentrations north of Kiosm on the right bank of the Sakaria River, have been scattered by a Greek offensive, while Nationalist detachments have suffered severe losses in recent skirmishes.

Recruits of the class of 1922 were called to the colors by a royal decree issued in September. All those who have acquired Greek citizenship since 1921 and have not passed the age of forty, were also directed to report for military duty.

The Greeks, who in September were reported to be in a difficult position, have at no time evinced an intention of applying for Allied mediation in their war with the Nationalists. In an official outline of Greece's peace demands, it is asserted that Greece has no imperialistic aims in view, and does not intend to claim all the lands that her armies have occupied. Her chief demands include the freedom of the Greeks not under Turkish rule, a frontier to protect her liberated Asiatic provinces, the freedom of Armenia, and the confinement of Turkish rule to those lands that are essentially Turkish in population and character.

The discovery of a vast revolutionary plot at Constantinople was announced in September by the British authorities there. The plot, which was organized and subsidized from Angora, the Turkish Nationalist capital, aimed at fomenting a revolution in Constantinople, and to this end it was planned to spread dissatisfaction among the loyal Indian troops and assassinate the leading Allied officers. Allied authorities have made demands on the Turkish Government to surrender the conspirators, who will be tried by Allied court-martial. The guns of British warships, anchored in the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, have been directed against Stamboul, the Asiatic section of Constantinople, and British troops are proceeding to disarm the populace.

Austria.

For several months a situation of considerable difficulty has been existent between Austria and Hungary. This concerns the controversy over Burgenland, or West Hungary, a narrow strip of territory awarded to Austria by the Treaty of St. Germain. Despite repeated notes from the Allies regular Hungarian troops have continued to occupy the district, and finally the Council of

Ambassadors informed the Hungarian Government that she must completely withdraw her troops in the near future or be forcibly expelled by the Allies. The Hungarian Government in reply suggested that the controversy be submitted to Italian mediation, and to this the British, French and Italian Governments have agreed. The Italians have invited Count Stefan Bethlen, the Hungarian Premier, and former Foreign Minister Banffy to Venice for a conference, the date of which has not been fixed.

Meanwhile reports are numerous that an attempt is being made by the Hungarian ex-Premier Friederich to establish West Hungary as an independent State. The danger from the West Hungarian bands of irregulars, which are reported to be rapidly increasing, is heightened by the complete accord recently reached between ex-Premier Friederich and Colonel Pronay. Up to this time the two have disagreed, Pronay being antagonistic to ex-Emperor Charles and Friederich in favor of his restoration, but both are now united in the military endeavor to hold West Hungary. The Allied delay in enforcing upon Hungary the fulfillment of her Treaty obligations to part with Burgenland, is encouraging the various revolutionary elements throughout Austria.

Besides the Burgenland complications, the position of the Austrian Government under Dr. Schober is extremely difficult on other accounts. This Government was formed last spring on the basis of the rejection of the *Ausschluss* (union with Germany) propaganda, in return for Allied credits, and the pan-Germans in Austria promised to support it till autumn, when, if no credits were received, they would reserve freedom of action. That time limit has almost expired, and the Schober Cabinet finds itself without credits, with the burden of a broken Treaty on its back, and faced with impossible economic conditions. It is anticipated that the coming winter will see many social troubles in Austria. Already the Socialist leaders have the utmost difficulty in keeping the workers in hand, and there is likely to be a movement among certain working groups to have wages paid in German marks instead of kronen, which is a backhanded way of leading to union with Germany.

October 13, 1921.

With Our Readers.

THE awakening of Catholics in America to a responsibility that is not limited by parochial and diocesan lines, but extends rather to the whole country, has recently been evidenced in many ways, but in no way so plainly as through interest in The National Catholic Welfare Council. One of the five great departments of this Council is that of Lay Organizations, as made up of the National Council of Catholic Men and the National Council of Catholic Women. The Chairman of the whole department is Right Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Cleveland, who was present at the two conventions held recently in Washington, D. C., one in September when Catholic men assembled from all parts of the country and the other in October, when representative Catholic women gathered likewise from all quarters of the land.

In the number of those who attended, in the extent of territory represented, in the interest displayed, in the social questions that were ably presented and intelligently discussed, in the consequent recognition of the need of increased membership of organizations and individuals, both conventions were eminently and thoroughly successful. Never have there been more enthusiastic gatherings, never more sane and, at the same time, eloquent presentations of ideas. Our readers have no doubt read accounts of the meetings in the Catholic weeklies and the daily papers. The fuller report of the Men's Convention is given in the October number of the *National Catholic Welfare Council Bulletin*, and that of the Women's Convention will be given in the November issue.

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THROUGHOUT the deliberations of these conventions two basic ideas were featured, and their favorable reception augurs well for the life and effectiveness of these American and Catholic lay organizations. One of the ideas had to do with the scope and character of the purposes of these wonderful federations. Again and again, it was brought out that their outlook is national; that if, up to the present, Catholic societies in our land have limited their activities to their own parish or diocese, city or state, or if, having nation-wide membership, have limited their purpose to one feature of social advantage or improvement, now, in their union, they are to be active in a national way, they are to take united

interest in national questions of social and ethical import, they are to function nationally as well as locally. Individually and in organizations, the various members are indeed to continue to carry on their respective works in their own community as represented in their parish or diocese, their city or state; but, in addition, they are to consider it their business also to bring their influence to bear upon moral and civic and social questions of national significance.

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THERE is a strong tendency today among the promoters of Federal legislation to concern themselves not merely, as of old, with economic and industrial questions, but also with those of an educational, moral or domestic character. These latter affect the spiritual and religious life of the citizens of today and of the generations to come. Those who have at heart the moral welfare of all—and who should be so concerned as Catholics—must keep in touch with all such efforts, to support them when they are good, to oppose them when they are evil. Religious and educational rights in our own land and in the lands where our country exerts an influence; the rights of immigrants coming to make their home amongst us and to be adopted as citizens; the rights of children and women, the rights of home and family, the rights of human souls to protection from indecency in whatever form it shows itself; the rights of the whole body of citizens to social justice; these are some of the things in regard to which Catholics, as well as others, should have a national outlook, and about which they should speak in a united and common voice. They are the better Americans and the better Catholics when they take such interest. For, if they are true American citizens they must have the moral and social welfare of the whole country at heart; and if they are true Catholics they must realize their possession of saving truths which can be applied, with no uncertainty of effect, to the ills of the day.

Such was the great national message proclaimed at both of these important conventions; such the message received by the many representatives from various sections of our country; such the message they were asked to bring back to their local communities. In these days of moral upheaval and uncertainty, nothing has aroused greater hope for the future of our country than the sane expression of fundamental civic and moral principles put forth in the well considered resolutions of these two National Catholic Conventions.

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THE other idea, just as strongly insisted upon and just as fully featured, had to do with the motive back of all this National Catholic effort. Each Convention was inaugurated with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in the opening sermons, one by Bishop Schrembs and the other by Bishop Gibbons of Albany, the futility of social and patriotic work without the spiritual background of faith was insisted upon. Likewise was it shown that the best results in combined social effort could be obtained only if high spiritual standards were maintained in individual life, especially in the lives of those who were called upon to engage most actively out in the field. The same note was struck in the message of the newly-elected President of The National Council of Catholic Men, Admiral Benson, and in the introductory address of the President of The National Council of Catholic Women, Mrs. Michael Gavin.

The closing words of the more detailed report of the latter form a splendid spiritual appeal: "We have touched but a few of the many problems which confront us on every hand. Surely a sufficient number, however, to show the need of our organization, and to prove to you the necessity of arousing to action every Catholic woman throughout the length and breadth of the land. We need each one of you. We need you as organizations, we need you as individuals. And just as we have national problems to face, you have in your own community local questions to handle. Will they not be more intelligently understood, more efficiently handled, because of the fact that we are a part of a great body of Catholic women pledged to uphold the ideals of Christian womanhood, and to prove to the world that in spite of the great allurements of luxury and wealth on the one hand and the hardships resultant from poverty on the other, we are one in spirit, one in aim because we are members of that one body of which Christ is the Head."

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EVER, in the various addresses made by members of the clergy and the laity, did the same thought of individual spiritual consecration recur again and again. The models proposed were no other than the Saints of God, and the Leader was no other than the Leader of those Saints—Christ Our Lord. The work could be of no value unless it was work in Him and for Him: it could have no permanency unless it was inspired by Him: it could have no beauty unless it was instinct with His Life: it could have no effectiveness unless it were undertaken and carried on in union with His Church, that mystical body of which we are members and He is the Head.

Both of these conventions, while considering every feature of

social and civic life and while concerned with every means for the improvement of temporal conditions, thrilled and pulsated with the vital force of Christian faith and Christian charity. Their solicitude for social justice, for the alleviation of earthly ills, for the upholding of right ethical standards, was animated by such a spirit of consecration to the ideals of Christ that they took on the character of sacred assemblies in a sacred cause.

DURING the Convention of The National Council of Catholic Women, much stress was laid upon the National Catholic Social Service School for Women. In obedience to the recognition of the necessity of trained workers in the fields of social and civic activity, this school has been undertaken by the Women's Council. It is the successor of the emergency school of a like character, which was established by The National Catholic War Council to meet the exigencies of the days of a great struggle. The present school is to be housed in a splendid edifice recently purchased and already thoroughly equipped. The Director of the School, as he will be also of a school of similar type for men which is contemplated, is the well known educator and sociologist and economist, Dr. Charles P. Neill. The Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D., will give the course in ethics; Rev. William J. Kerby, Ph.D., the course in sociology; the Rev. Thomas V. Moore, C.S.P., courses in clinical problems of childhood and in the elements of psychiatry, and Dr. Neill will give the courses in economics and social legislation. With such experienced teachers forming part of the staff, which includes also a number of women, the high standing of the school is immediately secured. The students, who for admission must have completed a college course or possess its equivalent in training and experience, will follow a two years' programme of studies.

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THE National Council of Catholic Women is to be congratulated upon the undertaking of this magnificent work, which augurs well for the social influence of Catholic principles in the future of our land. Already a goodly portion of the fund of \$500,000 for the support of the school, a fund which the Council is collecting through subscription, has been obtained. We wish them success, and we also hope that young Catholic women of the attainments required, will, by entering the school, take advantage of this opportunity to become well equipped workers for the social welfare of our country. That the influence of the school will extend even beyond the confines of America is assured through the plan of

establishing scholarships for foreign students. Already, in this inaugural year, nine such students are enrolled, three from France, three from Belgium, two from Poland and one from the Philippines.

THE Second International Congress of Eugenics met at the Museum of Natural History, New York City, September 22d to 28th, 1921, with representatives from most of the European countries, as well as North and South America, in attendance. The term Eugenics has, in recent years, become associated in many minds with radical doctrines of various kinds, but the important representatives of the genuine science of Eugenics at this Congress were rather thoroughgoing in their conservatism. They demanded protection for the monogamous marriage with limitation of divorce, more children in the families of educated, well-to-do people as a moral duty, earlier marriages, a more sheltered life for mothers, better safeguards against the marriages of imbeciles and the insane, and unselfishness as a patriotic duty. There were radicals present, and they took occasion to proclaim some of their doctrines, but they were completely overshadowed by the important scientists who emphatically proclaimed old-fashioned principles as the basis of true Eugenics.

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THE keynote of the discussions was the distinct danger of deterioration of mankind which present-day conditions portend. We have heard so much about the progress of the race, and the apparently inevitable tendency of mankind to grow ever better and better, and to go ever higher in the scale of development that this phase of discussion at a scientific congress could not but be striking. It has come to be recognized very generally that evolution through the struggle for existence, may readily bring deterioration in its train rather than amelioration, and that indeed for several thousand years there has been no advance in humanity. The whole question of how evolution has come about, unless some great directive, not to say creative, force is posited behind it, is evidently occupying a very prominent place in the minds of a great many men of science. Major Leonard Darwin, the English representative at the Congress, the son of Charles Darwin, the author of *The Origin of Species*, proclaimed that the doctrine of evolution is a *belief* accepted by scientists, and this gives rise to the *hope* that the upward march would be continued in the future, but he did not suggest that evolution was a demonstration on scientific grounds, for, of course, most of the evi-

dence for it is subjective rather than objective, and Eugenics, therefore, is founded on hope and not on any necessary causative factor.

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THE President of the Congress, Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, the director of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, dwelt on the monogamous family as one of the most important factors for Eugenics. The evil of divorce, as almost inevitably making for deterioration of the race, was a subject of discussion prominent in the Congress, and Professor Osborn dwelt on the proposition that monogamy should be "maintained and safeguarded by the State as well as by religion." He proclaimed it "a natural and hence a patriotic institution," and that without it any real amelioration of the race is impossible.

In agreement with this, the son of the father of evolution declared: "I can find no facts which refute the theoretical conclusion that the inborn qualities of civilized communities are deteriorating, and the process will inevitably lead in time to an all round downward movement." The only efficient corrective factor for this impending calamity is the presence of more children among the better-to-do intellectual classes. He felt that it is necessary now to produce the wide and deep conviction that "it is both immoral and unpatriotic for couples, sound in mind and body, to unduly limit the size of their families." He felt that a campaign against the limitation of families was extremely important. He believed that such a campaign would succeed, if only persons of character and intelligence can be awakened to the serious dangers now threatening the race. He was not inclined to think that bounties for large families or premiums on parenthood would do much good, unless a profound conviction was created in the minds of the better-to-do classes that they had a definite serious duty to perform to their country and their race.

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THE limitation of offspring in order to assure education and a fair start in life to the smaller number born is fatal to the race, and Major Darwin urged that sacrifices must be made for the good of the race. This could be best accomplished by having the duty in this regard strongly felt by the mass of the people. He did not hesitate to say that "there ought to be a great moral campaign against the exaggerated regard for personal comfort and social advancement, which now dictates the limitation of families." Major Darwin advocated special taxes on the unmarried and the childless. And he declared that marriage among

the unfit, the feeble-minded, those with definite tendencies to insanity and sometimes to criminality should be prevented as far as possible, and this was one of the difficult problems that civilization had before it.

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THE French representative, Dr. Delapouge of Poitiers, declared that the world was suffering from a shortage of mind large enough to deal successfully with its problems. The War has carried off far more than the due proportion of the very flower of humanity, for it was the unselfish, the patriotic and those ready to do things for the benefit of others who risked all and, unfortunately, often perished. The best of the young men of France have succumbed or been invalided in the proportion of at least two out of three. Many of the oldest, finest French families have been wiped out, the last male having been killed. Something nearly like this has happened in all the countries of Europe, and the degradation of the race seems impending, unless the intellectual classes can be made to realize their patriotic duty and, by increasing the number in their families, replace some at least of those who have been lost. Dr. Delapouge evidently felt that civilization was in very serious straits unless some of the old-fashioned virtues were to prove its salvation, and he looked to America particularly as the hope of the future of the race, but only on condition that the radical elements shall not be allowed to gain the upper hand to the detriment of civilization.

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MR. LOUIS I. DUBLIN, the statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York City, in his discussion of the mortality of foreign race stocks, brought out some facts with regard to the expectancy of life in New York City as a type of what it is in other large cities throughout the country, that were very startling. At the age of twenty, the expectancy of life among the Russian Jews is a year greater than that among the natives and two years greater than that among the Italians. Other foreign races follow these in their expectancy of life, the Irish having the highest mortality and the lowest expectancy of life, two years less even than that of the negro, who is usually supposed, because of the conditions in which he lives, to have less possibility of long life than any of the people around him. The Russian Jew resists very well tuberculosis and pneumonia and so also does the Italian. The Italian death rate from cancer is ever so much lower than that of the native American, and also the other races in this country. The Irish have a very high death rate from tubercu-

losis and pneumonia, a still higher comparative death rate from cancer, and the highest death rate of all from Bright's disease.

It is well understood by statisticians that it is only a question of time, and not a very long time either, before any race which has a distinctly greater expectancy of life than the others around it, will come to exceed in numbers the other people, so that the statistical outlook is for a dominance of the Russian elements in New York City's life. The Irish, on the other hand, seem destined to disappear to a considerable extent. Their death rate here from all the principal diseases is much higher than it is at home in Ireland, and Dr. Dublin's statistics make it very clear that the Irish who come here, sacrifice, on the average, five years of life for the privilege of living in America.

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DR. KNOPF of New York, discussing Eugenics in the tuberculosis problem, recalled that tuberculosis began in early life and that healthy children had excellent resistive vitality against it. He declared that the healthiest children as a rule were those of young couples who married at comparatively early ages. The limitation of the number of children in the family by the delay of marriage, was likely to be unfavorable for the children's health and strength. He bewailed the fact that in our well-to-do and healthy American families, our best American stock, where larger families would be no burden, early marriages are unfortunately not encouraged.

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THE place of heredity in the transmission of insanity, imbecility and certain other defects, was emphasized in a series of papers founded on the histories obtained in the various institutions for the insane and defectives, especially in this country. The rôle of environment in the production of criminal tendencies was brought out, and the fact that the marriage of criminals is above all likely to perpetuate unfortunate conditions. The relation of marriage between near relatives to the production of defects of various kinds, was confirmed in a number of papers, and Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, was prominently portrayed and hailed as one of the first contributors to Eugenics in this country by his studies of the United States census report, which brought out the fact that many more blind and deaf and otherwise sensorily defective children were born of the marriages of near relatives, and especially of first cousins, than of others where there was no relationship between the parents.

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THE comment of the newspaper reporters that Birth Control, with which the word Eugenics is usually confounded in popular estimation, was kept in the background, was true for all the better known contributors to the Congress. The subject, however, came up for discussion at one of the afternoon sessions, and the surprise was to find teachers from the women's colleges lined up in favor of it, and of the repeal of laws preventing the diffusion of information with regard to this subject. A special appeal had been made to college women by readers of papers to marry early and raise a number of children as their best contribution to the solution of the problems of dysgenics, which the world is now facing. It was declared to be a great racial loss that women with higher education often remained unmarried and seldom raised many children. Dr. Dublin urged the college woman to look on matrimony as a career with great and inspiring possibilities. With overt advocates of the free teaching of Birth Control practices on college faculties, it is easy to understand the ordinary attitude of the college woman toward such an appeal.

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PERHAPS, through the darkness of the times, the greater scientists are beginning to see the light. At any rate, the leaders in this International Congress of Eugenics recognized on scientific grounds that, for the welfare of the race, those means are necessary which have always been proclaimed, on moral grounds, by the Catholic Church.

AMONG the many tributes offered Dante on the occasion of his six hundredth anniversary, we have found none that surpasses in conciseness and completeness that of the Secretary of State Hughes, pronounced at a memorial meeting in Washington. As reported, the Secretary of State said: "It is well to turn back six hundred years to learn once more the lesson that 'moral supremacy is the only one that leaves monuments, and not ruins, behind it.' Dante embodied all the knowledge and culture of his time. He was scholar, patriot and poet, but his distinction transcends his age and becomes more impressive as the centuries pass. He is universal because he is the poet of the Christian faith, and with the ideals of that faith he wrote the epic of the human soul. Dante, with matchless power, taught the lesson of faith's victory of the soul triumphant, of the strength which alone gives the mastery of life and cannot know defeat."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
Hamlet and the Scottish Succession. By L. Winstanley. *American Catholics in the War.* By Michael Williams. *How Lotys Had Tea With a Lion.* By F. B. Kirkman. *The Windy Hill.* By Cornelia Meigs. \$1.75. *The Cuckoo Clock.* By Mrs. Molesworth. \$1.00. *Carrots, Just a Little Boy.* By Mrs. Molesworth. \$1.00. *Essays in Critical Realism, A Coöperative Study of the Problem of Knowledge.* The Castaways of Banda Sea. By W. H. Miller. \$1.75. *Early Tudor Poetry.* By John Berdan. *Peeps at Many Lands: Egypt and the Holy Land.* By R. T. Kelly and J. Finnemore. \$1.50. *The Labor Problem and the Social Catholic Movement in France.* By P. T. Moon.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Love of the Sacred Heart. Illustrated by St. Gertrude. Preface by Most Rev. A. Goddier, S.J. \$2.00. *The Church and Her Members.* By Rev. G. H. Bishop. 45 cents. *Matters of Moment.* By Rev. J. McCabe. \$2.00 net. *The English Dominicans.* By Bede Jarrett, O.P.
- HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
The Rational Good. By L. T. Hobhouse. *The Beginning of Wisdom.* By S. W. Benét. *How and Why Stories.* By J. C. Branner. \$2.25. *Girls of Highland Hall.* By Carrol W. Rankin. \$1.75.
- BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:
Kutnar, Son of Pic. By George Langford. \$1.75 net. *Chitza, and Eight Other Romances of Gypsy Blood.* By Konrad Bercovici. \$2.00. *Out of Mist.* By Florence K. Mixer. \$1.75. *Adventures in the Arts.* By Marsden Kartley. \$3.00.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
Treaties and Agreements With and Concerning China, 1894-1919. By John V. MacMurray. Vols. I. and II. *The Proceedings of the Hague Conferences.* Translation of Official Texts. Conference of 1907, Vol. II. Meetings of the First Commission Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.
- DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:
A Short History of the Papacy. By Mary I. Bell.
- CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
The International Critical Commentary on the Epistles to the Galatians. By Ernest de Witt Burton. \$4.50.
- THOMAS Y. CROWELL Co., New York:
The Tree of Light. By J. A. B. Scherer. \$1.35.
- NICHOLAS L. BROWN, New York:
Pope Alexander VI. and His Court. Edited by Dr. F. L. Glaser.
- ROBERT MCBRIDE & Co., New York:
Autumn. By Robert Nathan.
- G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
The Golden Barque. By Seumas O'Kelly.
- THE CENTURY Co., New York:
Lost Ships and Lonely Seas. By R. D. Paine. \$4.00.
- LONGSMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
Biochemistry. By B. Moore. \$7.50. *The Economic History of Ireland from the Union to the Famine.* By G. O'Brien. \$7.50. *Life of St. Francis of Assisi.* By Father Cuthbert. \$4.00.
- GEORGE DORAN Co., New York:
Turns About Town. By R. C. Holliday. \$2.00. *Roving East and Roving West.* By E. V. Lucas. \$2.00.
- E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
The Brassbounder. By D. W. Bone. *Essays and Addresses on the Philosophy of Religion.* By B. F. Von Hugel. \$6.00. *Famous Chemists.* By Sir W. A. Tilden. \$5.00 net.
- D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
The Age of Innocence. By Edith Wharton. \$2.00.
- MANHATTAN & BRONX ADVOCATE, New York:
Freedom, Truth and Beauty; Sonnets. By E. Doyle.
- HARCOURT, BRACE & Co., New York:
The Trend of the Race. By S. J. Holmes. \$4.00 net. *A Short History of the English Drama.* By B. Brawley. *Tudor Ideals.* By L. Einstein.
- GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:
Thirty-Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, 1913-1914. Part I.
- MISSION CHURCH PRESS, Boston:
The Glories of Mary in Boston. By Rev. J. F. Byrne, C.S.S.R. *Collectio Rerum Liturgicarum.* By Joseph Wulst, C.S.S.R.
- LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
If Winter Comes. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. \$2.00.
- MARSHALL JONES & Co., Boston:
The Life Indeed. By John F. Genung. \$3.00.
- THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, Boston:
The Founding of New England. By J. T. Adams. \$4.00.

THE Catholic World

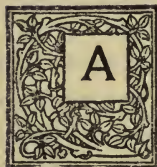
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THE EXTRA-EVANGELICAN CHRIST.

BY EDWARD ROBERTS MOORE, M.A.



AS many a protagonist of Christianity has truly said, were the Person of Christianity's Founder to be ruled off the pages of certain history for lack of sufficient evidence, then by the same canon would fall nearly all the great figures of antiquity. F. C. Conybeare, of whom we may say only that he is less a radical than Professor Arthur Drews, whose extravagant theories he attacks as baseless and absurd, is willing to admit¹ that the Gospels and other Christian literature date back at least to within seventy years of the death of Christ, whereas, he points out, our chief sources of information regarding Solon the Lawgiver, for example, are Plutarch and Diogenes, writers who lived seven and eight hundred years after Him. And this is but one example of hundreds that could be adduced of "individuals for whose reality we have not a tithe of the evidence which we have for that of Jesus." If, then, Christ and His teachings are but emanations from the collective consciousness of mankind, or merely the results of the evolution of the religious impulse, which in turn is rooted in primitive man's ignorance and superstitious fear of natural phenomena, then are Solon the Lawgiver but a preëxistent

¹ *The Historical Christ*, p. 3, et seq.

æon, the Battle of Marathon a myth and Pythagoras and the rest but figments in the mind of some later romancer.

But theological predeterminations should not be permitted to drive from the judgment seat sober reason meting out equal justice to all claimants. If the more scanty and unsatisfactory evidence dealing with those dim but majestic figures of ages antedating by many centuries the opening of our era, be accepted as conclusive, then far, far beyond all thought of question should be the voluminous testimony corroborating in every detail the traditional account of the beginnings of Christianity, a testimony that includes the findings of *true* higher criticism, as well as a great mass of matter extrinsic to the text itself, consisting of quotations from scores of the early writers, countless indirect references, and last, but not least, innumerable monuments, if not contemporary with the Apostolic Age, at least closer to the deeds they commemorate by many hundred years than the earliest record we have of many an event universally regarded as unimpeachably historic.

It is not our purpose, nor were it possible, to recount in this article these testimonies in their entirety, nor to examine into and defend their validity as a basis for evangelical credibility. The vast compass of such an investigation constrains us to restrict our present interest to just one phase of the question. The enemies of Christianity had sought in many ways to devitalize or to destroy entirely the New Testament record of Christ; it remained for David Friedrich Strauss,² in 1835, and after him, for Professor Arthur Drews³ and his associates, to seek not merely to strip Christ of supernatural power and mission, but actually to deprive Him of the fundamental attribute of existence. In their judgment, the Gospels were pure myths and Jesus a mere creation thereof!

Even among those formerly considered the most thoroughgoing of the Rationalistic school, this extravagant theory met with but little encouragement, and today *Das Leben Jesu* and the *Christ-Myth* with their fantastic ramblings live but as reminders of the absurdities to which the human mind will descend in its attempt to defend a preconceived notion. Not infrequently, however, we do hear one question propounded for the raising of which these gentlemen were largely re-

² In *Das Leben Jesu*.

³ Writer of *The Christ-Myth*.

sponsible: "Why does not profane history tell of Christ? If He is all the Gospels claim Him to be, how does it happen that in secular chronicle there is no mention of Him?" That this question involves a "*petitio principii*," since, as a matter of fact, impartial history did not thus, by its silence, bear witness against Him, it shall be the purpose of this article to demonstrate.

One of the favorite arguments of the Mythists was culled from what it pleased them to term the "Silence of Flavius Josephus." This gentleman was an historian, a professional narrator of events. Hence, they aver, if he knew of Christianity and Christianity's Founder, he certainly should have made some mention thereof. Secondly, it is absolutely incomprehensible that he should not have had this knowledge—if, say our friends, there was any such knowledge to be had!—because his life was cast by the very cradle side of the infant Church. It was within a decade at most after the death of Our Saviour and in the very city against which was written the stoning of the prophets of the Old Law, and now the crucifixion of the Great Prophet of the New, that Josephus entered upon the stage of mortal existence. Here he lived, very nearly continuously, until, in the year 70 at the hands of Titus, the "Holy City" paid the penalty of her faithlessness. For thirty years, then, he dwelt at the birthplace of Christianity; for approximately thirty more, basking in the sunlight of imperial favor and perfection, he lived at Rome, already Christendom's primatial See. It is, therefore, clearly beyond the scope of possibility that he should have been ignorant of a movement which was already assuming proportions not only sufficient to rend in twain the outworn veil of Judaism, but to set even the temples of pagan Rome a-tremor with apprehension.

And yet, it is said, Josephus makes no mention of Christianity or Christianity's Founder, and, therefore, the latter could never have existed at all. But suppose we were to grant—which we do not—the original basis of this whole contention, that the author of *Jewish Antiquities* really was silent on this momentous topic, would we be constrained by the force of the above reasoning to admit the truth of the rather startling conclusion—startling at least to one unacquainted with the vagaries of the Mythists? Far from it. Of this contention, a brief consideration of the proving force of the so-called

"argument from silence" will be sufficient evidence. For its validity two conditions are necessary, one that the writer must certainly have known of the event if it took place; the other, that if he knew of the event he must certainly have mentioned it. Now, the second does not follow from the first.

To bring the discussion within the periphery of our own personal and constant experience, do we feel obliged to impart any and all knowledge we have, just because we have it? Do we rush at once to our business rival's office and blurt out our newly conceived plans to circumvent him? Do we summon in our friends and neighbors and, flinging open the closet door, disclose to their horrified gaze the disedifying remains of the family skeleton? Or, to step again into the realm of history, shall we argue that Thomas Jefferson was never President of the United States, because on a monument erected to him as a quondam President of a University, no mention is made of the higher dignity? Absurd, of course, you will say, but not applicable to the present discussion because in this case both conditions are fulfilled. Josephus, as a historian, setting out formally to give an account of the period, must certainly have mentioned an event of the importance you ascribe to the origin and early growth of Christianity. The answer is that it is true that Josephus was a historian, *but that he was such only secondarily.*

First and foremost, Josephus was a courtier, a sycophant, writing only those things which fell with sweetness on the ears of his royal master and benefactor, and when occasion arose Truth readily followed to the same block of sacrifice on which Honor and Loyalty to the land and people of his birth had already bled. As Schürer points out,⁴ Josephus was writing a history of the Jews to suit the taste of the Romans, and at that time it was the fashion—as we see from the writings of educated Romans, as Pliny and Tacitus⁵—to look upon Christianity as contemptible and of no account. And it was his scrupulous observance of just such niceties, his skill as a flatterer and ready adaptation of personal allegiance to varying political fortunes that had won for our "historian" the proud title of Roman Citizen, the patrician prænomen, Flavius, and a large share in the estates confiscated from his own fel-

⁴ *History of the Jewish People*, vol. ii., p. 150. See also Battifol, *Credibility of the Gospels*, p. 16; T. J. Thorburn, *Jesus the Christ, Historical or Mythical*, p. 101.

⁵ Tacitus, *History*, v. 3; Pliny, *Epist.*, x. 96, 7, 8.

low countrymen! As Thorburn says,⁶ "that Josephus *could* have said much (*i. e.*, about Christianity) is the opinion of the great majority of scholars. But since he was writing mainly for educated Greeks and Romans, who knew nothing and cared nothing about Jesus, who, politically speaking, played an insignificant part in the history of the period, he does not prominently obtrude the question; and again, "since Josephus was above everything a discreet and politic man, it was better for him to avoid, as far as possible, such a subject."

Moreover, the attitude of Josephus towards his own people might also be considered a factor in the problem. Although a thoroughgoing opportunist, a "Jewish ex-priest," as Schürer calls him,⁷ and as Battifol says,⁸ one of "that despicable class of men who build up their fortunes on public calamities," yet when it did not interfere with his own interests, he did have some regard for those of his people, in fact, we might say that this affection for his people was second only to his affection for himself. Hence, one would expect in his work, which Battifol terms "a literary defence of a conquered nation," a tendency to pass over in discreet silence any allusions to "deceptive national aspirations," such as were contained in the Judaic idea of the Messiah,⁹ and anything that, in the mind of the world for which he was writing, brought so little honor to Judea as did this new and despised cult. To quote again from Battifol:¹⁰ "Thus Josephus, in speaking of Jesus and of Christianity, might have compromised the Jewish Cause, which he had at heart, and also his own reputation as a man of letters, which he had still more at heart. To a man so filled with vanity and opportunism as Josephus, this was more than enough to make him keep silence."

So much for the "Silence of Flavius Josephus"—*if* he had been silent! But such is not the case. Although his testimony is neither as voluminous nor as clear as we could desire, yet certain passages in his work have a bearing on the point, and since, as has already been stated, there is sufficient reason for even total silence, then, *a fortiori*, any deficiencies in the selections we will quote certainly constitute no argument against us. There are, in all, three of these passages. The first has reference to the death of John the Baptist:

⁶ *Jesus the Christ, Historical or Mythical*, p. 101.

⁷ *Diesen Chemalige Jüdische Priestern*, vol. 1., p. 77.

⁸ Page 5.

⁹ Acts 1. 6, *et al.*

¹⁰ Page 17.

Now some of the Jews thought that the destruction of Herod's army¹¹ came from God, and that very justly, as a punishment of what he did against John, who was called the Baptist; for Herod slew him, who was a good man, and commanded the Jews to exercise virtue, both as to righteousness towards one another and piety towards God, and so to come to Baptism.¹²

We have here, in the words of Keim,¹³ "a splendid and unassailable account," though brief, of the mission and death of John the Baptist, and one which agrees with, and confirms, the Gospel narratives¹⁴ of the same events. Regarding the genuineness of the passage, the fact that in some details Josephus deviates from the earlier accounts, as, for instance, in particular, the reason for Herod's murderous rage against John, is an argument in favor rather than against it—for a Christian interpolator would have sought a more minute agreement—and is easily explained by the difference in the writer's viewpoint. Moreover, all the external evidence also favors this passage.¹⁵

The second passage¹⁶ describes the death of St. James the Less, the brother of Jesus. It reads as follows:

So he assembled the Sanhedrim of Judges, and brought them the brother of Jesus Who was called Christ, whose name was James,¹⁷ and some others. And when he had formed an accusation against them as breakers of the law, he delivered them to be stoned.

This passage also, "it is difficult to believe a Christian interpolation,"¹⁸ and though Professor Arthur Drews says,¹⁹ that "in the opinion of the eminent theologians such as Gredner (Eml. Ins. N. T., p. 581), Schürer (Gesch. d. Jud. Volkes, I., p. 548), etc., it must be regarded as a forgery," in the words of T. J. Thorburn,²⁰ this is "not a very valid argument, since

¹¹ By Arctas, King of Arabia.

¹² Josephus, *Antiquities*, Book XVIII., ch. v.

¹³ *Jesus of Nazareth*, vol. i., p. 16.

¹⁴ Matthew xiv. 1-12; Mark vi. 17-29; Luke iii. 19, 20.

¹⁵ For example, Battifol, *Credibility*, p. 8. After Schürer, vol. ii., p. 24, says: "The authenticity of this passage of Josephus is not open to any suspicion," and Professor Emery Barnes in *The Contemporary Review*, January, 1914, p. 57, in an article which I will quote frequently later, says of this passage and the one that follows: "It is difficult to believe that either of them is a Christian interpolation."

¹⁶ Josephus, *Antiquities*, Book XX., ch. ix.

¹⁷ Τὸν ἀδελφὸν Ἰησοῦ τοῦ λεγομένου Χριστοῦ, Ἰακώβος ὄνομα αὐτῷ.

¹⁸ See note 15.

¹⁹ *The Christ-Myth*, third edition, pp. 230, 231.

²⁰ *Jesus the Christ, Historical or Mythical*, p. 108.

equally and even still more eminent theologians and scholars might be quoted on the other side of the question. . . . There are really no valid reasons of any kind for regarding the passage as a forgery." Keim²¹ remarks upon it: "There can scarcely exist any doubt concerning the authenticity of this passage, which is quoted in full by Origen; here is genuine Jewish history, without a trace of Christian embellishment."²²

Accepting the passage, then, as genuine, what does it prove? Somewhat more to the discerning reader than a casual glance might discover. It has, in the first place, a direct reference to "Jesus Who was called Christ," and the manifest identification of this Jesus with Him Whom we know as the Founder of Christianity is undeniable, in spite of the far-fetched ratiocinations of Professor Drews and his school.²³ In the second place, the phrase, "Who was called Christ," Τοῦ λεγομένου Χριστοῦ, although it expresses no personal opinion of the author,²⁴ does something far more significant and important: it indicates a widespread knowledge of—and shall we not say acceptance of?—the Messianic claims of the Jesus he mentions. Finally, as Battifol points out,²⁵ although it does not declare explicitly whether St. James and his companion were accused of violating the *laws* or *The Law*, the penalty inflicted—they were stoned to death—is that decreed in Deuteronomy²⁶ against those who would serve strange gods. It is clearly implied, therefore, that their crime consisted in the desertion of Judaism for some other form of worship.

It is about the third of these reputed passages from the Jewish historian²⁷ that the greatest controversy rages—a condition to be expected, for so clear is its testimony that, once accepted, the so-called "Silence of Josephus" fades away into that mysterious nebula whence come and whither return so many evanescent theories and fancies of those who are re-

²¹ *Jesus of Nazareth*, vol. i., pp. 16, 17.

²² See also in this connection, Battifol, *Credibility*, p. 11, footnote: "To me it (*i. e.*, this passage) seems fully authentic, since Origen found it in his copy. He quotes three times the words, 'Brother of Jesus, Who was called Christ,' *Comment. in Matthew*, x. 17; *Contra Celsus* i. 47; ii. 13."

²³ See passage referred to in note 19, ably answered by Dr. Thorburn on pp. 107-111 of his work.

²⁴ Battifol reads it as ironical, *Credibility*, p. 11.

²⁵ *Credibility*, p. 11.

²⁶ xvii. 1-7.

²⁷ *Antiquities*, Book XVIII., ch. 3.

solved, at any cost, to know not Christ. I am quoting the current translation²⁸ of the passage:

About this time lived Jesus, a wise man, if it be proper to call Him a man; for He was a worker of miracles, a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to Him both many of the Jews and many of the Greeks. He was the Christ. And when Pilate, at the instigation of the principal men among us had condemned Him to the Cross, those who had loved Him at first, did not forsake Him. For He appeared to them alive again on the third day; the divine prophets having foretold these and many other wonderful things concerning Him. And the sect of the Christians, so named after Him, are not extinct to this day.

What shall we say of this passage? Is it genuine? Let us state the case. In the first place, we may say that it is found in all manuscripts of Josephus. But, "*melior conditio possidentis*"—the presumption is in favor of the existent order. Hence, if the passage is to be rejected, strong positive reasons must be presented. It is said that both on external and internal grounds, the passage cannot be genuine. In the first place, though it be admitted that all the existing manuscripts bear witness in its favor, of what value, it is asked, is testimony that reaches back only to the eleventh century, the date of the earliest of these manuscripts? Again, though Eusebius thrice quotes the passage,²⁹ and that brings us back to about 320 A. D., yet before that date it is not found at all, and its absence (the "argument from silence" again!) is particularly to be noticed in Origen, who, in his *Contra Celsum*, published about 248 A. D., shows knowledge of the two other passages already quoted from Josephus, but entirely passes over this one, which it would seem he could have used in his polemic with most telling effect of all. Is it not clear, then, it is asked, that the passage in question was interpolated by some Christian between the years 248 and 320, especially since (the internal argument) the sentiments contained in it are far different from anything Josephus could have written? This is, in general, the conten-

²⁸ I say the "current translation;" later I will have occasion, after Barnes, in *The Contemporary Review* of January, 1914, to find some fault with it.

²⁹ Notably and at length in his *Ecclesiastical History*, I., 11, 7, 8.

tion of Professor Drews,³⁰ Doctor Thorburn,³¹ Kurt Linck,³² etc., and our own Doctor Schürer³³ and Father Lagrange.³⁴ What shall we reply?³⁵ The attack is twofold, historical and higher critical. Can we repel this double assault?

In our attempt to do so, we will marshal our defence first against the destructive weapon that our foes reserve for the final thrust, the argument from the content of the disputed passage. Is it such that Josephus could not possibly have written it, as our opponents aver? Could anyone but a Christian—and the Jewish Chronicler, opportunist that he was, certainly never was that—could anyone but a Christian have written such a phrase as: "If, indeed, He may be called a man," or again: "For He was a worker of miracles," or "This was the Christ," or, finally: "For He appeared to them alive again on the third day?"

Would not he who penned such words as these be declaring his faith in the Nazarene? Let us take up these phrases one by one. In the first: "If, indeed, He may be called a man," is there anything incompatible with the character of Josephus as we know it? It is said that the inescapable implication of these words is that this Jesus Whom the writer is discussing is something more than a Man—and this is a necessarily Christian concept. But he who argues thus, is basing his contention *not on what Josephus wrote, but on a peculiarly unfortunate version of it.* The original is εἴγε ἄνδρα αὐτὸν λέγειν χρή. Now ἄνδρα does not mean "man" in the sense of human being and in opposition to some being other than the rational animal. Had such been the idea that Josephus, who was a careful student of the classics and their almost slavish imitator, intended to convey, he would have used the generic ἄνθρωπος, the Latin "*homo*" instead of "*vir*." Ἀνὴρ (nominative case of ἄνδρα, accusative) signifies rather the

³⁰ *The Christ-Myth*, third edition. p. 230.

³¹ *Jesus the Christ*, p. 97, where it is argued (a) that "the passage was apparently unknown to Origen and the earlier Fathers who quoted from Josephus;" (b) that "even its position in our present Greek text seems uncertain;" and (c) finally, that "in its present position it very awkwardly breaks the narrative."

³² In his treatise, *De Antiquissimis Veterum quæ ad Jesum Nazarenum Spectant Testimoniis*.

³³ *Geschichte des Jüdischen Volkes*, vol. II., p. 146.

³⁴ *Messian.*

³⁵ On the other hand, it has been defended by Whiston, Daubuz and F. H. Schoedel, *Flavius Josephus de Jesu Christo Testatus*; F. Bole, *Flavius Josephus über Christus Und Die Christen*; and, finally—and most convincingly—in the article already mentioned of Professor Emery Barnes in *The Contemporary Review* of January, 1914.

possessor of manly qualities or virtues, and the English equivalent is formed only by proper accentuation, as we would say of one who had accomplished some feat of daring. "He is a MAN," with the stress on the last word. Further, as Professor Barnes points out,³⁶ no doubt is expressed in the phrase, εἴγε.....χρῆ, for although the first meaning of εἴ is "if," it is frequently used to signify "since." Hence, the real meaning of the phrase is not "if, indeed, He may be called a man,"—with the implication that He is really something more—but rather, "since it is befitting to call Him a MAN"—i. e., a somewhat unusual individual because a doer of wonderful works. And is there anything in those words that Josephus could not have written? Is it not merely the translator, instead of the original author, who ventures thus to betray decidedly Christian inclinations?

And this contention is strengthened by a consideration of the very next phrase: "For He was a worker of miracles." Triumphantly, you say: "Could Josephus, a non-Christian, thus describe Jesus?" No, it certainly is not likely that he would—and *de facto* he did not! "Worker of miracles" is a very free and misleading translation of παραδόξων ἔργων ποιητής. Παράδοξος means strange or unusual and not miraculous; hence, the writer of these words is not at all professing faith in the possession of any supernatural power by Him Whom he describes as doing these παράδοξα ἔργα. In fact, if we look closely enough at the text, cannot we discover here an example of that delicate innuendo, intended only for the discerning reader, for which Josephus was well known? A paradox in English today is something which *seems* to be what it really is not—would a Christian have written that Jesus was a doer of works that seemed wonderful whereas they really were not? That were equivalent to calling Jesus a common trickster—a blasphemy that it were absurd to ascribe to a Christian interpolator, seeking to strengthen the position of his Faith, but quite in keeping with the character of Josephus. Finally, would any Christian writer have finished this description of the Lamb of God, Who had offered Himself as a Living Sacrifice for the world, with anything quite so tame and cold as "a Teacher of men Who received true words (for there is no basis for translating τῶν ἀληθινῶν as

³⁶ *The Contemporary Review*, January, 1914, p. 59.

'the Truth') with pleasure?" No one at all familiar with the burning sentences of love and reverence that flowed in such abundant streams from the tongues and pens of the Fathers could ever imagine a Justin or Clement or any contemporary thereof, interested enough in Christianity to seek by such extreme means to establish its place in history, guilty of such tepidity!

"But," you object again, "Josephus said of Jesus: 'This was the Christ.'" What if he did? Does he thereby express his own belief in the Messianism of Our Saviour? No more than a Protestant who calls a priest "Father," by the word acknowledges all that title connotes. Today in a city like New York, where non-Catholics necessarily mingle a great deal with Catholics, and in that way are familiar with their priests also, it is almost the ordinary thing for them so to speak. "Father" is simply the conventional title of the priest. In like manner, the writer of this passage was merely seeking to connect historically the character of Jesus, of Whom he was speaking, and that of Christ, with which many of his readers would be familiar, without advancing any personal opinion whatsoever regarding the theological accuracy or significance of the identification. It is as if he said: "This Jesus, of Whom I am speaking, is the same person as Christ, the Founder of that sect you probably have heard of, the Christians." Would it take one of these same Christians to write anything so simple and free of implication as that?

Immediately after this phrase, which the protagonist of the "silence" would make so damning, we read the following: "Now when at the instigation of our chief men, Pilate condemned Him to the cross, those who had first loved Him did not fall away." Is this the style of a Christian apologist? Here we have merely a cold, lifeless statement of fact, with perhaps an implication of faint surprise that His followers did not fall away; no word of the noble cause in which He died, no word of vindication, no word of praise or affection, not a single Christian thought or expression. In the words of Professor Barnes: "Why should a Christian trouble himself to make up such an interpolation as this?"³⁷ And as for the succeeding phrase: "For He appeared to them alive again on the third day," at the very most it proves merely that the writer

"knew of a tradition of an appearance or appearances of Our Lord to His disciples after His crucifixion;" for no suggestion of the Resurrection is there in the word ἐφάνη.

So much then for the sections of this passage which those inimical to its genuineness claim in support of their case. How ill-founded are those claims by now is evident. As Professor Barnes well says:³⁸ "The writer, in setting down the main facts of the Gospel History, has not once fallen into Christian, or at least into Gospel, language. This supposed Christian interpolator has had the self-restraint to avoid the term 'Prophet' (applied to Jesus)³⁹ and the terms 'Signs' and 'Mighty Works' (applied to His miracles); 'Parables,' 'Believe,' 'Repent,' 'Be Saved,' 'Convert,' 'Disciples,' are all absent from his vocabulary, together with all mention of Herod, the High Priests, the Scribes and the Pharisees. He does not use the phrases 'Rise (be raised) from the dead,' 'That it might be fulfilled,' 'As it is written,' and his phrase for 'on the third day' is non-evangelican." And so with the eminent author whom we have just quoted, we feel justified in concluding that the content and style of the passage under consideration furnish no argument against its authenticity.

How does the case stand? The opponents of the passage advance two mutually complementary arguments: one, that the passage is un-*Josephan* in style and content; the other, that no trace of it is found up to the year 320. Taken together, they would present a formidable front. If the language of the passage and the thoughts contained therein were entirely alien to what we should expect from the putative author thereof, and in decided contrast to his other writings, then we would say, indeed, that there was solid probability that he was not responsible for it. And if we were to add that for two hundred years after his time no trace of these words is to be found, then we might well feel justified in concluding that they did constitute an interpolation on the part of someone who sought thereby to advance himself or some project dear to his heart. But the former argument, in the light of the examination given it, must be rejected, for the characteristics of the passage are such that *Josephus* might well, and that no Christian interpolator could, have written it. Therefore, all that can be advanced against it is the apparent failure of other writers

³⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 59.

³⁹ Cf. Matthew xxi. 11; Luke xxiv. 19.

living between the years stated above—remember that it is definitely traced to 320 A. D.—to quote it. And even though there was nothing further to be said, would any well-balanced judge, with every external authority back to, and including, Eusebius, solidly in its favor, and with the internal or higher critical argument likewise sustaining it, reject it because it is not found among the very incomplete remnants that have come down to us from the literature of the second and third centuries of our era?

And that is "even though there were nothing further to be said," which is far from being the case. Remember that this is the argument from silence again, which, to be valid, must rejoice in the possession of various characteristics. Where are they in this case? We cannot even be sure, in the first place, that none of the writers of the period did quote the passage, for, as Rawlinson points out,⁴⁰ "testimony of the greatest importance has perished by the ravages of time," and Professor Barnes adds: "Time has wrought havoc on the literature of the third century, and particularly on the works of Origen,"⁴¹ and again: "So much of the literature of that period is lost that "Silence," as an argument, becomes unreal and inconclusive."⁴² And this fact is not one merely of vague and general possibilities;⁴³ it has a very definite and particular application. In his commentary on the Gospel, according to St. Matthew, Origen quotes the passage which refers to St. James, without mention, however, of the one now under discussion. But perfectly natural is a reference to the former when commenting on Matthew xiii. 55, where the brother of the Lord is first mentioned, whereas the obvious place for turning to the latter passage is in the discussion of the second verse of the twenty-seventh chapter, where Pilate is first mentioned. But the commentary on this part of the Gospel has not come down to us in the original.

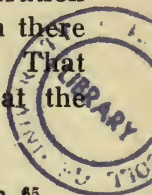
If, however, we were to omit even so logical and probable a surmise from our discussion, and restrict our consideration to fragments of Origen in our possession, among which there is no trace of the passage in question—what then? That Origen, for instance—because it is of his silence that the

⁴⁰ *Historical Evidences*, p. 184.

⁴¹ "Testimony of Josephus," *Contra Renan*, p. 65.

⁴² *Ibid.*, p. 67.

⁴³ *Ibid.*, p. 65.



strongest point is made—that Origen would have known of this passage if it existed is indeed probable, but that, therefore, he must have mentioned it—does that necessarily follow? Let us quote again from Professor Barnes:⁴⁴ “What force remains in this objection [*i. e.*, the silence of contemporary writers] . . . if the passage be as carefully guarded in its admissions as I have tried to show? What is there to compel earlier apologists to quote it? It shows that a Jewish historian, who was born and bred in Palestine, who was twenty-six years old when Felix was Governor of Judea, was acquainted with an outline of the Life of Our Lord which agrees with that accepted by Christians. Such a passage has become of serious evidential value only since Strauss started the Mythical Theory; it is ‘Testimony’ today only because Arthur Drews and others are again writing about the ‘*Christus-Mythus*.’” And, in solid substantiation of this contention, it might be mentioned that Eusebius quotes the passage without any comment, without any endeavor to prove great things from it; apparently, although he spoke the same language as Josephus, without seeing in it much that modern objectors would have us believe has lain hidden for a decade and a half of centuries awaiting discovery by their eyes. He actually states, in so many words, that he brings forward the passage not as a necessary or even important part of his argumentation, but merely *ὅλον ἐκ περισυίας*, as of superfluity! Why, then, must Origen or other writers have quoted what Eusebius only thus carelessly mentions?

Regarding Origen, we can say still more. It can be doubted⁴⁵ whether he ever possessed a copy of the *Archæology* itself, because in the first place his references to it are so few and slight, and, secondly, because he, at least twice, misquotes it, asserting that Josephus attributed the destruction of Jerusalem and the attendant calamities to the Divine wrath over the slaying of James, the brother of the Lord, whereas no such statement appears in the writings of Josephus as we have them. This statement also accounts for the assertion found in his *Commentary on Matthew*, xiii. 55, and again in *Contra Celsum*, i. 47, that Josephus did not believe in Jesus as the Christ, for a Christian would have ascribed the disasters above mentioned not to the slaying of the brother of the

⁴⁴ Professor Barnes, *ibid.*, p. 63.

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 66.

Lord, but to the cruel and shameful execution of the Lord Himself.

And so we feel constrained to regard the so-called "Silence of Josephus" as but a figment of prejudiced and predisposed imaginations. Three passages from his works have been quoted, two admittedly beyond all serious attack, the third intrenched in a position which is the despair of its enemies. And, we might add, an argument from Philip Schaff,⁴⁶ that, in addition to these direct references, "the writings of Josephus contain indirectly much valuable testimony to the truth of the Gospel narrative. His *History of the Jewish War* is undesignedly a striking commentary on the predictions of Our Saviour concerning the destruction of the city and the temple of Jerusalem; the great distress and affliction of the Jewish people at that time; the famine, pestilence and earthquake; the rise of false prophets and impostors, and the flight of His disciples at the approach of these calamities." Moreover, this testimony, just because incidental and unintentional, is, by that very fact, all the more eloquent, and, in addition, honeycombing as it does the whole work of the author, as to genuineness is absolutely unimpeachable.

We now turn our attention from a Palestinian-born Jew living at Rome to a small group of the Imperial City's native sons, and the testimony which they have handed down to us. Cornelius Tacitus,⁴⁷ the most famous of all the historians of Ancient Rome, shall be the first to occupy the witness stand. Does he support our contention? In the *Annals* xv. 4, 4, he says:

The author of this name [*i. e.*, Christian], Christus, was executed in the reign of Tiberius by the Procurator, Pontius Pilate, and the detestable superstition, suppressed for a time, broke out again, and spread not only over Judea, where the evil originated, but even through Rome, where everything upon earth that is vile or shameless finds its way and is practised.⁴⁸

⁴⁶ *The Person of Christ*, p. 193. Rawlinson (*Historical Evidences*, p. 185) also speaks of the "allusions to the civil history of the times which the writings of the evangelists furnish." See also Doctor Lardner's, *Collection of Ancient Jewish and Heathen Testimonies to the Truth of the Christian Religion*, vol. vi., p. 406, of his Works.

⁴⁷ Born about 50 and died about 120 A. D.

⁴⁸ "*Auctor nominis ejus, Christus, Tiberio Imperitante, per Procuratorem Pontium Pilatum, supplicii affectus erat; repressaque in præsens exitiabilis superstitio rursus erumpebat non modo per Judæam, originem ejus mali, sed per Urbem etiam, quo cuncta undique atrocita aut pudenda confluunt celebranturque.*"

Here we have a very clear and definite reference to Christianity and its origin, and a testimony safe from any attack. It is true that Professor Arthur Drews finds fault with it,⁴⁹ but serious minded scholars pay little attention to the wholly biased and incomprehensibly fantastic attempts of this gentleman to warp and distort or to eliminate entirely all evidence at variance with his strange theories. His only authority for the rejection of this particular passage is a French writer named Hochart, known principally for the amazing effrontery and absolute independence of voluminous testimony to the contrary with which he relegates the whole of the last six books of the *Annals* and the first five of the *Histories* to a forgery on the part of Poggio Bracciolini, an Italian scholar of the Renaissance period! And this in spite of the fact that in the Laurentian Library is a manuscript of Tacitus—with the passage that especially interests us intact—dating back to the eleventh century, four hundred years before Bracciolini's time!

Another prominent Roman of the period who may be cited not as "a primary and independent authority for the fact of the existence of Jesus, but as testifying, in a secondary sense, to the record of that fact in general and well informed public opinion,"⁵⁰ is Suetonius, private secretary to the Emperor Hadrian. Two quotations from his works concern us. In his *Life of Claudius*, he reports that that ruler (A. D. 48-54) expelled the Jews from Rome on one occasion, because they continually made riots at the instigation of Christus,⁵¹ and in his *Life of Nero* he writes that by him "the Christians, a race of men professing a new and mischievous superstition, were punished."⁵²

Even Professor Drews is unable to find any argument against the authenticity of these passages; it is left to Reinach⁵³ to attempt to nullify them by emphasizing the discrepancy between the form "Chrestus" and our Christ. The name Chrestus, he says (from the Greek χρηστὸς, serviceable) was common enough among slaves and freedmen, and here prob-

⁴⁹ *The Christ-Myth*, third edition, p. 231.

⁵⁰ Thorburn, *Jesus Christ, Historical or Mythical*, p. 125.

⁵¹ Chapter xxv.: "Judeos Impulsore Chresto Adstidue tumultuantes Roma Expulsi."

⁵² Chapter xvi.: "Affecti supplicitis Christiani, Genus Hominum superstitionis Novæ ac maleficæ."

⁵³ *Orpheus*, p. 227.

ably refers to an obscure Jew who had stirred up some commotion amongst his co-religionists in Rome. But if such were the case, would not Suetonius have written "*Chresto quedam*," "a certain Chrestus," rather than the unqualified "Chrestus," just as today we would refer to our nation's Chief Executive simply as "Mr. Harding," while, were we to narrate an incident in which some unknown gentleman of that name figured, we would describe him as "a certain Mr. Harding?" Moreover, we have testimony in abundance that the Romans spoke of Christ and the Christians as "Chrestus" and "Chrestiani."⁵⁴ Regarding the ignorance of Suetonius, in which he could write that it was Christ Himself in person Who caused the disturbances of which he writes, it is amply accounted for by "the carelessness and inattention with which he treated a matter that really did not interest him, nor his friends and contemporaries."⁵⁵

We have reserved for the last a document—or rather two documents—"of the highest value"⁵⁶ whose authenticity is beyond all question,⁵⁷ the letter of Pliny the Younger, Imperial Legate of the Province of Bithynia and Pontus from 111 to 113 A. D., to the Emperor Trajan, and the latter's reply. Regarding the Christians in the District under his jurisdiction, he reports:

There are many of every age, and of both sexes, and not only cities, but country towns and rural districts have been touched by the contagion of this superstition.⁵⁸

He has discovered, too, that they offer neither incense to the Emperor nor sacrifice to the gods, nor will they curse Chrestus, being a people of "inflexible obstinacy," but gather before dawn each morning to repeat in alternating chant among themselves a hymn to Christ as to a god,⁵⁹ and later in the day assemble once more to partake of a common meal. Except for the "gross and immoderate superstition,"⁶⁰ he has nothing

⁵⁴ Tertullian, for example, refers to "Chrestus" and "Chrestiani" as "a faulty pronunciation of the words in use principally among the heathen," *Ad Nationes*, III.

⁵⁵ Thorburn, *ibid.*, p. 127.

⁵⁶ Battifol, *Credibility*, p. 30.

⁵⁷ Thorburn, Conybeare, Keim, Platner, Wilde; Renan, Mommsen, Neumann, Heinach, Harnack, etc.

⁵⁸ Epistle x. 96.

⁵⁹ "*Essent soliti stato die ante lucem conventire carmenque Christo quasi deo dicere secum invicem.*"

⁶⁰ "*Superstitionem pravam immodicam.*"

against them, for they bind themselves by oath not to commit adultery nor theft; nor bear false testimony, and he sees in the above-mentioned repast only a meal of the ordinary and innocent kind. In reply to this report, the Emperor issued strict orders that Christians who proved obstinate were to be punished, but that they were not to be sought out, and if, when accused, they sacrificed to the national pagan deities, they were to be released.

Here we have two official documents, without a single extrinsic argument against them; couched in the peculiarly characteristic style of the writers whose names they bear, giving testimony to the thus early ubiquity of the Christian Faith and its purity of worship and morals, and even attempting some description of its rites—well is it that secular history is not made to pass a more rigid test of credibility!

There are other footprints left by the Divine Captain of Christendom which it might profit us to examine. Celsus, a Grecian Eclectic philosopher of the second century, wrote *A True Discourse*, the first pagan work devoted in its entirety to an attack on Christianity. Living, as he did, almost within hailing distance of the Apostles, this able infidel writer, the principal portions of whose work have been preserved to us by Origen in the author's own language, "bears witness, as St. John Chrysostom remarks, to the antiquity of the Apostolic writings, and the main facts of the Gospel History."⁶¹ Lucian, a Syrian writer of the second century, testifies to Christianity by his indirect attack on it in his *Life of Peregrinus*. The heretics, Basilides (c. 125 A. D.), Marcion and Valentius (c. 150 A. D.) and Heracleum (c. 160 A. D.), are certainly not writers who could be accused of a predisposition in favor of Christianity, yet they bear indisputable testimony of a very early date to the existence and person of Christ. Again, Camden M. Cobern, D.D., of Allegheny College, in a volume entitled *New Archæological Discoveries*, published in 1917, gives an interesting account of some recent excavations that have resulted in finds of considerable historical value, all of them tending to confirm the results of investigation through other sources.

And so we see that after all Christ is not a mysterious personage Who left an impression only upon history written

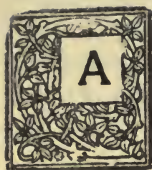
⁶¹ Schaff, *Person of Christ*, p. 199.

by His friends and, therefore, open to suspicion. In fact, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, the manner in which history was written in those days, the many reasons which would induce non-Christian writers of the period to be silent about Him, the peculiar character of His mission, life and work, it is not surprising that we find, comparatively speaking, so little in contemporary profane history about Him, and, on the other hand, a source of the greatest wonder—at least to those not possessing a strong faith in the Divine Ordering of all things—is the completeness with which the Gospel narrative, as it has been handed down to us, is verified by the findings of history certainly not prejudiced in favor of Christianity.

One good thing, however, Mythism did accomplish—to draw good out of evil is often the way of the Lord—it constituted an occasion for us to search into the pages of secular history, and to discover the real strength that our case possesses. Strauss and Drews and the rest had eyes and saw not, and then, with the rash folly of a moth that would seek, with its flimsy wings, to cut off from the earth the light of the sun, they thought to hide from their fellowmen Him Whom they would not see. But the penalty of willful blindness has been paid; they and their work are well-nigh forgotten, and the ghost of the monster conceived by their warped brains is laid and walks no more, while more glorious than ever, majestic, dominating, standing out like a towering mountain peak against the blue sky of Truth, is the eternal, resplendent Figure of Jesus the Christ.

OF FATHER TABB.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY, LITT.D.



NEW biography of John Bannister Tabb has recently come from the press,¹ compiled very sympathetically by a niece, the daughter of his elder brother, William Barksdale Tabb. It is what one has learned to recognize as a *family book*, with the intimate human qualities and the critical defects of its kind. Defects, to be sure, must here be understood in the sense of superfluity rather than omission. For the little volume is copiously documented: it reprints almost everything that has yet been said of the inimitable Father Tabb, owing much to the appreciation published a few years back by "M. S. Pine." But when all is gathered together, poetry lovers must admit that not half enough critical praise or critical knowledge has yet been meted out to him whose music Mrs. Meynell profoundly compared to that of George Herbert on one side, and of Mozart on the other. One slim but admirable critique written chiefly from the devotional point of view—and this present one written from the ancestral—leave much still to say of an artist who invites, and can endure, the "abashless inquisition" of art itself. But because this book brings the poet-priest's life once again freshly to memory, and because it has the grace to include quantities of his loveliest lyrics, it is quite manifestly justified by works as well as faith.

There is rather a curious coincidence in the fact that both Father Tabb and Father Ryan—the two American priests who first won popular recognition as poets—should have been sons of that Southland which is not generally associated with Catholic traditions. Traditions there were, indeed, about the head of John Bannister Tabb, rich and ancient enough, although not of the Faith. He was born of a patrician English-Scotch family, one of the earliest to settle in Virginia; his father, Thomas Yelverton Tabb, being a direct descendant of Sir Thomas Peyton, and of that Humphrey Tabb who was already burgess of

¹ *Father Tabb, His Life and Work*. A memorial by his niece, Jennie Masters Tabb. Introduction by Dr. Charles Alphonso Smith. Boston: The Stratford Company. 1921.

Elizabeth City County in the year 1652. The future poet's mother (tenderly immortalized in his "Cowslip" verses), being first cousin to her husband, naturally shared his genealogy: by name she was Marianna Bertrand Archer, a daughter of the distinguished Dr. Archer of "The Forest," Amelia County, Virginia. And at this latter estate the boy was born on March 22d, in that year of 1845 which must forever be associated with the historic submission of John Henry Newman to the Catholic Church. Little John Tabb had an adoring black "Mammy" from whom he won his first superlative, by being delightedly singled out as "the ugliest baby ever born in Virginia"—and his childhood was passed in an atmosphere probably more leisurely than any since known to this strenuous continent, the atmosphere of the Old South. In the course of time he studied under the family tutor, one Mr. Thomas Hood, along with his brother, Yelverton, and a few of the neighbors' children who were permitted to attend classes at "Cassels," the Tabb homestead. One of these pupils, a cousin, later described the whimsical "Johnny" as the "most joyous, rollicking and trifling boy" he had ever known—a lad who rarely "studied his lessons a minute," and whose chastisements (not of the modern "moral" kind!) were consequently frequent. But he was already not only the favorite of the school, but also a clever cartoonist; and if he neglected his books, he gave proof of heroic concentration when the incentive was strong enough by frequently sitting at the piano six hours a day.

In 1861, the threatened scourge of Civil War swept the country into two hostile camps, and John Tabb—although only sixteen years old—proved equal to the other sons of Virginia in immediate valor. As his already feeble eyesight disqualified him for army service, he enlisted in the Confederate navy, and was assigned as captain's clerk on the ship, *Robert E. Lee*. It is said this adventurous craft ran the Federal blockade twenty-one times; but in 1864, when returning from England, she was captured, and young Tabb was one of those forthwith sent as prisoners to the "Bull Pen," Point Lookout, Maryland. Inevitably, it was a searing experience: but its great consolation was the companionship of the gentle poet and musician, Sidney Lanier. The friendship of the two young Southern patriots, begun in those "evil days," lasted through life, and doubtless beyond. For in more than one of his later

poems, John Bannister Tabb celebrated the memory of Lanier, and of the precious flute with which he had sweetened the bitterness of their captivity.

With the peace of 1865, the future priest returned home, weakened by fever and illness, indeed, but, as he soon found, less broken than his beloved Virginia. As the ancestral estate was ruined, he cast about for some means of promptly earning a living. Music was his first thought; but this had to be abandoned in favor of teaching, and in 1866 he accepted a post—momentous as it afterward proved—as instructor in St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal School, Baltimore. The parish with which this was connected was of the advanced ritualistic type, its rector being the Rev. Alfred Curtis, with whom the youthful pedagogue almost immediately climbed into relations of affectionate intimacy. A more stimulating friendship could scarcely have been imagined, and it continued unbroken when, about 1870, John Bannister passed on to a more lucrative post at Racine, Wisconsin.

There was no longer any doubt about it—the boy who would not study was a predestined professor: but with teaching merely human truths, he was already unsatisfied. So within a year he resigned his chair, to enter the theological seminary of his ancestral faith at Alexandria, Virginia. But his feet were destined for more distant shrines, and a sharp turn in the road of their pilgrimage. Almost simultaneous with his own decision to enter the Protestant Episcopal ministry, came Mr. Curtis' conviction that it must be abandoned. With characteristic sincerity, the former pastor promptly severed his powerful association with St. Paul's foundation and sailed for England as a humble seeker after truth from the lips of the Oxford apostle, Dr. Newman. More than one soul trembled in the balance during their conferences; and when the mighty Oratorian bade Mr. Curtis read more and study "if he liked," but above all, to *pray*, he was all unwittingly doubling the orisons of another and younger neophyte, over in Virginia. In 1872, Alfred Curtis was baptized into the Catholic Church in the presence of his preceptor, John Henry Newman. And before that year was out—all in a single golden day, according to the present biography—in St. Peter's Cathedral, Richmond, John Bannister Tabb received at the hands of Bishop Gibbons (the future Cardinal) the four sacraments

of Baptism, Confession, Confirmation and Holy Communion. "I was always a Catholic—born a Catholic," he declared later on. "Whenever any doctrine of the Church was spoken of, I knew it was true as soon as I heard it. I would have been a member of the Church before I was, if I had learned what the Catholic doctrines were, and had known that they were taught and practised in the Catholic Church." With him, as with so many converts, the "coming over" had been less a matter of revelation than of inspired recognition; and in his newly acquired fullness of faith he found immediate and permanent peace.

It was, perhaps, a foregone conclusion that both of these men should press on to their natural, or supernatural, home in the further sacrament of Holy Orders. In fact, Mr. Curtis proceeded at once to St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and eventually, of course, to the episcopacy as Bishop of Wilmington. With more "deliberate speed" but not less "majestic instancy," young Mr. Tabb entered in 1874 St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Maryland. And there he remained, with the briefest of temporary vacations, until his death in 1909. His was, in all truth, a life of singular simplicity; and like the poetry he was to create, of singular concentration and even condensation. There is an old saying that a happy woman has no history: but even the most conservative would hesitate to suggest this of a happy man. And yet, the life under consideration was essentially happy in achieving at once spiritual fullness and usefulness and objective artistic satisfaction, while being, with quite obvious spontaneity, *itself*. But it was, both from circumstance and desire, a very hidden drama.

When Father Tabb first went to St. Charles' Seminary, his intention was simply to complete his classical studies, then to follow his friend to St. Mary's. But the Sulpicians were so deeply impressed by his rare teaching gifts that they persuaded him to stay on at Ellicott City, continuing his theological studies while one of their own faculty. Consequently, he was not ordained to the priesthood until December, 1884, when he celebrated his first Mass—with extraordinary joy and devotion—in the college chapel at midnight on Christmas Eve. His patience in brooking this long delay of his vocation seems all the more extraordinary in a man of such keen sensibilities and quick wit. Indeed, this quality of patience—whether natural

or acquired at great cost, who shall know?—was conspicuous throughout his whole life. It was the guardian angel of his class-room; where he presided with unfailing energy and humor, not only through the inspiring hours of English literature, but also through the more arid and technical periods of English grammar. Generations of students learned from him to love the fine things of speech and poetry—and to this perennial harvest of his pupils, "Active and Passive; Perfect and Imperfect; Past, Present and Future," Father Tabb dedicated those inimitable *Bone Rules*, or *Skeleton of English Grammar*, which inaugurated a new and vivid fashion in text-books. One can imagine the gurgle of delight with which any young wrestler with the King's English would attack the following, among "sentences to be corrected:"

"Lay still," his mother often said
When Washington had went to bed.
But little Georgie would reply:
"I set up, but I cannot lie!"

Of course, the supreme test of the poet-priest's patience came with the partial and at last complete failure of his eyesight during the final years. This ever-darkening shadow of blindness he met with constant work, and equally constant wit, almost to the very end. Many and historic have become the puns and *bons mots* with which he bantered his calamity—his request that Cardinal Gibbons confer upon him "a new see," his quips about "taking his two worst pupils" up to Baltimore, having his volume of poems bound in "blind-man's buff," etc., etc. But like the long line of laughing saints, John Bannister Tabb smiled at sorrow because he had learned the stark secret of abandonment in God's hands. To his friend and former pupil, Father Connor of Scranton, he declared awhile before the end: "If the Almighty came to me and said: 'John Tabb, you can have your eyesight back by asking for it,' I would not ask. I would be afraid of proving unfaithful to responsibilities of which I might not be fully aware. Now I know perfectly what is God's will, and I am resigned to it." The one supreme privilege of offering up Holy Mass was permitted Father Tabb even in blindness, and it is not easy to think unmoved of this ultimate union between the silent, hidden Victim and the priest whose eyes were closed to all but Him. In the *Later*

Poems, published after Father Tabb's death, one finds that supreme message of *Helplessness*, which so consummately distills the threefold secret of the Purgative, the Illuminative and the Unitive ways:

In patience as in labor must thou be
A follower of Me,
Whose hands and feet, when most I wrought for thee,
Were nailed unto a tree.

Delivery came to him after a short illness, on November 19, 1909; and like one of his own poetic paradoxes, it was midnight when the *light not of this world* broke suddenly upon him.

Father Tabb possessed a most unique and vivid personality, and to his idiosyncrasies even the poet's gift owed much. This gift he does not seem to have discovered, or at least to have used, until after slipping into the destined groove at St. Charles' College—that is to say, after all his great decisions were made and his individuality was well matured. And if the distinguishing merits of his poetry were mystical insight on one hand, and metrical skill on the other, it will not do to forget those minor characteristics which were so intimately his own. One of these was a pungent, an almost perverse originality: the quality which Poe had in mind when he declared that the true poet could not see, and consequently never said, the obvious thing. Another was intuitive sympathy, particularly with child-nature. And a third was his glorified but quite incorrigible habit of punning.

His nature poems are, for the most part, brief vignettes of long vision and exquisitely compressed music—painting nature realistically in such verses as the "Fern Song," but more often interpreting her by some sudden and striking analogy. Here, for instance, are two flower-pieces in which surprise leaps to a new truth, and fancy to a new simplicity of vision:

MIGNONETTE.

Give me the earth, and I might heap
A mountain from the plain;
Give me the waters of the deep,
I might their strength restrain;
But here a secret of the sod
Betrays the daintier hand of God.

THE WATER-LILY.

Whence, O fragrant form of light
 Hast thou drifted through the night,
 Swanlike, to a leafy nest
 On the restless waves at rest?
 Art thou from the snowy zone
 Of a mountain-summit blown,
 Or the blossom of a dream,
 Fashioned in the foamy stream?
 Nay, methinks the maiden moon,
 When the daylight came too soon,
 Fleeting from her bath to hide,
 Left her garment in the tide.

Of the poems for children—Father Tabb wrote one entire volume of them, and scattered others throughout his various books—it is perhaps the highest praise to say that children themselves understand and love them. “Only great poets can write about childhood poems worthy to be printed,” declared Joyce Kilmer, who knew both childhood and poetry! And surely, between the multitude of poems *about* children and children’s supposed interests, written from the adult standpoint, and such delectable foolery as the following, there is all the difference between Dresden tea-cups and—buttercups!

THE SQUIRREL.

Who combs you, little Squirrel?
 And do you twist and twirl
 When someone puts the papers on
 To keep your tail in curl?
 And must you see the dentist
 For every tooth you break?
 And are you apt from eating nuts
 To get the stomach-ache?

Again, following the child’s imagining straight up to the skies, Father Tabb gives this version of the Bluebird’s creation:

When God had made a host of them,
 One little flower still lacked a stem
 To hold its blossom blue;
 So into it He breathed a song,
 And suddenly, with petals strong
 As wings, away it flew.

But, of course, the most celestial of all his child poems—one of the most perfect child poems in all literature (although infinite maturity went into its making!)—and by the same token one of the most unique of Christmas verses—is the well-beloved “Out of Bounds:”

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home today,
Comes down to find His ball, the Earth,
That Sin has cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all
Join in to get Him back His ball!

It is obviously possible to have an extraordinary fondness for animals without any all-embracing sympathy with “man’s unpardonable race:” but it is far less possible to love little children without loving grown-up children, and somehow comprehending their broken or unbroken toys. Father Tabb, while intensely shy of strangers and of all public functions, even ecclesiastical, had deep wells of affection and copious sympathies. Indeed, this hermit-priest, to whom, in the outward sense, almost nothing ever seemed to happen, had not only the “genius for friendship,” but also the priceless gift of psychic versatility. He could enshrine in one perfect quatrain Father Damien, the “leper white as snow;” yes, and he could also probe the ultimate passion of “Cleopatra to the Asp” and of “St. Afra to the Flames.” Death was familiar to him—as, indeed, it grows familiar to all priests; but because he was a poet, it was the singleness, not the uniformity, of death. He found words, quiet words, to voice the mysterious pathos of broken babyhood—even of martyred motherhood—in “Confided:”

Another lamb, O Lamb of God, behold,
Within this quiet fold,
Among Thy Father’s sheep
I lay to sleep!
A heart that never for a night did rest
Beyond its mother’s breast.
Lord, keep it close to Thee,
Lest waking it should bleat and pine for me!

And under the selfsame symbol, he made audible the contrasting pathos of tired age in his “Old Pastor:”

How long, O Lord, to wait
 Beside this open gate?
 Thy sheep with many a lamb
 Have entered, and I am
 Alone, and it is late.

In conversation, as has been already pointed out, it was Father Tabb's high habit to jest at the jeopardy of his eyesight, but in a few of his later poems he permitted the voice of the Great Void to speak aloud. *Fiat Lux* is one of the most piercing of these; but to some of us, the terrible simplicity of *Going Blind* strikes even closer:

Back to the primal gloom
 Where life began,
 As to my mother's womb
 Must I, a man,
 Return:
 Not to be born again,
 But to remain;
 And in the School of Darkness learn
 What mean
 "The things unseen."

Through all these poems rings the same note of ultimate hope: the hope, even the mystical certainty, of *light in darkness*. And there can be no doubt at all that he achieved this. Possibly the accident of blindness aided, possibly it had very little to do with it, since spiritual insight—or the lack of it—is not in the natural order. But through all his later years, he spoke habitually as one for whom the Veil of the mortal temple had long since been rent asunder. As he himself said (and as everyone writing about him seems bound to quote),

My God has hid Himself from me
 Behind whatever else I see—

the result being an enormous enriching of the imagination, even on the human side. To attain this gift of mystical vision is to *see*, indeed, with a lucency beside which mortal eyesight seems too myopic even for regret. It is to see in the Assumption the Mother-bird soaring up at the Fledgling's familiar call, and to hear the trees along the Via Crucis murmuring "in awful silence" as the God-man passes.

Behold, the Gardener is He
Of Eden and Gethsemane . . .

And it is to discover the final cosmic harmony—far from our daily discord and unrest—of a poem such as “The Dayspring:”

What hand with spear of light
Hath cleft the side of Night,
And from the red wound wide
Fashioned the Dawn, his bride?
Was it the deed of Death?
Nay, but of Love, that saith,
“Henceforth be Shade and Sun,
In bonds of Beauty, one.”

John Bannister Tabb may be said to have anticipated the recent school of “imagism” in the pictorial vigor and boldness of his metaphors. In fact, he is nearly all on the side of the moderns: and if one wishes to realize just how nearly, one has but to compare or contrast his work with that of his confrère and contemporary, Father Abram Ryan. Father Ryan’s work is remembered for the sincere pathos of “The Conquered Banner,” for the tender piety of such short pieces as “The Valley of Silence;” in its longer efforts it is forgotten. For his affiliations were with his poetic predecessors: in more senses than one, he was the gentle laureate of a lost cause. But again and again, Father Tabb points on toward the poetic future. He shared Edgar Poe’s revolutionary belief that “a long poem does not exist,” and he stood, as nearly every poet of today stands, committed to the brief lyric—worthy of perpetuation because it gathers up perfectly the emotion and the music of the moment. It is doubtful, certainly, if his intense musical sense and the felicity and facility of his rhymes would ever have permitted him to espouse the crusade of free verse. To the contrary, his metrical skill was so certain that he rejoiced in all the *finesse* of his craft. He was master not only of the sonnet, but of the sextet and the quatrain. And the challenge of these forms is, to the poet, what the intimacy and the exactions of the “little theatre” are to the actor. The lines are so frightfully few, so frightfully close, not one can afford to waver by a hair’s breadth!

But all this is simply repeating that Father Tabb was a consummate artist—one of the very few consummate artists in American literature. Within his chosen and highly specialized field he stands peerless. Always in his work the vision is unique—the music like a swift, sure clash of bells. It has become a distinguishing trait of contemporary poetry to ask questions beautifully and vividly. But Father Tabb found beautiful and vivid answers, too. Therein lies his demarcation from the ultra-modernists, his frank derivations from the past—from the eternal. For mysticism, authentic mysticism, is not merely the cure for materialism. It is also the completion of aestheticism.

NATIVITY.

BY GERTRUDE ROBISON ROSS.

Now, there was the man with quiet face
And the Maid with the shadowed eyes,
And sleeping soft in the lowly place
The King in a babe's disguise;
With none to lay at the princely feet
The sceptre or studded crown
(O! reeds stand tall where the waters meet,
The thorn bush grows in a safe retreat
While the star shines calmly down.)

No one dreamed on the twisted way
That led unto David's home
Or thought in the inn at the close of day
That the end of the watch had come.
But oh! may we, by Mary's grace
Who have pierced the poor disguise,
Open our hearts for a little space
To the tired man with the quiet face
And the Maid with the clouded eyes.

THE NEAR EAST SINCE THE WAR.

BY JOSEPH GORAYEB, S.J.



ODAY the world is pulsing with expectancy for the outcome of a great Conference. We are face to face with a most serious problem; and America, at least, seems determined to settle the problem once and for all.

But while a new period is thus about to open for the Western world, for America and the Far East, are we to forget that older, more vexing question, the question which is coming to be recognized more and more clearly as the real tap-root of the World War, and which, never removed, may yet again spring up to yield the same terrible fruitage? What of the Near East, and the complicated ramifications of that war-fertile question? Why was not that problem faced, as America is facing the Far Eastern problem now, courageously, dispassionately, and with finality of purpose? And, a query that is of more immediate interest to ourselves—whose sympathies were so deeply aroused during the War—what of the people of Armenia, of Palestine and of Syria, whose misfortune it is to dwell in a region that has known no peace and will know none, so long as the nations continue to bicker and wrangle over it as over the spoils of victory? "*Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*" for persecution and plague and massacre and famine and war—all the ills of humanity—are still dreadfully rampant over the Near East, still rampant on the third anniversary of the Armistice. Peace has scourged the nations of Asia Minor more terribly than four years of war.

But it would be impossible to find scope for an adequate answer to all these questions within the compass of one article. At least nine new nations have arisen on the ruins of Turkey, in a territory extending from the Black Sea to the Indian Ocean, from the Mediterranean to the Caspian Sea, a region which is nearly as large as the United States west of the Mississippi. Changes are daily taking place, and events still passing with kaleidoscopic rapidity over this vast area. But

strange to say, in all this shifting panorama the background remains always the same—and that is the background of European politics and European relationships with affairs in the Near East.

First of all, the nation most immediately and directly interested in Asia Minor is France. France now holds by far the most of Turkey's bonds and war debts. French money has long supplied the capital for the railroads and industries of the country. Paris bankers financed the Young Turk Revolution in 1908; and it was the French loan of seven hundred million francs that raised Turkey from the wreck of the Balkan wars in 1913. Most of her interests are centred in Syria, where France has for centuries exercised a sphere of influence. And when the War was won, the French press made no secret of the plan to extend that influence over the whole of Asia Minor. But events have since not only proved this hope illusory, but have made it increasingly clear that France stands to lose with every loss of territory and prestige to Turkey.

No less concerned with Near Eastern affairs, but for an entirely different reason, is England. Along the stepping stones in Britain's trade route to India, the weakest point in an otherwise impregnable line is said to be the Suez Canal. Germans spoke of it during the War as the "heel of Achilles" of the British Empire. Hence, it is easy to conjecture that Britain's is no merely sentimental or religious reason for her present policy. Indeed, it has been said that every increase of British territory in the Near East due to the War—and it may be seen at a glance how immense that increase has been—is meant but to consolidate and insure the fortifications of the Suez Canal.

True, there are other influences also at work in the Near East; but all seem destined to prove either negligible factors in the final settlement, or else mere pawns in the game of the two controlling powers. Germany began, with the Kaiser's pilgrimage to Palestine in 1888, and again in 1896, a strong bid to wrest control of the situation from Britain, using as means to this end the reorganization of the Turkish army, the building of the Bagdad Railway and the exploitation of Turkey's economic resources. But since the War, German influence has been practically non-existent in Turkey. Russia, too, has, for the moment, ceased her restless pressure in the direction

of warmer waters and Mediterranean ports; but Russia must sooner or later reënter the struggle in the Near East. Italy's position there is a comparatively new factor of modern politics. But in the whole sordid game, the old game of European imperialism, there is but one redeeming feature, supplying the only visible element of real gallantry and romance, and that is found in the latest phase of Greece's age-long struggle against Turkey. The Greek War of Independence, which began in 1821, has lasted, with varying intervals of peace, over the whole century; and the present struggle in Asia Minor is but the dramatic culmination of a secular effort to free the whole of the Greek race from Turkish domination.

In point of fact, then, France and England hold the keys to the situation in the Near East, and every move in the world game, in this theatre, is inevitably subordinated to the realization of their definite aspirations.

It is easier, then, to envisage the swift changes and the appalling events that have taken place in this region since 1914. It will be remembered that Turkey entered the War on Germany's side on November 1st of that year, her chief cause for fear being the alliance existing since 1908 between England and Russia, an alliance which she felt could have but one aim, the ultimate dismemberment of Turkey. Then came the Dardanelles campaign, which ended in costly failure for the Allies in the late winter of 1915. Its immediate sequel was the Armenian massacres, the bloody attempt made by the Young Turk party, now that they felt secure against European interference, to carry out ruthlessly their insane plan for a physical unification of all Turkey, the "Turkification," as they called it, of all the elements of the population. That plan made it necessary to deal summarily with the Christian elements—in what revolting manner the world has since been told. We have available appalling reports from the Bryce Commission and other official investigations, which fixed the full responsibility for the Armenian massacres, and for their fiendish atrocity, not on incompetent subordinate officials, but directly on the Turkish Government at Constantinople. But it was only last June, at the trial in Berlin of Solomon Teiririan, the Armenian who assassinated Talaat Pasha, that the official Turkish documents were published to the world, and revealed the deliberate cold-blooded plan to get rid of the

Armenian question, in the words of Talaat himself, "by getting rid of the Armenians."

An infamous triumvirate was then in power, Talaat, Enver and Djemal Pashas; and these men, aided by the Deportations Committee, with headquarters at Aleppo, in Northern Syria, used the riff-raff of Turkish jails, who were released for this very purpose, as their tools in carrying out a policy of annihilating a Christian nation. In the same gruesome programme were also included the Greek, the Assyrian and the Syrian Christians of Asia Minor. We may well be spared another recital of the frightful details; but that a million human beings were thus killed is said to be only a conservative estimate of this horrible slaughter.

We will glance quickly at the outstanding events of the following years of the War. On April 29, 1916, the surrender of the British forces, beleaguered at Kut-el-Amara, halted the British Mesopotamian campaign; Russia's collapse in the spring of the following year led to the withdrawal of Russian troops from the Caucasus, and left the Christian population completely at the mercy of the Turks. Meanwhile, in the south, Allenby's army successfully crossed the Sinai Desert; the King of the Hejaz revolted from the rule of Turkey; and the Arabian tribes, under the guidance of Colonel Lawrence, coöperated with Allenby in the campaign which resulted in the capture of Jerusalem and the annihilation of an entire Turko-German army. Then, on October 30, 1918, came the armistice with Turkey.

We in America can scarcely appreciate the tremendous burst of thankfulness that welled from the heart of Christian Asia Minor at the moment of its deliverance. And, strange to say, in that moment all eyes turned hopefully for guidance, not to England or France, but to America. Eastern peoples are thoroughly familiar with European intrigues, and distrust them as thoroughly. But America is to them a land of mystery and idealism. Respect for America is a veritable cult in the Near East, and perhaps nowhere else in the world did the hopeful aspirations of down-trodden races respond more enthusiastically to the wonderful ideals embodied in President Wilson's utterances. Then came the Harbord and other American investigating commissions, the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, the Red Cross and, finally, the

great Near East Relief organization, which has since merged all American philanthropic activities in this region. Thus there grew up among the peoples of Asia Minor the most sanguine hopes for an American mandate over the whole of Turkey.

At this moment the Near East Question seemed very simple and easy of solution. Turkey was a vanquished nation, helpless and penitent. Everywhere there was enthusiasm and eagerness for an immediate start; people were ready to adopt almost any plan for a readjustment of their individual national policies and the resumption of the normal pursuits of peace.

But the Allies did not act. There were uncertain plans and endless delays. The psychological moment was allowed to pass, and soon the Near East was as restless as ever before. The very terms of the armistice with Turkey, absurdly easy as they had been, were not even enforced. No time had been set for the final disarming of the Turkish troops. Very few places of strategic importance were occupied by the Allied armies, though it is estimated that one-tenth of the troops available, under command of Allenby and D'Esperey, would have sufficed for the purpose. And worse still, no attempt was made to oust the Turks who had settled on Armenian lands, or to repatriate the homeless refugees, or to compel the release of prisoners, to say nothing of the women and children still held captive in Moslem homes. For two whole years the Peace Conference allowed Near East affairs to drift along, and a dreadful chaos was the result.

The first tangible fact to arouse the world's indignant attention, was the reawakening of Turkish fanaticism. Disbanded Turkish soldiery, still in possession of arms and ammunition, presently gathered together in irregular bands of brigands to terrorize the land. Soon there were serious uprisings throughout Asia Minor, and new massacres were perpetrated, at Aintab in Syria, at Marash in Cilicia, and at Alexandropol in Armenia. The meagre French forces left in North Syria found themselves unable to cope with the numerous hordes, and withdrew, leaving the Armenians and Syrians, and the Relief Agencies to shift for themselves. The Armenian Governments of Erivan and Georgia, which had attempted vainly to secure outside aid, were attacked by the

Bolsheviki from the north and the Turks from the south, and were overpowered. In the words of Lord Bryce, "the Turks once again know that they can massacre a million Christians with impunity, and then claim that there is no reason for liberating a land where no Christians exist."

All that the Turks now needed was a strong leader to gather these guerilla troops into an army. That leader soon appeared in the person of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, a member of the notorious Young Turk party, and during the War commander of the Turkish Third Army Corps at Sivas. So many Turks rallied to his Nationalist army that Kemal was able to defy the Allies, and to establish a provisional government at Angora, which professed loyalty to the person of the Sultan of Constantinople, but repudiated his foreign-ruled government, and refused to abide by the Treaty which had been signed with the Entente.

For, in the meantime, the Peace Conference had moved to San Remo, and there the patient diplomacy of Venizelos had at last won over the Allied statesmen to draw up the Treaty of Sèvres, which was finally presented to Turkey on May 11, 1920. By the terms of this Treaty, Armenia was created into an independent nation, whose boundaries President Wilson was asked to determine. Greece was given Thrace and most of the coast of Anatolia except for the city of Smyrna, left nominally under Turkish suzerainty, with the option of a plebiscite after five years. Constantinople remained under the Sultan, but subject to Allied control conditionally on the Turkish fulfillment of the Treaty. France was confirmed in her mandate over Syria, while England retained the mandate over Palestine, Arabia and Mesopotamia.

"Turkey will never again trouble Europe," were the solemn words of the European politicians who affixed their signature to the covenant. When the Turkish Government refused to sign, the Allies replied with an ultimatum, which has been called one of the most startling indictments ever presented against any nation. By this ultimatum, Turkey was compelled, under threat of losing Constantinople itself, her last foothold in Europe, to sign the Treaty of Sèvres, on August 10, 1920.

Though the hopes of Greece were yet far from being realized, she was the chief beneficiary by this Treaty. But again,

as at the armistice, no strong measures were taken to enforce the terms, and the Allies seemed unwilling to allow Greece a free hand in carrying out the Treaty. It was soon found that the words which Trotzky had written on the walls of the old Jesuit College at Brest-Litovsk, where the Russo-German Treaty was signed, were applicable also to the Treaty of Sèvres: "Neither war nor peace," was the result. The situation was suddenly complicated for the Allies, by the Greek elections of December 5, 1920, which took on the character of a complete ostracizing of the Premier, Venizelos, in the classical manner; and there was an overwhelming popular vote for the restoration of Constantine, the Kaiser's brother-in-law, to the throne of Greece. This was gall and wormwood for the Allies.

At once France and Italy initiated measures to have the Treaty of Sèvres set aside, and began to give more active support to the Turkish Nationalists. A conference was called at London on February 21, 1921, to revise the Treaty. By the new terms adopted, Smyrna and most of the Asiatic littoral were given back definitely to Turkey, with other concessions, at the expense of Greece, that were to make Turkey again a considerable military and naval power. The result is well known. Greece flatly refused to accept the new terms, declaring that the final settlement had already been made, and that she alone was ready, with an army at her disposal, to enforce the original covenant as signed by England, France, Italy, Greece and Turkey. The Greeks were in a fever of excitement. Constantine called three new classes to the colors, and the response was enthusiastic and prompt. Early in March a vigorous campaign against the Turkish Nationalists was begun, regardless of all the warnings of the Allies. But, by the middle of April, the campaign was over. Disaster had met Greece in the battle of Eski-Shehir and the evacuation of Ismid. And yet, dark as the situation then was, when the Allies came forward, on June 8, 1921, offering to intervene on the basis of the revised Treaty, Greece held firm, and absolutely refused to reconsider the original covenant.

Suddenly the whole situation underwent a swift change. What the outside world saw was an amazing revival of morale in the Greek army and people. Constantine went to the front and assumed command. Somehow, many new

troops were equipped and organized. From somewhere, fresh supplies and ammunition began to pour into the Greek lines. A magnificent offensive was begun early in July, and by the middle of the month the Turkish army was all but crushed, and the way left practically open to Angora. But what had really happened? Word had come to the Allied premiers of the daring game that Kemal was really playing. Successful alliances with the Bolsheviki of Moscow, and with the Moslem leaders of Afghanistan and Mesopotamia, for a concentrated Russo-Turkish drive on Constantinople—this was a danger far more threatening to the interests of Europe than tolerating Tino as King of Greece. Hence the sudden outpouring of British support, and the recent victory, which brought the Greek army to within fifty miles of Angora, has given Greece control of the whole of Asia Minor south of the Sea of Marmora, and now leaves her, apparently, in a position to claim Constantinople itself. "The Great Idea" of Greek national aspirations seems at last near realization, and Byron's words have again proved true:

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!

Meanwhile events had been moving in other parts of the Near East. Syria for many months continued in turmoil and uncertainty, but the strong, efficient leadership of General Gouraud gradually brought confidence and order. The development of orderly government was only once seriously interrupted, by the adventure of Emir Feisal in Damascus, about which we must speak presently. Roads and railways are being constructed, and the industries of the country, notably the cultivation of the silk-worm, have been reorganized. After several experiments, Syria was last June divided by General Gouraud into six autonomous districts united into a common federation, somewhat on the plan of the cantons of Switzerland. For a time, after-war conditions and high prices started a wave of emigration that threatened to cripple all attempts at economic revival; but early in the present year the French High Commissioner put a complete stop to the exodus, and the passage of the American immigration law last June removed most of the danger from this quarter. It is gratifying to note that since the Armistice and through all the uncertainties

of the political situation, the patriotic Catholic clergy proved to be the strongest element for stability, giving whole-hearted support to the French administration in its efforts at reconstruction. Happily, Syria has now started on its way to a revival of prosperity. French schools and missions are operating in every part of the Lebanon and in Cœle-Syria, and in Beirut the Jesuit University has re-opened its classes in College and Preparatory Departments, as well as in Seminary, Medicine and Law. But at present the one disquieting element in the religious situation in Syria comes from the tremendous impetus, since the War, given to French Masonic influences, and to American Protestant activities centring at the American College of Beirut.

But affairs of a far more complicated nature have occupied the British in the Near East. There had been before the War, two distinct departments concerned with this region: the India Office, operating through Bagdad, and the London Foreign Office, operating through Cairo. The latter began early in the War to develop a plan for a vast Arab empire centring at Mecca, to take the place of Turkey. This plan comprises the famous Sherifian Policy, so called because the empire was to be built around the family of the Sherif of Mecca, Ali-Hussein, the guardian of the Holy Places of Islam and a descendant of the Prophet. Hussein was to be made King of the Hejaz, while his sons were to be advanced to subordinate positions of power: the Emir Feisal as ruler in Damascus, Emir Abdullah in Bagdad and Emir Said in Kurdistan; while a fourth son, Emir Ahmed, was to remain as Heir-Apparent at Mecca. Even during the War the Sherifian Policy was fairly on the road to realization. Hussein declared a Holy War against the Turks, and was at once recognized by England as King of the Hejaz; and when, in the spring of 1918, Damascus was taken by Allenby's army, the Emir Feisal and his officers were hustled in Ford cars to take possession, and give him, in the eyes of the Arabs, the glory of capturing the city. Shortly afterwards was enacted the farce of a Syrian Congress, which elected Feisal King of Syria. Meanwhile, steps were taken to install Abdullah and Said in their assigned places.

But all three plans were broken up. Damascus being within the traditional sphere of influence of France, Gouraud's

army promptly stepped in and expelled Feisal; while affairs in Mesopotamia and Kurdistan proved to be far too unsettled for the success of the other parts of this interesting programme. Other complications ensued. The powerful chief of the Nejd-Hasa, a much more important personage among the Arabs themselves than Hussein, renewed an old quarrel with the latter and attacked the Hejaz from the east, and was only prevented from capturing Mecca by the warnings of the British Government; Mustapha Kemal, of course, was utterly opposed to the Sherifian plan; but what was far more serious, the entire Moslem population of India and Mesopotamia declared a boycott against Hussein, because he was unable of himself, without the aid of the foreigner, to guard the holy places of Islam. As a result of this boycott, the famous pilgrimage to Mecca was this year, for the first time in generations, completely discontinued. Then again, in England itself, popular sentiment, led by Herbert Asquith, began clamoring for the abandonment altogether of a mandate which was costing the taxpayers nearly five hundred million dollars a year.

Late last spring, Lloyd George felt it was time to take active measures to straighten out the tangle. His first step was to abolish the dual control of the India Office and the Foreign Office, and a new bureau, the Middle East Department of the Colonial Office, was created, with Winston Churchill at its head, to take control of affairs in Arabia, Palestine and Mesopotamia. Churchill went to the East to investigate conditions, and on his return, in June, announced to Parliament that the Government had definitely adopted the Sherifian Policy, by advancing subsidies both to Hussein and to Ibn Saud, establishing Abdullah in the newly created State of Trans-Jordania, and promising support to Feisal for the throne of Iraq, as Mesopotamia is now to be called. Feisal has since been invited to Bagdad, and installed as king.

All this time France was watching with undisguised alarm the progressive unfolding of the Sherifian plan: it meant a danger to her own policy in the East. The tension between the two Powers has become daily more acute. Churchill, in the same speech in Parliament, attempted to reassure France, declaring that the Sherifian Policy was itself for France's best interests, and that the only hope of a peaceful settlement of

the Near East problem was for France and England to co-operate.

Nor has the situation in Palestine been entirely *couleur de rose* for the British Premier. It will be recalled that, early in the War, Jewish activities were organized for a united drive on the Allied Governments to secure the reestablishment of the Jewish nation, and Britain, in 1917, definitely committed herself to the realization of Zionist aspirations. The Balfour Declaration then made it clear that Palestine was to be made a national home for the Jews. After the conquest of Palestine, military rule soon gave way to a complete civil administration under Sir Herbert Samuel, a Jew, and the task of actuating the Balfour Declaration was at once begun. By the spring of 1920, some ten thousand had immigrated into Palestine and were absorbed on farm areas or in gainful industries. They arrived with a plentiful supply of ready money in gold, and were guided by an efficient organization, whose headquarters are at Haifa, the chief seaport of modern Palestine. They easily tempted the Arab landholders to give up some of the best holdings in the territory; while in the towns Arab merchants soon found themselves forced out of business by Jews who sold the same goods at half the price. Even at present the Arabs are leaving for the interior at the rate of some forty or fifty families a day. Their leaders at last were awakened to the real meaning of the movement; and a widespread conspiracy was set on foot, and is still operating, to thwart the incursion by every means, fair or foul. Placards were posted in Jerusalem, calling on the Moslems to "arise, and make of Jerusalem a national cemetery instead of a national home for the Jews." There were serious riots, in the Holy City at Easter time, 1920, and in May of this year at Jaffa, Haifa and the large new Jewish colony of Petah-Tikvah. Their evident object was to terrify and intimidate the Jews, and to make the Jewish programme impossible.

So serious was the situation that in June the High Commissioner gave orders to suspend immigration altogether; more rigid regulations were made; and a new declaration of policy was given out with the purpose of conciliating the Arabs. But the Arab Congress at Haifa organized a delegation, which went to London to protest against the whole Zionist scheme. Nor have Christians all this time remained indiffer-

ent to the menace which Zionism involved. Energetic protests from all parts of the world were finally, on June 14, 1921, crystallized in the solemn declaration of Pope Benedict XV., who, in his Allocution of that date, reiterated still more plainly a warning he had given to the Powers two years before. The Pope declared:

The situation in Palestine not only is not improved, but has been made worse by the new civil arrangements which aim, if not in their authors' intentions, at least in fact, at ousting Christianity from its previous position to put the Jews in its place. We, therefore, warmly exhort all Christians, including non-Catholic Governments, to insist with the League of Nations on the examination of the British mandate in Palestine.

The English Government forbade the publication of this Allocution in Palestine. It is seldom that the Holy Father has spoken so openly of any one nation; yet his outspoken language in this case seems but to represent a universal Catholic opposition to the present aims of Zionism. It is well to understand that there is even stronger opposition from the ranks of Jewry itself. Influential and well-informed Jews, both in Europe and America, are declaiming against the folly of the whole movement. The word is not a haphazard one. Henry Morgenthau calls the Zionist plan "the most stupendous fallacy in Jewish history." Impressive figures are adduced to prove its final impracticability, and though Jewish wealth and British protection have made a start really possible, the whole scheme is doomed to failure because it is "economically unsound, politically impossible and spiritually inadequate." Baron Rothschild's comment, made long before the Palestine campaign was over, is typical of the present attitude of many Jews: "Yes, I am for a Jewish republic in Palestine, if they will make me perpetual ambassador at London."

But by far the most hopeful sign in the present situation in the Near East lies in the possibilities that are now open for the spread of the Faith. The oppressive restrictions of Turkish misrule are gone forever. Missionary activity and active propaganda, which up to this time were rigorously proscribed in Turkey, can now be undertaken. Had the Allies acted with decision at the close of the War, who knows what progress would have been made in these three years? But even now,

with this late beginning, the brightest hopes may be entertained for the now easily attainable reunion of large numbers of the Oriental Churches with the See of Peter, and the evangelization of the non-Christian elements. But affairs are still in a chaotic condition in large sections of the Near East. And, while all praise is due to the heroic efforts of the Near East Relief organization, whose workers are in the field combating disease and bravely attempting to save whole populations from starvation, Catholics cannot be indifferent to the danger that other agencies, Protestant for the most part, will take hold when the Near East Relief organization withdraws, and start the same unscrupulous proselytizing which aroused such stern criticism in France and Italy.

But we can rely again on the watchful care of the bishops and clergy of the land to give timely warning. The Holy Father has shown himself keenly alive to the immense possibilities for good in the present conjuncture of affairs in the Near East; and besides making the friendliest advances to the heads of all the Oriental Churches and raising one of their great Patriarchs, St. Ephrem, the Syrian, to the dignity of Doctor of the Universal Church, Pope Benedict has inaugurated active plans for the reorganization and restoration of Eastern Catholicism. In pursuance of these plans, various eminent prelates have been selected to visit Europe and the United States, in order to organize the faithful for the support of the Churches of their homeland, and at the same time to study conditions abroad with a view to establishing, on their return, needed reforms and improvements. Thus between the lines of the restless and pitiful story of the Near East we may read God's message of hope.

In conclusion, we can but touch briefly on other sections of the Near East, which it is impossible now to speak of in detail, and to survey the situation in general. Palestine, as we have seen, is passing through a crisis that is altogether an anomaly and a vexation to all concerned. Armenia and the adjoining nations of Georgia and Azerbaijan are still helpless under the chaos of Soviet and Turkish rule; to the north of them, the terrible Russian famine stalks across the border; cholera has lately invaded the region, and winter is on—adding still deeper shadows to the gloom that has so long hung over that unfortunate region: so true is it that war's after-

math inflicts untold sufferings on victims utterly innocent of its cause. In Arabia disorder still holds sway, though King Hussein retains his title and two of his sons are established in power. Assyria is now a Republic, under British mandate, and with a woman, the Lady Surma, as its first President. Egypt continues to seethe with unrest, and was last year on the point of forcing from England the concession of autonomy; but the final decision was put off, as was said in Parliament, till the Irish question should first be settled. Syria alone appears to be moderately peaceful, under the French mandate, and well on the way to prosperity.

There is no concealing the fact that all these nations are now awake and marching to ultimate independence, which many of them believe to be very near. They understand the motives of greed and selfishness and jealousy that have too often actuated European dealings with them and their countries; and they will not, as in the past, tamely submit to foreign dominance. Now, as never before, there is need of infinite tact and patience on the part of European statesmen. Momentous possibilities hover in the air over the entire Near East—for religion and for civilization. These nations are not in any real sense a backward people. They were once the vanguard of progress. And if centuries of oppression and physical violence and the moral degradation of their alien conquerors have coerced and restricted them in every field of legitimate endeavor, the very fact that they have survived to see the opening of this new era, shows that the Greek, the Armenian and the Syrian and, to a certain extent, the Arab people, are not only sincere in their eagerness, but able also, to take once again their old, honored places in the march of civilization.

It behooves the Briton and the Frank to make haste, and to put an end to the intolerable chaos and the sickening miseries that have piled up as a result of their unfortunate policy of indecision. Settle the Near East Question definitely and wisely, and give us peace: else there is no prophet daring enough to foretell all the dreadful havoc that is yet in store. "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

WHEN THE GODS DIED.

A GALLERY OF FOUR PICTURES.

BY C. M. WAAGE.

I.

THE GODS.



EARS, fraught with unrest and dismal forebodings, had passed over Norway's land. A century before Harald, the Fairhaired, had bargained the submission of many kings for the love of a woman, when Gyda had stipulated that the only way to win her heart and her hand would be for Harald to make himself supreme ruler in Norway. Then he had gone forth to conquer, and kings and mighty earls had been forced to leave home and country and had sought new fields in Iceland, in the Orkney and Shetland Islands, had gone to Ireland, where, as the Finngalls, they had fought the Dubhgalls or Danes, or they had settled on the shores of Normandy, whence they were destined within another century to emerge for the invasion and conquest of Britain. Some few chiefs had remained independent in spite of Harald and the wars for supremacy, carried on by his successors. Their "fylkes," or domains, had been too secluded to be reached by the conqueror; or their resistance, aided by natural conditions, had been so bold, that shielded, as they were, by natural environments, they had been left alone, considered, probably, of too small importance to be worth the price of war.

Among such isolated chiefs was Gunnar of the Ref. He belonged to the men of the Fjords, the most daring of Norse vikings. Through the narrow inlet from the sea, framed on either side by sheer and towering cliffs and guarded on the outside by dangerous reefs, the men from this part had for generations made their exit, when starting out on viking raids or for commercial purposes, steering towards the islands of Hjatland, south past Scotia, then coasting the lands of the

Franks and the Moors, passing through Njörve Sund, as they called the Strait of Gibraltar, and eastward through that mighty island sea which bore them to many a coast of unknown mysterious lands, from which they had brought back rare and costly booty.

In this isolated place, Gunnar had lived all his life, as did his ancestors for generations back, that is, when not sailing the seas, for he had himself been a viking of great renown. Here he had married a maiden from the uplands, who had borne him a daughter, whom they called Astrid. Then his wife had died and the girl had been left to the care of Gunnar's sister. She had grown into womanhood, living her simple life where the waves of the fjord lapped the shores of the verdant valley, and her home was the only place she knew on the bright earth.

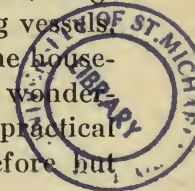
Gunnar had built a house of rough hewn rock. Warm and snug it was in the winter, when the tempest blew over the little valley, lashing the waters of the great ocean outside and sending them thundering over the reefs, until they rolled like huge white mountains into the otherwise tranquil fjord. Ægir's horses, they taught Astrid to name them. They were the horses Ægir, the god of the great waters, rode in his merry chase, laughing at the tempest, and Astrid wondered at their grandeur and their might, when the tide rose and carried them far into the fjord.

She had sat of winter's evenings near the huge log fire that burned in the centre of the hall, sending its volumes of smoke through a hole in the roof, and had listened to her elders telling curious tales of the Lapp-folk, who knew witchcraft. Had not Snefrid, the Lapp-girl, turned the head of the great King Harald? And had not another, Gunhild, done the same thing with his son, Erik? This happened long years ago, and she wondered whether there were still Lapp-girls and what they looked like. She felt sure there were trolls within the mountains and sprites within the waters that tumbled in splashing torrents over the mountain sides. For did not the trolls forge the swords and shields for the Asa-gods and the fallen heroes who lived with them in Valhalla, and had she not heard the voices of the sprites singing through the roar of the waters? When the winter gale bore down upon the valley and carried the snow upon its invisible wings, she

had heard the cries of elves and spirits, that human eye could not see, yet the human heart could feel the terror of them. And Thor, that majestic god who drove through the heavens, throwing his hammer amidst the Jotuns, the evil powers—had she not heard the chariot thundering through the clouds with a noise that terrified her as echo was calling to echo from mountain to mountain? Had her own eyes not beheld Mjölner, Thor's glittering weapon, traversing the sky in sweeping zig-zags, sometimes rending a mighty forest tree or killing cattle, when a Jotun had taken refuge behind them?

As Astrid grew up these pictures assumed a more definite form in her mind. They became the fabric out of which was woven her faith in the unseen, her hopes and her aspirations. The strength and poetry of the Asa-myths gripped her young soul. Naturally, as she grew older, certain myths forced themselves to the front in her imagination. The story of Freya, the goddess, ruling in Folkvang, impressed her deeply. She shed tears when she contemplated Sigyn holding the cup over Loke, as he lay chained to the rock with the serpent dropping its venomous poison upon his head from above. Then, when the cup was full and Sigyn turned to empty it, the venom struck the tortured body and in his agony Loke shook it, so that the earth trembled. But nothing that had ever been told of the Asa-gods so appealed to her as did the account of Baldur's fate, when killed, not in battle as he ought to have been, but from ambush, by the assassin's shaft. Then Baldur could not share in the joys of Valhalla, but must descend to Hela. They placed his body upon a burning ship and pushed it out to sea; but Nanna, his wife, leaped into the lurid flames that she might follow him even down into the shadow land. With the women of the North faithfulness unto death was esteemed the highest virtue, and so Astrid treasured the myth as a sublime inspiration.

When the men were at home other tales were told, tales of foreign lands, of wonderful adventures, of strange people and daring deeds. Costly presents would be unfolded, magnificent costumes for the women, ornaments, drinking vessels, plates and platters of gold and silver, fine linen for the household, drapery of splendid hues, shields and weapons, wonderfully wrought, to hang upon the walls or for more practical purposes, and a hundred other things, not seen before but



much admired and wondered at by the women and the older men, whom advancing years or infirmities had kept at home.

Among the latter was Gunnar himself. Though not far past middle age, he had for some years past stayed at home, when the younger men that he used to lead had taken wings for distant countries. Wounds and the physical imperfections that come from exposure had prevented his leaving home except on short excursions, when he went up the coast to attend the annual "ting," where the chiefs from the various parts assembled to discuss matters of common importance.

Meanwhile, his fleet had been directed by Alf, his younger brother, while Leif, Alf's foster son, a youth of uncommon presence and great renown for seamanship and intrepid valor, had commanded his own vessel, a magnificent craft with a gilded prow like a dragon's head rising high and defiant from the waters. It had a half deck fore and aft, along the gunwale hung glittering shields, and it was thirty-benched, with two men to each oar, and a total crew of over two hundred men. When the wind was fair, they set the mast and hoisted the immense sail, and then the ship would cleave the waves like a frightened doe fleeing over the forest meadow.

Leif had been reared at the Ref. When he was still an infant his mother had died, and his father had fought in distant Bjarneland on Gandviken, now known as Archangel, and there he received his death wound. Then Alf, who had shared his father's hardships in the frozen North, had taken the boy as his own, and he had grown up at the Ref, being, in fact, the childhood's companion of Astrid, though older than she by a few years.

No wonder, then, that Astrid, when she pictured to herself the viking hero of her native land, pictured him as Leif. His stately and muscular figure had grown into splendid proportions through athletic exercises from his very childhood. Often she had watched him fighting the eagle, hanging with one hand to the ledge of the towering crag and battering with a club in the other hand the king of birds, from whose nest he daringly extricated the coveted eggs. This was but a boyhood's prank, but, as he grew older, he showed himself far above his companions in all manly sports.

No mountain buck was more agile on its feet than Leif; his aim was so true that his arrow never missed and his

strength so great that he could speed it to goals far beyond the ordinary reach of the archer. At sea, he could handle the steering oar singly, when it would require two strong men to keep the prow to the wind, and he had been known to brave the waters with his armor on and keep himself afloat till assistance reached him, albeit the rest of the crew went down with the sinking vessel.

Since he got command of Gunnar's vessel, Leif had brought many precious gifts to Astrid from far foreign shores. To her wardrobe he had added costumes of rare material, rich in color and texture; to her ornaments costly gems, to her household goods white linen of rare fabric. Nobody ever spoke of the betrothal of Astrid and Leif, but nobody ever thought of them in any other relation, and as for themselves, they intended that the marriage feast should be held after Leif's next return from abroad, when he intended to turn from the sea to agriculture, an art which had of late come considerably into vogue.

With this intention in view, he had built a great house of mighty logs close to Gunnar's hall. It had two fireplaces within and seats along the side walls. There was a private chamber for himself and Astrid and there were beds in the four corners of the hall. The walls were hung with rare tapestry and the windows, made from the membrane of animals, admitted the light of day. The gables were richly ornamented, and over the door beam runes had been carved for good luck and also the welcome which is spoken in the "Elder Edda:"

Fire needs he
Who enters the house
And is cold about the knees—
Food and clothes
The man is in need of
Who has journeyed over the mountain.

II.

THE BOAST OF THE GODS.

It was midwinter solstice in the northlands. They called it Yuel, because the word signified a wheel, and the seasons had once more revolved to a point, the most momentous in the year, when the long nights would begin to shorten and

brighter days were in store. Though sometimes it took months to bring about, yet everybody knew that the time was approaching when the rills would again leap unfettered through the meadows, when the migrating birds would return from the South and bring with them the warm breath of sweeter climes, when the grass would sprout again and the cuckoo would tell lovers the number of years they should dwell together. "Baldur's return from Hela," they said. Life renewed, for life might slumber for a while, but it must awake again, and even the embrace of Hela had to loosen, when the ransom was paid and Baldur arose once more. No wonder, then, that the people of the North rejoiced at this season and gathered together in festive mood to pledge one another renewed friendship, and over the hospitable board speak of the past and plan for the future.

Outside, the sun was shining brightly. It was what they called a ringing frost, and the word was well chosen, for so clear and pure was the atmosphere that man's footfall upon the hard black ground, or the slight, crunching noise when he stepped over the frozen snow, sounded afar off and gave notice of the approaching traveler. Up over the mountains the snow lay like soft dunes; it covered the pine trees and forced their branches earthward. In spots the green needles seemed to have thrown off the white mantle, and occasionally a belated cone, not yet fallen from its branch, added its sombre color to the glitter, which, like a million precious jewels, sparkled in the rays of the winter sun. The rills in the meadow below were silent, harnessed by the ice, and, like gigantic stalagmites, the frozen waters in the walls of the mountains threw back the reflection in a variety of colors as the light from above played upon the opalescent shafts.

Over the surface of the snow, the nimble foot of the hare and the fox had left their imprints in thin straight lines, traversing the landscape in different directions, but there were other tracks, somewhat larger and heavier, where the wolves had come down in packs from the dark forest to prey upon stray cattle or sheep, which might have escaped the byre in which they were kept during the winter months. On the roofs gathered the hungry house sparrows, knowing, as they did, the habit of the people of the North to feed them when the rigid winter made it hard to gather food.

Within the hall of the Ref the feast was on. Gunnar sat in the high seat at the head of the table and along the sides were most of the men, belonging to the Ref, both those who had returned from the raids with the approaching winter and were now waiting for the fairer season and new adventures, and also those who, at the lower end of the table, represented the menial staff of the household, some of them slaves, brought as captives from foreign land, but all treated as members of one large family. At another table sat the women, presided over by Astrid, and here also the seats had been distributed according to the rank and position of those present.

The huge log fire in the centre of the hall added to the lighting of the scene as well as to the warmth. It threw its glare upon the walls, and was reflected from many a gleaming weapon upon the table and danced in the shining curves of costly vessels; it sent sparks toward the ceiling that sometimes caused some cautious person to leave his seat and adjust the pile of logs, it sent volumes of smoke through the outlet above, that carried with them the scent of savory viands.

Through it all, an incessant interchange of speech was going on. Every now and again a youth would call out some bantering remark to one of the young women only to receive a prompt counter from the maiden addressed; and there was much laughing and jesting as the feast progressed, while sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks bespoke the enjoyment of the company.

Near the high seat sat the foremost men among those present, Alf on Gunnar's right hand and next to him Leif. With them the entertainment appeared to have a somewhat different import. The merry jesting of the rest found only an occasional response with this little circle of more serious men, who were discussing among themselves matters of greater significance. Naturally, Gunnar spoke as the leader. His words were listened to with profound respect, the older men nodding their bearded heads in silent assent, the younger ones giving vent to their approval in a more boisterous manner by loud acclamation and knocking with clenched fist or perhaps with some heavy goblet the oaken plank of the table.

"These are evil days," said Gunnar. "Evil days for Norway and for all these parts. Men are mocking the gods and turning away from them. Those who live in foreign lands

despise them altogether. Some have no gods at all, others call upon a new god, who has come from far off Jorsalaland, they say. They say he is mightier than all the Asa-gods put together—but that cannot be.”

“Has he drunk wisdom from Mimer’s well, like Odin?” asked one.

“Can he cleave the heavens with lightning, like Thor?” demanded another.

“Or sound the Gjaller horn like Heimdal, so that the whole world may hear it?” from a third.

“Twelve Asa-gods rule the world,” said Gunnar. “How could one god do it alone?”

The old men shook their heads. How could he? There were men and women in this world, there were the waters and the dry land, there was love and there was war, there was the grain in the fields and the forging of weapons—and one god to direct all these and a hundred other things—it was impossible! Somebody laughed aloud and others followed. It became part of the general mirth.

“There is a great chief somewhere in the Southlands,” said Alf. “They call him Otho. He came north and made King Harald of Denmark pledge fealty to the new god, and then the King forced Haakon, the Earl of Norway, who had helped him in battle, to do likewise. He sent Haakon back to Norway accompanied by men with shaven heads and long beards, dressed in long cloaks and wearing ropes around their waist, that they may tell the men in Norway all about the new god.”

“And did they?” someone asked.

“No,” said Alf. “The Earl slew some of them and sent the rest back to the King of Denmark. ‘No one must mock the Asa-gods where I rule!’ he said, and made an offering to Odin.”

Again they laughed.

“There is a country far to the south, further than I have ever been myself, but I have heard of it,” said Alf. “They call it Romagna, and there, they say, dwells this god.”

“You mean: he still lives there in the land—whatever you call it?” ejaculated Gunnar in amazement.

“Yes!” said Alf. “They say he can never die.”

“How’s that?” queried one of the company. “Even the

Asa-gods must die, and this one never dies. That is impossible."

By this time the feast had reached a point, when certain semi-religious ceremonies were in order. No Yuel passed by but that the host of the feast would sprinkle the hall with the blood of some animal, dedicated to the gods before being slaughtered, and again, there was the promise to be made on Sonegalten, the sacred boar. This last ceremony was not only very ancient, but was also looked upon as an event of particular interest, for, when the animal, well groomed, was conducted into the hall, the men would rise, and those who desired to make special promise of some daring deed would place one hand upon the back of the animal and make an oath to that effect.

Gunnar had risen from his seat and strode toward the door, which he threw open. Then all rose from their seats, men and women, for the moment had come when they would pay respect to the Asa-gods who had so far preserved the independence of their existence, shielding them against the invasion of the usurper and protecting them against that mysterious power from distant lands, which was said to have conquered their gods in neighboring countries.

A loud call from Gunnar, which echoed on the still crisp air from the mountain sides, brought to the door a man who handed his master a silver urn of splendid workmanship containing the sacred fluid. It had been the custom in earlier days to sprinkle the blood over the walls of the hall and even over the guests, gathered within, but a greater refinement in custom and manners prohibited such an act, and Gunnar merely poured the blood from the urn in a few scattered places upon the hard clay floor, then he threw the rest into the blazing fire and returned the urn to the bearer.

Meanwhile, the door had been left open, and the bright sunlight from without silhouetted the opening in sharp outlines upon the floor. In this illumined spot the famous boar now appeared, conducted by two stalwart youths. It was, indeed, a magnificent animal. As it stood there in the full blaze of the sunlight, it might have been easily taken for the gold-bristled boar upon which Freyr, the god of the fruitful fields, was said to ride, or for one of those famous boars upon which the fallen heroes fed in Valhalla, which, slaughtered

for the day's supply, came to life again for the feast of the morrow. In truth, the boar in the Northlands was as sacred as the bull, Apis, was to the Egyptians of old or as the elephant is to the natives of other distant lands. This one was of immense proportions with large protruding tusks, ornamented with golden bands. Its bristles stood upright like a cropped mane upon the forepart of its back. A massive bronze ring had been placed in its snout, to which ropes were attached for the keepers to hold it. Its small vicious eyes blinked maliciously as it stood there, dazzled by the glare of the fire through the sombre twilight of the hall. No wonder that the maidens nearest the entrance timidly shrank further in the interior behind some of their companions, though the animal, apparently in perfect control of its keepers, made no attempt to advance.

Gunnar, who had returned to his place without taking his seat, now spoke: "Who is there among those here assembled," he said, "who will take the oath on Sonegalten and swear to do some daring deed of which all men shall speak?"

He had scarcely finished when Leif stepped forward. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes glittered defiantly and his broad chest heaved like the long swell of the sea. He seized his sword, which had been hanging on the wall above him, and, dipping it deliberately into one of the little pools of blood left on the floor, he placed his left hand on the back of the boar, and, raising his sword, he spoke boldly, albeit his voice trembled a little with inward emotion:

"You men of the Ref," he said, "have all heard of the White God, who rules far in the south and defies the Asa-gods. We have been told that he dwells in Romagna, whence he sends forth his sorcerers, that they may do their evil deeds and crush even Thor in all his might. I swear to you at this hour with my hand upon Sonegalten and the point of my sword dipped in the sacred blood, that I will find this Romagna, find the White God and pierce him with this sword or bring him back, a captive, that we may offer him to Odin. I have spoken."

He returned to his place and seized his goblet: "To this undertaking I pledge you this toast. Skaal!" he said and emptied the goblet.

A tremendous tumult followed. The men stamped their

feet upon the floor or beat it with heavy weapons, raising their beakers with uplifted hands and spilling much of the contents ere it reached the lips to be drained to the last drop. Loud calls of approbation rose from both men and women, and for a while pandemonium reigned. Leif alone stood calm and silent. Gunnar threw his arms around the strong shoulders of the youth and others followed his example. Women approached him and tugged at his tunic to let him know of their admiration. But Astrid stood aloof. She remembered other similar scenes, when men had sworn on the boar to do great deeds, and had gone to sea with unswerving courage and a brave following, but had never returned to tell the adventure. They had gone out to fight other men, but Leif had declared war upon a god, and there were bitter misgivings in her soul.

It was not to be wondered at that no one else offered himself for an undertaking after Leif's great promise. Many pledged themselves to be his companions or asked for the privilege, and long and loud was the talk and the noise at Gunnar's banquet, as the night closed upon the Yule-feast at the Ref.

III.

THE GODS SICKEN.

The welcome sun of early spring shot its tender rays upon the ancient city of Ravenna. Down from the vast primeval pine forests that were the pride of the province came every now and again a cool and fragrant breeze, that raised the dust on the Via Cæsarea, and sent a slight ripple over the dark blue waters of the Adriatic as they lapped the quays of Classis, the seaport of Ravenna. Here ships from all known parts of the world were at anchor, and seafaring men of many nations surged in a colorful throng from their landing places up along the famous highway towards the great city of the Romagna.

Ravenna, emerging from a misty past with no record of her birth and the names of her founders buried in oblivion, was in those days a city of much importance. Her architecture—Roman, Greek and Byzantine—pointed to the vicissitudes which had made her history, and the magnificent churches with their rich monuments spoke of the great part she had taken in the service of Christendom. She was, indeed, one of the foremost cities in the Christian world.

The city was dotted with pretty gardens. On this spring day many of the early flowers had unfolded their buds, and their petals were eagerly inhaling the sun-tempered air, while the darker leaves of the laurel and the myrtle glistened in the lightsome day and orange blossoms began to unfold their delicate charms.

In one of these gardens, somewhat larger than the rest, opening upon a narrow lane, but in reality being part of the environment of a palatial mansion facing on a more pretentious street, stood a small cottage, which might have been erected there for the use of a gardener or a keeper of the property. Looking along a wide veranda, running the full length of one side of the structure, one perceived that this side was but a series of windows, all of them thrown wide open to admit light and air. The whole space within consisted of but one room, filled with innumerable mechanical devices, placed on tables, while on the wall opposite hung a variety of tools, such as mechanics might use. Bending over one of these tables, busy with some intricate piece of workmanship, stood a tall, athletic man of middle age; upon his broad shoulders a well proportioned head with soft pleasant features and large kindly eyes, set far apart. His eyebrows were marked, almost as if they had been artfully penciled, his general expression was genial, one might say benevolent, and his movements, as he adjusted or removed portions of the mechanism, were vigorous, showing energy and strength, although executed with great care, even tenderness. He wore a loose kirtle, open at the throat and fastened round the waist with a leathern girdle. The sleeves were short and displayed arms and hands, by no means those of the ordinary artisan, but the most striking feature about him was the crown of his head which, as he stooped, revealed plainly the bald spot of the tonsure, always worn by the priest. Indeed, this toiler in mechanical arts was a priest. He was known as Gerbert of Rheims, a friend of the young King Otho.

The genius of this man was considered phenomenal. His knowledge of theology was profound, and carried him eventually to the chair of St. Peter, which he occupied as Sylvester II. He had mastered mechanical arts and had constructed the most wonderful clock in the city of Madgeburg; he ranked high as a mathematician and had taught mathematics at

Rheims, and he was no stranger to medicine, being a student of Hippocrates and Galen. He had studied music as well, and was familiar with the keys of the famous Constantine organ in the Church of St. Corneille at Compiègne, and the organ builders of Venice had no better friend. He spoke many languages, for at Rheims and on his travels he had met men from Iceland in the far North, Arabs from the tropical South, men from the Orient and men from many parts of Europe, all in quest of knowledge. Only recently, he had been removed from his beloved France and was at this time Archbishop of Ravenna, an office high in the service of Rome.

As this singular person stood there, absorbed in contemplation of his work, he suddenly became aware that he was being watched, and, looking up, he saw at one of the open windows a man of noble stature, wearing a costly armor of glittering steel rings and leaning upon an immense sword, while he appeared to be contemplating the toiler within with a sense of curiosity. Versed as he was in the world's affairs, Gerbert immediately recognized in the stranger one of those Norsemen, who occasionally reached Ravenna for commercial purposes or paid visits to less settled districts of the coast with more sinister intent. There was something about the man's appearance which attracted him, so he made an inviting gesture with one hand, as he dropped his work, and, addressing the stranger in what was known as the "Danske Tunge," he bade him enter.

It has always been particularly pleasing to the human ear to hear one's native language spoken in a strange land, where the vernacular is merely a jumble of inarticulate sounds. Leif was no exception, for it was he who, after much voyaging and constant inquiry, had found his way by accident to this secluded spot. The sound of a language with which he was so familiar, the pleasing intonation of the well modulated voice that greeted him, the friendly and courteous manner in which the invitation was extended impressed him immediately, and he entered the workshop, where his host, with a hand clasp, bade him be seated, and presently the two men were in conversation.

"From Iceland?" queried Gerbert.

"Norway," answered Leif.

"You are a trader?"

Leif passed his hand over the hilt of his sword in a caressing manner.

"I do not barter," he said. "I have been roaming over two years now, in search of someone. I cannot find him."

"Looking for whom?" inquired his host.

"Up North we spoke of him as the White God. They say he is very strong and will conquer the world. Here in the South they call him Christ, I believe. Do you know him? Do you know where he dwells?"

This extraordinary statement, so frankly spoken, almost staggered Gerbert. He had come in contact with pagans from different parts at various times, but the stranger's speech puzzled him. However, prompted by a sense of curiosity, he asked:

"And when you find Him—what then?"

"I will slay him," said Leif. "Over two years ago I swore on Söregalten at the Yuel feast that I would go out and find him, and, having found him, I would slay him."

Gerbert could hardly conceal his amazement at this audacious speech. Yet, he curbed himself and, with an effort, he said in his usual pleasant manner:

"I know Him—I am His servant."

"I am not one who would ask a man to betray his master," said Leif, "but you tell him that whenever and wherever I meet him one of us must yield."

"That's fair," said Gerbert.

"And does he dwell in this city?" asked Leif.

"He dwells in this city and in every other city and in every hamlet and little cottage, where His name is known and honored."

"Then it is not true that he died?"

"He died and rose from the dead," said Gerbert.

"So did Baldur," rejoined the Norseman.

Gerbert looked at him thoughtfully. He was familiar with the myths of the North, and he knew the significance the one referring to Baldur would have upon this man's imagination. It was the one demonstration of eternal life, and it was a powerful one, for it came back to the worshippers of the Norse gods every succeeding year. But he also knew the argument of the Norsemen, when they contemplated the death of men, so he said with some force:

"Baldur died a foul death, so he must stay with Hela till the last day. But the Christ that I speak of faced His foe as they slew Him. Hence, Hela could not hold Him and He rose in three days."

"And where is he now?" queried Leif, becoming impressed.

Gerbert raised one hand towards heaven and laid the other upon the steel covered shoulder of his guest. "I will tell you of Him," he said. "You know that in Ragnarok all the Asa-gods must die, but have you ever listened to Hynda's lay?"

Leif merely nodded silently.

"Then you must remember what the Skald sings:

Then comes another
Yet more mighty
But Him dare I not
Venture to name."

Again Leif nodded, for he had heard the Skalds from Iceland recite the song.

"I will tell you His name," said his host. "His name is Christ. He is the One by Whom all men are called, Who died for all men and in Whom all men may rise from the dead to live for ever in eternal happiness."

He paused for a moment. Leif sat motionless, his two hands clasping the hilt of his sword and his head leaning upon them. He remained in utter silence, his eyes gazed into space like one in a dream.

Then Gerbert spoke again: "Five days hence," he said, "in yonder temple we celebrate the Risen Christ. Be there, that you may see us worship, and after that I will meet you in this place that you may tell me what you think."

The trees in the garden threw long shadows across the gravel walks, when Leif finally left his new-found friend, for he had to confess that he felt drawn towards this strange man. The sun was setting behind the pine forests and threw fantastic reflections upon the light clouds that rose like mist from the eastern horizon. The birds were bidding "good-night" in gentle notes, the fragrance of the sweet moist earth filled his nostrils, and strange filaments of hitherto unknown thoughts

were woven into life and whispered to his soul as he made his way towards the quay where his ship was moored.

* * * *

It was Easter morn. The grand old church of Sant' Apollinaris was rapidly filling with an eager crowd, anxious to show their devotion and to do honor to the Risen Saviour of mankind. Moreover, it had been announced that Gerbert, the famous Archbishop, who had but recently arrived from France, would sing Pontifical Mass and also address the congregation in their own language, of which he was said to be perfect master.

Through the windows in the upper story long shafts of light fell into the sombre twilight of the vast space and illumined the magnificent mosaics, wherever they happened to strike, or brought out in bold relief the delicate moldings of capitals and archivolts, which topped the marble columns dividing the central nave from the two aisles. The high altar was rich in decoration. Magnificent candelabra with long, arrow-like candles, already lighted, altar cloth of the finest texture, delicately embroidered; the floral offerings of many gardens, tastefully arranged in vases of exquisite workmanship; the artistry of the carver and the smith in wood and iron details—in fact, everything that human ingenuity had made it possible to express through art was there to add to the splendor of the occasion.

Leaning against one of the slender columns stood Leif. As usual, his hand rested upon his sword hilt, and his helmet was jammed under one arm, for though, on entering, he had kept it on, when he perceived that all men removed their head gear he had instinctively uncovered himself.

He looked in wonder upon this immense throng of worshippers, most of them kneeling in prayer upon the hard floor, for in those days bodily comfort and religious exercise did not unite and pews were not known. He noticed the expression upon uplifted faces, in them all humility, in some fervor, in others ecstasy, and he realized that something or somebody was present, that he had not yet perceived with his own senses, withal, a power that moved the throng in some inexplicable, intangible manner.

Suddenly, one long note of a trumpet was heard, and as it died away, sounds of music poured forth from the organ,

the like of which had never burst upon his ear before. Human voices joined in a magnificent chorus and down the nave came a procession, headed by a cross bearer and ending with—Leif had to ask himself whether he was awake or dreaming—that stately man at the end, wearing the mitre, the crozier in his hand and clad in the rich vestments of an Archbishop; blessing the kneeling people with a graceful movement right and left as he passed on—that man was in truth the artisan from the garden cottage by whose strange speech Leif had been so singularly impressed.

“He, the servant of this Christ!” thought Leif. “How powerful, then, must be his master, how rich, how wonderful!”

Little did he understand of what he witnessed, but his soul was filled with wonder. How different the melodious singing from the shouting of boisterous men, trying to outdo the thunder of Thor at the sacrifice! How sweet the fragrance of incense that floated through the space in comparison with the nauseating stench of burnt flesh! The grace and dignity of the priest at the altar impressed him. How different, when he lifted up his hand in solemn benediction, from the blood-stained hands of the priest in his own home! How soft and melodious his voice, when he spoke, how earnest his voice, when he addressed the throng!

Leif did not understand the language, but he did understand, without knowing, that behind the words spoken, there was a prompting voice of some mysterious, unseen one. When the service closed, he walked out as one in a dream. Still holding his helmet under his arm, he passed down the street, unconscious of his surroundings. Men and women turned to stare at him, wondering who this stranger might be; but he walked on until he reached the little gate in the lane, which led him into the garden, and, when Gerbert shortly after arrived, he found him seated on the edge of the veranda, his head between his hands, supporting his elbows upon his knees and his eyes fixed upon the ground, like one in deep thought.

IV.

THE GODS PERISH.

Behind Gunnar’s house a narrow trail took its beginning, zig-zagging up the mountain, leading by innumerable turns

and twists to a plateau, which gave a view, as far as the eye could reach, over the vast ocean that stretched into unknown regions, and showed the way to such distant lands as had already been explored by the men of the Ref and by other daring sailors of the North. There, too, was a bauna, a pile of pine logs ready to be lighted in answer to summons from other mountain peaks where similar baunas were installed, which in those days gave notice of approaching danger or announced important events, as the case might be.

When the weather permitted, Astrid had for many months past climbed almost daily to this plateau, spending perhaps hours there, scanning the sea that churned its broken waters over the reefs below, looking into the western horizon in the hope of seeing the returning dragon ship which should bring Leif back once more. There she had lived over again in painful daydreams the departure of Leif, when he set out over three years ago for a fair wind, spreading the mighty sail on which, with her own fingers and with the assistance of her maids, she had worked the hand of Thor, throwing his hammer, the lightning represented by long red streaks, making fantastic figures upon the white canvas. There she had invoked Freya, praying in her heart that the goddess would preserve Leif's love for her; and Thor, that he might give Leif victory; but the months had grown into years and Leif had not come back.

Every now and then men had returned from abroad, who had seen him on the coast of Scotia, which some called Erin, or further south, but even such messages had ceased to come, and her heart was heavy with fear.

"He will come back!" said the young men of the Ref, for they knew his courage, his resourcefulness and his superior seamanship, and, moreover, they wished to encourage the maid for whom they all had great affection.

Then, one morning, near summer solstice, Astrid perceived from her lofty station far away over the blue waters a large ship, steering for the Ref. Her heart leaped with joy, for she thought she could see the sunlight playing upon the painted dragon in the bow. Nearer still, and her keen eyesight beheld a figure in the sail that swelled in the summer breeze. But lo! Though it was surely Leif's ship, the sail—she looked again—there were no red streaks furrowing the white canvas;

instead a huge black, sinister looking cross had been painted on it, a cross, such as she remembered having seen on a smaller scale among the odd things brought home as curiosities from abroad.

Astrid leaped down the mountain trail in great excitement. Hope and fear blended within her soul. Would Leif be on board, and if so—why had he changed the sail that on the day of his departure had meant so much for both of them?

There was great stir on the Ref. Others had sighted the dragon ship and Gunnar had ordered a horse sacrificed to Odin that they might feast on the meat, and word had gone abroad, which soon brought men from different parts of the valley, eager to welcome the returning friends. As to the change in the sail, that might be explained in different ways. Nobody paid any attention to that except Astrid; when Leif came ashore he would tell them about it, and probably it would be a tale well worth listening to.

And now the boat had crossed the outside breakers. The sail had been hauled down and strong arms drew the bending oars through the water, making the dragon ship fly like an arrow from the narrow inlet into the smooth and tranquil fjord. Men shouted their welcome from the shore and were answered with lusty calls from the crew. Forward in the bow stood Leif, bareheaded, his long hair falling in curls over a leathern doublet, his face somewhat sterner than when he left, his hands waving greetings to those ashore, who, as the boat now neared the landing place, were eager to assist in the final task of making fast.

Leif was the first to leap ashore, and Astrid was the first whom he greeted. He took her in his arms and pressed her against his broad chest, whispering a word or two into her ear, and she forgot her misgivings and the fear she had felt.

Who can describe the many little scenes that were enacted at this happy reunion? There were other maids and other swains whose hearts beat as fast as did Astrid's at this home coming. There were friends and kinsmen whose greeting was no less hearty, there were mothers who had missed their sons these three long years; wives who had wondered whether widowhood were in store for them; sisters who were proud of returning brothers after an adventure so great. Human sentiment is ever the same. Love and hate came into the world

when the world was very young, and the men who braved the great seas in those days and knew no fear in the fierce battle, were subject to the same emotions that dominate their descendants of the present age.

Once more there was a feast in Gunnar's hall, but now it was midsummer. Most of the younger men were away, but such as chanced to be at home flocked to be present, happy at the return of their comrades.

Alf had gone to Iceland on a visit, so Leif held the seat on Gunnar's right, and all along the table the men, who had returned with him, were quizzed by the others and gave answer as to places they had visited and deeds they had done, praising one another and sometimes taking personal credit for some valorous act. Every now and then somebody would touch upon the strange worship they had witnessed and how Leif had made friends with a mighty priest, who spoke their own language. But Leif, alone, appeared silent and moody, and when the meat of the sacrifice was placed before him, he pushed it aside.

Then Gunnar spoke:

"What ails you?" he asked. "Scarcely a word have you spoken, and you spurn the sanctified meat. Did you not swear that you would go South and find the White God and that you would slay him or bring him back a prisoner? Now I perceive that you have forgotten your oath, or—it may be that you slew him in some distant land. But fain would we hear of your meeting, if so it be that, indeed, you met him."

"I met Him," said Leif, "and I have brought Him home with me; but not as a prisoner, for He conquered me."

"And how did it ever happen that the prisoner brought home the victor?" asked Gunnar, who seriously thought for a moment that Leif had lost his wits. "I take it," he added, "that the mead has been too strong for you or that the sun in the South has dulled your senses." Then, after a moment's pause, Leif remaining silent, he continued in a more cheerful tone: "Come Leif! Throw off whatever dismal thoughts may possess you and give the toast to the Asa-gods who have brought you back to Norway. Drink, I say, to Thor, in whose name you have fought."

The men around the table had heard Gunnar's speech, for it had been uttered in a loud and distinct voice, so that all

present might hear it. All now craned their necks. Those who had returned with Leif were well aware that a great change had come over him, and all were eager to learn what response he would make to Gunnar.

Then Leif rose to his full height. His head was thrown back and his eyes seemed fixed upon the rafters. Even though his face was weather beaten it seemed pallid in the gray light that came through the open door and windows, for the sky had grown leaden with threatening clouds, the harbingers of a storm. But his voice was calm and steady as he spoke:

"Men of the Ref," he said, "you may think ill of me for refusing the sanctified meat. You may despise me for refusing to drink to the Asa-gods, but you shall know the reason and, whatever your judgment, I will pay the penalty. I swore in this hall to find the White God, to slay Him or bring Him back with me, and I have brought Him back, but I am His slave and He is my Master. Against the White God no Asa-god can stand, for they are but like shadows and drifting clouds. The wisdom of Odin, the strength of Thor, the goodness of Baldur are as naught against His majesty, His power, His goodness. The name of that God is Christ, and He is my God. I drink to Christ!"

So saying, ere the astonished men and women, who had listened to him open-mouthed, barely understanding him, had realized the meaning of his speech, Leif emptied his cup, threw it on the floor and strode out of the hall.

Gunnar sat dumfounded. For many seconds, which appeared as so many minutes, no one spoke. The scene was one the like of which no one present had ever witnessed, nor ever expected. Great as was their admiration and friendship for Leif, they all understood that he had grossly offended. Then one cried out: "He denies the gods!" and immediately the cry was taken up in angry tones, while men rose from their seats and spoke and gesticulated in wrathful moods.

Suddenly a terrific crash was heard. The clouds, gathering around the mountain peaks, had let loose their mighty tongues and spoke in threatening thunder, echoing from mountain side to mountain side with a deafening roar, awe-inspiring, striking terror to their hearts. The women fell back into the interior of the hall, pale and trembling. Then men, in clusters, looked aghast and shouted still louder as they realized the sacrilege:

"The gods are angry! The gods are angry!" came the fierce chorus from many throats.

Meanwhile, Leif had repaired to his own house. In the little chamber, set apart for Astrid and himself, when she should be his bride, he had deposited some of his belongings, already brought ashore. He opened a small bundle and removed from it a cross upon which hung the image of the crucified Saviour of men. He knelt down, and with the cross lifted towards heaven his lips moved in prayer, for well he knew that the hour of the test had come.

A garish, blinding light flashed through the heavens and illumined the murky scene without. Another deafening crash followed, and then—

"His house is aflame!" they shouted. "Leif's house is burning—the gods will be avenged!"

For a little while the men stood in silent awe, clustered at the doorway of Gunnar's hall, while the flames surged in fantastic leaps around the wooden structure, which they speedily enveloped. Then a singular sight was revealed. In the midst of this seething furnace, holding in his hands the cross, stood Leif, his eyes lifted towards heaven, his arms stretched upwards. He did not appear to move. Calmly, he awaited the approach of the scorching flames, every now and then hidden by dense smoke that disclosed him again, in the same position, as it whirled away upon the breeze.

All of a sudden, a piercing cry was heard. Astrid had broken from the women, who were trying to hold back the frantic girl.

"Ye men of the Ref," she cried, "make way for Gunnar's daughter!"

Mechanically, the men stood aside, and through the narrow passage thus formed Astrid rushed forward, her hair streaming behind her, her hands in front, like one breasting a strong tide. Once in the open she made straight for the burning structure, and ere the astonished men could realize her intent, she had plunged into it.

For a moment the smoke curtained the scene. When again it lifted, they beheld her by the side of Leif. He had one arm round her waist, and the other was still lifted towards heaven, his hand firmly grasping the cross.

Horried, the men beheld them thus, standing like two

statues, motionless in the midst of the terror, while the flames were licking their clothes and help was beyond the scope of human endeavor. Suddenly the roof began to give way. A large portion fell down close by them, but as yet they stood like a group of hewn stone.

Then an agonized cry rent the air. Clinging to Leif with both hands round his neck as far as she could reach, Astrid called out: "Now rides Nanna with her Baldur to Hela!"

Leif once more straightened himself to his full stately height. He still held the crucifix aloft, but for a moment his eyes sought Astrid, and an expression of great tenderness passed over his face. Then looking towards heaven, he cried so that all could hear him: "No, no! Now rise two souls to the living Christ!"

There was another crashing sound of falling timber. Sparks flew upwards like spray from a fountain, the dense smoke hid the scene for a while, and when it had cleared away Leif and Astrid had passed from view, buried in the lurid wreck.

DISARMAMENT AND ARLINGTON.

(November 11, 1921.)

BY KATHRYN WHITE RYAN.

ONCE on a hill the dead God hung His head
Because men sinned.
After three days the stone rolled back its girth,
Peace walked the earth
Like a great wind.

Lord, on this hill is throned atoning Dead!
Let it befall
This present Resurrection Morn shall blow
War and its woe
Beyond recall!

THE TEXT OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

BY CUTHBERT LATTEY, S.J.



IN strictly Biblical studies, what is most fundamental is the text itself. Until we have the text, we cannot begin to study it. In reading most ancient authors a certain familiarity with textual criticism is a legitimate self-defence, for fear an editor should foist upon us his own private composition. Something of this kind there is in the Old Testament, but in the case of the New, it is perhaps even more the ancient scribes themselves of whom we need to beware—of that free lance who perpetrated the *Codex Bezaë*, and of that manner of copying that ended in the *textus receptus*, or rather (should we not now say?) *reiectus*. But of these things more in detail presently. Meanwhile, before we go further, it must be understood that what was said in a previous article on “The Study of Holy Scripture,” chiefly as regards the question of method, with especial reference to faith and authority, is here presupposed, because it is fundamental in the widest and most important respect of all.

As a matter of fact, the conclusions to be indicated in the matter of text, seem to be reasonably certain, apart from any theological argument, and in a course of strict apologetic would have to be considered in that light. Another point may also be worth immediate attention; from the point of view of textual criticism, both Old and New Testaments are unique, but that, strangely enough, for reasons in the main diametrically opposed to each other—the New Testament by reason of the abundance of the attestation the Old Testament by reason of the lack of it.

It is best to speak of the New Testament first, because the course of events is here more certain (though much must still be left doubtful), and also easier to follow. And here, again, it may help to give a brief sketch, so far as is relevant, of the history of writing and writing materials. The first and original copies of most of the New Testament writings were probably written on papyri, each on an independent roll, in dif-

ferent times and places. Greek papyri (from *papyrus*, through the French, comes our paper) are found from the end of the fourth century B. C. down to the ninth century A. D. This writing material was manufactured from the pith of the papyrus-plant, which of old grew plentifully in the Nile and the adjacent marshes. The pith was cut into thin strips, which were placed side by side, while another layer of strips was laid at right angles to the first; the whole was then pressed and glued together. The sheets would be from six to fifteen inches high, and would practically never exceed thirty feet in length, while they might be much shorter. The writing would in the first instance be on the side on which the fibre followed the length of the roll, called the *recto*; at need the *verso* might also be used.¹

Egypt was the chief centre of manufacture, and it is there that the papyri have survived, thanks to sand-burial and the very dry climate. Elsewhere they have almost wholly disappeared, the chief exception being offered by the calcined papyri of Herculaneum. Greek writing upon papyrus falls into two main classes: the literary or professional hand, for use in the transcription of books, and the non-literary hand, for use in business documents, private letters and what not. The distinction roughly corresponds to that between print and writing today. Literary papyri have a rudimentary equipment of accents, breathing and punctuation. The systematic study of papyri may be dated from the great find at Arsinoe in 1877 A. D.

The papyri shed a great light on the New Testament from many points of view, most of all perhaps from that of language, for they show that, in the main, New Testament Greek was the common Hellenistic speech of the time, thus bringing it out of its former apparent isolation. But here we are only concerned with textual criticism. St. Luke's Gospel and Acts would both require a roll of the maximum length in use; but some of the shorter epistles may have come to be written on the same roll. Short epistles, at all events, may have been dictated to educated amateurs, and in general early Christian copying would mostly be in the non-literary hand, though St. John's Gospel might well have been taken down by a professional scribe. The early transmission was probably not

¹ Cf. Apocalypse v. 1.

of the best, not being carried on through the regular book-trade, but by private individuals. The best copies, too, would be most eagerly sought out by the persecutors. Much corruption was inevitable, and this may well be one of the chief reasons of early divergences of text. In classical authors, similar private papyri have a worse text than vellum manuscripts of a thousand years later.

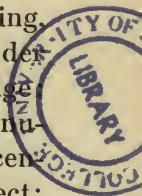
Towards the beginning of the fourth century A. D. the conversion of Constantine led to Christianity being recognized as the more or less official religion of the Empire. The Scriptures were multiplied with all the usual resources of writing, Constantine himself ordering fifty vellum manuscripts to be prepared, for the purpose of supplying his new churches with Bibles. It was, indeed, the Christian Church that made the vellum codex triumph over the papyrus, which now decline in number and quality, though still plentiful till the eighth century A. D. Vellum is skin prepared for writing on both sides, a far stronger material than papyrus. Hence it was far easier to bind it into a codex or book, even of a large size, and for this reason again the introduction of the codex probably contributed to the fixing of the canon of Scripture. It was now possible to include the whole Bible in one volume, and it therefore became an urgent necessity to decide what works should be included. Vellum also allowed of firmer writing, with thicker and heavier strokes, the more so because economy of room was no longer essential. Hence, the letters become larger, so as to be called "uncial" or "inch-long," although the term is in reality an exaggeration. The scribes go back for their models to the best ages of the papyrus hand, the first and second century A. D., not to that immediately preceding. Unfortunately, they practically drop punctuation and all other helps to reading, so that in this respect there is a complete break in the tradition. From now onwards the non-literary hand may be left out of account, being no longer a channel of transmission.

The uncial period of vellum manuscripts extends into the tenth century, but the increasing demand for books led to the uncial hand being found too cumbrous, as requiring too much space and time. By the ninth century a modified form of the running hand of everyday use had become literary, of which we find all the elements in the non-literary papyri of the

period immediately preceding. This is the minuscule hand: it is also called the "cursive" or running hand, because the minuscule hand lent itself readily to ligatures, connecting strokes, and came to have them more and more, whereas they are not found in uncial writing on vellum, though sometimes employed in uncials written on papyrus. Paper is introduced in this period; it appears to have been first imported into Europe in the tenth century,⁷ and first manufactured there in the twelfth. The best work continues to be done on vellum; it was the introduction of printing that secured paper the victory. The earliest and most beautiful productions of the printing press were Bibles; during the fifteenth century more than ninety editions of the Latin Bible were printed.

After this summary outline of the evolution of the writing process itself, it is needful to give another of the principles of textual criticism. The primary object of textual criticism is to discover what the original writer himself wrote or dictated, though in a wider sense the whole history of the text and everything that has immediate relation to the text falls within its province. The chief evidence consists of the various reproductions of the text, whether in whole or part, in the original language or in translations. Some accidental and preliminary processes must here be taken for granted. The scribe, for example, writes *laboraborabas*; we smile at his sleepiness, but accept him as a witness for *laborabas*. There are other kinds of mistakes equally superficial and easily verifiable, of which some amusing examples are given in Dr. Gow's *Companion to School Classics*. Spelling, again, is a study in itself, closely allied to that of pronunciation; but the spelling of a manuscript has little bearing upon its value for the reconstruction of the text.

The three main processes or stages of textual induction, at all events where the evidence is so abundant as is that for the New Testament text, lie in the consideration of reading, manuscript and genealogy. That is to say, we first consider the relative probability of rival readings of the same passage; next, as far as possible, we assign a relative value to manuscripts, according as they contain a larger or smaller percentage of readings in themselves more likely to be correct; thirdly, we endeavor to establish lines of descent and connection between manuscripts themselves so as to be able to impute



a better or worse character to each of these very lines of descent, and thus judge of a manuscript in part from its genealogy. And at each stage we note whether our previous results are being confirmed or shaken. By this systematic investigation the margin of uncertainty is reduced to a very small compass. The now famous dictum of Westcott and Hort that, mere trifles apart, the words still subject to doubt can hardly amount to more than a thousandth part of the whole New Testament, has never been seriously controverted, in spite of a fairly general feeling that they themselves have relied somewhat too exclusively upon a single manuscript, the *Codex Vaticanus* (B).

The general tendency of textual criticism has been to bring order out of chaos; and indeed it was no small commendation that Pope Pius X. bestowed upon the modern elaboration of this science, when in his letter to Cardinal (then Abbot) Gasquet, intrusting him and his Order with the revision of the Latin Vulgate (1907), he remarked that "this praise is certainly to be paid to the genius of the present times, that such investigations are carried on in such a way that no possible fault can be found with them."² The legitimate processes of textual criticism, based upon a scientific study of the documentary evidence, give no cause for anxiety; it is the vagaries of a so-called "higher" criticism that do the mischief, as the *Providentissimus Deus* itself points out. But to work out from one's own imagination and highly subjective pre-suppositions, without a shadow of support in the actual evidence, what must have been written first and what must be regarded as a later addition, or rather as a whole series of later additions, with the when and wherefore of each—all this is not textual criticism, but rather the unblushing and ostentatious disregard of it.

However, we must retrace our steps. The three main processes or stages of textual induction have been said to lie in the consideration of reading, manuscript and genealogy. In the case of the first and third of these some further explanation may be called for. In judging between rival readings for the same word or passage, it is not intrinsic, but transcriptional,

² The important words are, *ingenium item horum temporum, quibus illud certe dandum est laudi, pervestigaciones istiusmodi ita perficere, ut nulla ex parte reprehendendæ videantur.*

probability that matters; that is to say, our main care must be, not to select the reading that appears to us to give the best sense or the smoothest language or the like—for in choices of this sort there is great danger of excessive subjectivity, and endless havoc has been wrought through them—but rather to look for the reading which most easily would give rise to the others, and thus seems best to explain the present state of the textual evidence. For example, if we examine the parallel passages, Matthew viii. 28, Mark v. 1, Luke viii. 26, 37, it is tolerably clear that the desire to reconcile these texts with each other and with the geography has affected the transmission of the proper name in the manuscripts. Yet—apart from the fact that the attempts at uniformity vary in their selection of the name in different types of text—it must be evident that if this uniformity had existed at the outset, it would never have developed into the variant readings which are still extant. To postulate or to produce such uniformity was tempting to the scribe, and still at times proves tempting to the uninitiate, but its transcriptional probability is almost *nil*.

On the subject of genealogy what remains to be said is this. If the scribes had been wont simply to keep to a single manuscript, so that we only had to reckon with that manuscript and with the copyist himself, then textual criticism would be immensely simplified. We should have a great genealogical tree, ever spreading outwards in its growth, the divisions and subdivisions representing the changes, intentional or no, made by successive copyists. On the hypothesis that each copyist was confining his attention to a single manuscript, these changes would, of course, be due purely to lack of skill or attention, or to preconceived ideas. But in practice a scribe usually bases his work upon two or more manuscripts, often from quite different parts of the genealogical tree, so that side by side with genealogical divergence we have the contrary and confusing phenomenon of genealogical convergence.

This convergence is most easily detected in “conflate” readings, which are a fusion of two readings. Thus at the end of Mark ix. 38, one type of text is exemplified by the *Codex Vaticanus*, “and we hindered him, because he was not following us:” and another by the *Codex Bezae*, “who was not following with us and we hindered him:” while the fusion of the two may be illustrated from the *Codex Alexandrinus*, “who

was not following us, and we hindered him, because he was not following us." Yet this glaring conflation was printed by Nestle in his small Greek Testament! As a matter of fact, it is only very rarely that a manuscript can be put entirely out of court as the direct descendant of an extant manuscript, or as a conflation of two or more that are likewise extant. But the affinities of manuscripts, affinities both of the closer and more remote kind, may be noted, and these, as has been said above, must be taken into account in determining its general value.

We may now come to the textual problem of the New Testament, confining ourselves to the Gospels and Acts, for fear of entangling ourselves in ulterior issues. At the best, but a summary sketch is possible. Three main types of text emerge, each marked by a series of variant readings peculiar to itself; for the sake of brevity such a type of text is itself called simply a "text." We may begin by rejecting the "Traditional text," the so-called *textus receptus*, called by Westcott and Hort the "Syrian" text. But Westcott and Hort have not proved happy in their names, and Sir F. G. Kenyon prefers Greek letters, as committing to no theory; this type he calls the alpha-text. This type of text, after a long supremacy, is now discredited, because its distinctive readings cannot be traced further back than the fourth century. Its most typical representatives are the late uncial manuscripts, the great mass of minuscule manuscripts, the later Fathers and later versions, and the latest manuscripts of early versions.

The second type of text we may call "Syro-Latin," as having its chief strength in the Latin pre-Vulgate and Syriac pre-Peshitta versions, the Peshitta being, as it were, the Syriac Vulgate, and written not long after the Latin Vulgate; this latter belongs to the end of the fourth century, the Peshitta probably to the early fifth. The early writers, also, such as St. Justin, martyr, and Tatian in the second century, strongly support this text: it is the "Western" text (an utterly misleading name) of Westcott and Hort, the "delta-text" of Sir F. Kenyon. Significantly enough, the bilingual *Codex Bezae* (D) is the only Greek uncial manuscript that reproduces this kind of text, and the exception proves the rule, for Latin influence is certainly to be traced in the Greek text of this manuscript, though to what extent it is difficult to say with certainty. The skilled copyists, therefore, held out against this text, although

they were later engulfed by the "Traditional" text. But before we discuss the matter further we had best speak of the third textual family.

This may be called the "Egyptian" type, as having Alexandria for main stronghold. Westcott and Hort, supposing that in this group the true text was to be found, called what they considered the true text the "Neutral" text (Kenyon's "beta-text"), and the rest of the group, in so far as it differed from this, the "Alexandrian" type (Kenyon's "gamma-text"). But the distinction between the two is slight, and to emphasize it in this way has some appearance of begging the question, as indeed Westcott and Hort's title of "Neutral" does openly beg it, presupposing, as it does, the correctness of their whole theory. Yet for them this "Neutral" text is little more than the *Codex Vaticanus*, and there seems to be a fairly wide impression that they have relied somewhat too exclusively upon this one manuscript. However, that is comparatively a minor point; what we have most to fear is a sort of textual bolshevism that would bring in the "Syro-Latin" texts as the supremely reliable authorities. The chief "Egyptian" representatives are the *Codex Vaticanus* (B), the *Codex Sinaiticus* (represented by the Hebrew letter Aleph), the Coptic versions and, in parts, Origen.

The very fact that this type of text is definitely connected with Alexandria, from of old the home of textual criticism, tells heavily in its favor; thither we should naturally turn in any case for a scientific preservation of the text. And a careful examination of the distinctive readings of this type bears out this presumption. The Syro-Latin text is marked by many additions, great and small, to the Egyptian text, by many small and pointless variations, by frequent changes of order, and in the Gospels by frequent assimilations to the parallel narratives; these peculiarities, it may be remarked, are especially noticeable in St. Luke's works. The consideration of the nature of these differences leads to the conclusion that the Syro-Latin type has resulted from the free handling of an original text of the Egyptian character. Such free handling must in any case be postulated in the *Codex Bezae*, which carries the peculiarities of the Syro-Latin text farthest. Even apart from this, the type is far from being a simple unity, the Old Latin type, for example, differing from the Old Syriac.

Moreover, it is not difficult to see how historically the Syro-Latin type came into being; it is due to the inferior transmission of the papyrus period, when the best resources of the book trade were not at the disposal of the Christians, and when, even so, the best work was the most liable to destruction. These disadvantages in the transmission have already been touched upon; we may also suppose that the preservation of the *ipsissima verba* would not be the object of the same meticulous care while there was still a vigorous living tradition. Such is the usual tendency in things human; and it was not necessary that Divine Providence should completely overrule and eliminate it. It was enough that there should be a great Christian centre with a high standard of textual transmission inherited from other days, which should be the chief repository of a more exact type of text.

For the relation between living tradition and *ipsissima verba*, a parallel may be suggested from the Constitutions of the Society of Jesus, written by St. Ignatius. The first general congregation of the Society, held in 1558, two years after the Saint's death, made some minor changes in these Constitutions, putting Hebrew, for instance, on a level with Latin and Greek as a necessary language, instead of leaving it with Chaldee, Arabic and Indian as possibly useful. Such changes are still printed in the Constitutions, but with a reference to the decree that produced the change, in this case the twenty-ninth of the First Congregation. But, in 1573, the Third Congregation, held upon the death of St. Francis Borgia, in its twenty-third decree forbade any further changes; the Constitutions were to be handed down to posterity such as they had come from St. Ignatius, and other means were to be found of making known any decision of the Congregation against the observance of any point. The change of attitude is significant; the generation that had known St. Ignatius well and learned his mind from him in person was dying out.

The divergence of the Syro-Latin and Egyptian texts, as has been noted above, is especially noticeable in St. Luke's works; and they would be especially open to the influence spoken of above, because of their larger Gentile circulation. In the case of the Acts, indeed, there is reason to suspect that authentic touches of local detail were added by readers on the spot, such as the mention in the *Codex Bezae* (D) that St. Peter

and the angel, after passing through the outer door of the prison, "went down the seven steps" (Acts xii. 10). But this is not at all the same thing as saying that these glosses, often peculiar as they are to this manuscript, have any right to be looked upon as the original text. And if once we recognize how free in interpolation the *Codex Bezae* can be, either alone or occasionally with a few allied manuscripts, we shall feel little difficulty in crediting it with freedom in omission also. It is, in fact, no less remarkable for its omissions than for its additions, but the really noteworthy instances of the former are practically confined to the last three chapters of St. Luke's Gospel, and especially abound in the last chapter of all, as though the scribe had tired of his long task. Such vagaries we cannot discuss in detail; it may be enough to note that Westcott and Hort have such a leaning to the shortest reading available that they even forsake their favorite *Codex Vaticanus* in favor of these startling omissions.

Let us conclude our consideration of the New Testament text with a reassuring inference. The Syro-Latin type of text goes back to a very early date, being found, as has been said above, in St. Justin Martyr and Tatian. From the point of view of mere chronology, indeed, it finds earlier witness than the Egyptian text, which latter seems to be first clearly distinguishable in the writings of Origen, who died in the middle of the third century. The Syro-Latin text is also the more widespread; it is, indeed, found everywhere, even in Egypt, and even in the larger part of Origen's work. On the other hand, the Egyptian text must not be regarded as confined to the region where it is strongest; it can itself be traced over a fairly extended area. Now, differences such as those between the two types of text do not quickly develop and harden; it must have taken considerable time for the Syro-Latin variations to establish themselves as they did. Even with the facts of the papyrus period before us, we find it difficult to imagine how such a divergence could come about so swiftly, how liberties taken by individual scribes could have been reproduced so soon all over the Church. But that very difficulty gives us the confidence that we know substantially all, the whole history of the text. There was certainly no considerable change or corruption in the text previous to the divergence we know; it could not have happened in the time.

The history of the New Testament text is a crowded history, even as it is; what we do know of it is more than sufficient to crowd out any imaginary anterior adventures, even if such were otherwise a tempting hypothesis. In a word, to the textual critic this twofold type of text, considered in the concrete and in all the variety of extant testimony, is a solid guarantee that we do indeed possess the genuine text; a guarantee that would not be nearly so solid did not the divergence exist.

In the Old Testament—for it is time to conclude with a few words about that—this uniformity of text is complete, but it means, not greater certainty as to the text, but far less. For this uniformity was artificially induced by the rabbis, who fixed upon a single type of text—in the main, it must be confessed a good type—and allowed that type only to survive, so that now the uniformity in all Hebrew Bibles is practically absolute. Does such uniformity mean that throughout the ages there has never existed any but this single type of text? Far from it! No other type of text survives, it is true, in the original Hebrew; but it survives in some of the versions, and chiefly in the Greek Septuagint and Latin Vulgate.

The former translation was begun before the middle of the third century B. C., chiefly for the Jews in Egypt. It is very important in a number of ways, as giving us an insight into Jewish exegesis prior to the outbreak of anti-Christian controversy; as having been in the main (apart from a comparatively small number of quotations taken directly from the Hebrew—the original Aramaic of St. Matthew's Gospel, if recovered, would presumably swell the number considerably), the Bible text used by the New Testament writers; as having been the official Bible text of Greek-speaking Christianity, both Catholic and schismatic, and also that from which most of the early versions in other languages were made; and, finally, not to dilate further upon the matter here, as being very important philologically, as a monument of Egyptian Greek, written though it be with a Hebrew bias.

The Latin Vulgate, as has been said above, was written by St. Jerome about the end of the fourth century; perhaps it will be possible to say more about it at a future date. For the present, it must suffice to point out that these translations were both made prior to the rabbinical unification of the text; and in passages where it is evident that both were made from a

Hebrew reading different from that of the "Massoretic" or "traditional" text as it is today, the question arises whether this different reading may not be the correct one, rather than that of our present Hebrew Bibles. In some cases it is obvious that the latter are at fault, as for example in Genesis xlix. 10, the text and meaning of which I have discussed in my little book, *Back to Christ*.³ An even more glaring instance, if possible, is Genesis iv. 8, where the Hebrew itself requires that Cain's actual words should be given, though they have no place in the Massoretic text. In both these cases the Septuagint and Vulgate are supported by some other early authorities of no less weight.

But the question as to how far we are to go in support of the traditional Hebrew text is a difficult one, and all the more difficult, as has been indicated above, because of the absence of variant readings in the Hebrew text itself. The present writer can only record a general impression that the textual critics of the Old Testament, even including some Catholic scholars, seem rather too ready to adopt readings for which there is absolutely no evidence whatever of a strictly textual kind. In the present state of the text, no doubt, we cannot wholly eschew conjecture; but our prevailing attitude towards it should be one of distrust.

In dealing with the New Testament, we began with a brief sketch of the history of writing and writing materials, so far as it seemed relevant. In the case of the Old Testament we have to go much farther back. The date for the Exodus and for Moses which best seems to fit the sacred text is the middle of the fifteenth century B. C., though the general tendency outside the Church is to put both more than two hundred years later.⁴ But, in any case, the date is far earlier than the first known appearances of the Semitic *letter-alphabet* in the famous Moabite stone (about 850 B. C.) and in the Siloam inscription at Jerusalem (probably eighth century B. C.).

It has, therefore, been suggested that Moses must have used the cuneiform syllabary of the earlier centuries, the various combinations of small wedges incised in clay, each combination signifying a syllable, which we find used, for example, in the Tell el-Amarna letters (about 1400 B. C.),

³ Pages 73-77.

⁴ The present writer may perhaps refer to his article on "The Chronology of the Pentateuch" in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for January, 1919.

constituting the archives, as we may say, of the Egyptian foreign office. The language of diplomacy and commerce in western Asia was then Babylonian, which was known and used even by the Egyptian officials. On the other hand, Dr. Burney, in his edition of *The Book of Judges*,⁵ has made it plain that by the twelfth century B. C. papyrus was employed in Phoenicia as a writing material. Such a surface practically excludes the cuneiform script, and justifies us in supposing that the letter-alphabet, the so-called "Phoenician" script of the Moabite stone and Siloam inscription, was already in regular use. It would be very hazardous to deny that it might go back to Moses, in our present ignorance of its origin; no certain conclusion can as yet be drawn, but it would be less surprising to find Moses writing in the "Phoenician" script than in cuneiform. If, however, it were proved that he did write in cuneiform, that would have an important bearing upon the textual criticism of the Pentateuch, and perhaps of the books of Josue and Judges also.

The greater part of the Old Testament, however, would in any case be written in the older Hebrew writing, the "Phoenician" script. On their return from exile, the Jews picked up the Aramaic speech in use around them, and Hebrew as such gradually became a dead language, though the difference between the two is but slight. The Jews also came to adopt the Aramaic or "square" script, with which we are familiar today. The stages of transition in speech and writing largely elude us; by Our Lord's time, however, as we see from a passage in the Sermon on the Mount, the "square" writing was that with which the people were familiar. "One jot shall not pass from the Law" (Matthew v. 18): by the word translated "jot" is meant the letter "yodh," very small in the "square" script, but large in the earlier writing. The allusion fits the newer alphabet, but would be pointless with the old one. Nevertheless, the older writing does turn up in various connections even at a later date.

The last development of the Hebrew text was in a manner the most important of all. The letter-alphabet, unlike the earlier cuneiform syllabary represented (and still represents) in the main only the consonants, possessing but a very vague and defective system of indicating certain vowels (chiefly

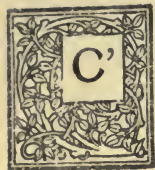
vowels "long by nature") and diphthongs; this peculiarity is common to the Semitic scripts. But in Hebrew, as in most of the Semitic scripts, this defect came by degrees to be remedied. After it had become a dead language, there was a danger that the correct pronunciation might be finally lost; hence, in the sixth and seventh centuries, A. D., the Jewish grammarians developed a system of vowel signs or points whereby to fix it. Signs were also invented for other purposes, and especially the complicated system of accents, designed at first, as it is thought, to regulate minutely the public reading of the text, and later to serve more or less as musical notes, when the reading had changed to chanting or singing. These accents are arranged, to some extent, according to sense, but there is no punctuation in the ordinary sense in our Hebrew Bibles.

We may not linger upon this subject; what is important to note is that all this vast array of signs and points represents, not the original text, but the rabbinical interpretation of the original text, made many centuries after it. If, then, we keep the letters that have come down to us (mainly, as has been said, consonants) but, for example, read other vowels between them than those in our printed Bibles, that is in reality not an emendation of the traditional text, but of the rabbinical interpretation of it, which is a very different matter. A partial illustration of this may be seen in the discussion of Genesis xlix. 10, already referred to. Even apart from special cases of this kind, there is some reason to doubt whether the pronunciation stereotyped by the rabbis represented accurately that of a thousand or fifteen hundred years earlier.

Such, in brief outline, is the study of the Biblical texts, the quest after the very message delivered of old by God Himself. Copies and translations, even such hallowed translations as the Latin Vulgate and the Greek Septuagint, are to be valued chiefly as channels whereby these original texts have come down to us, but the texts themselves are to be valued for their own sake, that is to say, for the sake of Him Who spoke them. To listen to Him is the better part; to hear Him somewhat more clearly, with somewhat less admixture of mere human stuff, is the reward exceeding great of a toil that itself is not lacking in interest and consolation.

A MODERN CRUSADER.

BY P. W. BROWNE, D.D.



ÉTAIT un croisé.¹ This expressive phrase epitomizes the career of one who was the champion of the cause of the toiler, a distinguished parliamentarian, a brave soldier, a great Frenchman, and a loyal son of the Church—Albert de Mun, one-time ardent royalist who, in maturer years, in obedience to the wish of Leo XIII., became a consistent supporter of Republican institutions.

By the irony of fate, says an admirer of de Mun, the great-grandson of the materialist philosopher, Helvetius, who sowed the noisome seeds of anti-clericalism and infidelity in France which bore the fruit of lamentable horrors in the French Revolution, was to become in later days the right arm of the Church of France and the healer who poured balm upon the wounds of the nation in the days of a great national crisis. One of the daughters of Helvetius married, in 1772, Count de Mun, a distinguished soldier, who became a lieutenant-general in the army of Louis XVIII. The de Mun family were soldiers by heritage, of ancient and honorable lineage. An Astor de Mun took part in the Seventh Crusade and was with St. Louis at Damietta. Albert de Mun recalled this when assailed by a member of the Chamber of Deputies on a certain occasion, and said with pardonable pride: "*Je suis le fils de ceux qui pendant de long siècles avaient trouvé dans l'honneur de combattre et de verser leur sang pour la France, le fondement de leurs privilèges.*" The family device is *Servir*.

Albert de Mun, who was born in 1842, at the Castle of Lumigny, inherited from his mother, the saintly Eugénie de la Ferronnays, the sterling religious qualities which characterized him during life. As a youth, he was not distinguished for either industry or scholarship, and failed to get his degree in letters, and only by persistent effort passed his baccalaureate in science at the Military School of St. Cyr. On receiving his commission in 1862, he became a lieutenant of African Chas-

¹ Victor Giraud, *Un Grand Français*, p. 5.

seurs and was drafted to Algeria. His African military experience taught him the value of discipline and gave him an insight into colonial problems which, later, as a deputy in the Chamber of Deputies, served him in good stead. At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War he was a lieutenant of cavalry, and this disastrous campaign made upon his soul, as he tells us in *Ma Vocation Sociale*, a profound impression: "*Elle marqua dans ma vie l'heure décisive.*"

He had been attached to the army of Metz and won the Cross of the Legion of Honor on the battlefield of Gravelotte. At Rezonville, he came in contact with another ardent patriot, René de la Tour du Pin, whose influence molded de Mun's subsequent career. They were fellow-prisoners at Aix-la-Chapelle after the capitulation; and during their internment they outlined a programme which was to eventuate in the social regeneration of Catholic France and, singularly enough, their programme was initiated through the interest of a Jesuit, Father Eck, who made them read the little volume of Emile Keller, *L'Encyclique du 8 Decembre, 1866, et les Principes de 1789*. A Dr. Lingens revealed to them the new programme which Kettler had outlined, and they became imbued with the idea of saving the proletariat through social organization on a Catholic basis. After their release came the Commune with its horrors. The tragedies of those two frightful months in the springtime of 1871 filled de Mun's soul with revulsion. He had witnessed the massacre of the hostages of la Roquette, had seen altars overthrown and profaned, crucifixes torn from the churches, the Tuilleries given to the flames, the rigorous reprisals, and he asked himself: What had legally-constituted society done to form the popular conscience? Had not the State failed in its rôle as educator of the masses? It had sown the seeds of irreligion and moral indifference; was it not natural that it should reap revolution? De Mun then began to formulate his plans for the moral regeneration of France; but, as yet, they were vague and nebulous. He assimilated the programmes of de Maistre, de Bonald, Balmez and Donoso Cortes; but his programme still lacked a solid fulcrum, a definite and concrete objective. Providence was soon to supply both.

One day in November, 1871, a gray-haired, meanly-clad visitor was ushered into de Mun's room at the Louvre. This was

a Brother of St. Vincent de Paul, Maurice Maignen, director of a *Cercle des jeunes Ouvriers*, on the Boulevard Montparnasse. He told de Mun of his work, and with deep emotion and an eloquence that was contagious, he spoke of the needs and the sufferings of the working class, of the terrible responsibility of the ignorant or disdainful indifference of the well-to-do, and asked de Mun's assistance. This interview was the decisive moment, and de Mun's career as a moral crusader began.

Immediately, he began to take part in the work of workingmen's circles and his first public utterance, written carefully and learned by heart, was addressed to the circle on the Boulevard Montparnasse, and he terms it "*Apostrophe émue d'un soldat à des travailleurs chrétiens comme lui.*" He was enthusiastically received, and then and there came an almost mystic revelation of his social and oratorical vocation. The path, however, was still strewn with anxieties, though the objective was as clear as noonday. His friend, La Tour du Pin, and others, became identified with him in the noble work he had undertaken; and they immediately drew up a Memorial to the Holy Father expressing absolute adhesion to the principles set forth in the Encyclical *Quanta cura*, and subscribed to a condemnation of the errors of the day. Through the public press, they issued a stirring *Appel aux hommes de bonne volonté*, definitely outlined the purpose of their work and the means of making it effective, and set forth its object as a "counter-revolution made in the name of the *Syllabus* and the means to accomplish it, *l'Association Catholique.*"²

Thoroughly organized and sustained by active sympathy, the work prospered from its inception. On April 7, 1872, de Mun inaugurated a Circle of Catholic Workingmen at Belleville, later, a second at Montmartre, and in the same year two circles were organized at Lyons. In May, 1873, the circles held their first general meeting, and two years later, in 1875, when the third convention was held the *Œuvre* numbered one hundred and thirty committees, one hundred and fifty circles, and eighteen thousand members, of whom ten thousand were workingmen.

Though actively engaged in the development of the social programme, Albert de Mun did not fail to discharge his pro-

² *Ma Vocation Sociale*, p. 289; *Discours*, t. 1., "Questions Sociales," p. 11.

fessional duties as a soldier of France. Although he did not obtrude his political ideas into his conferences, he regarded the restoration of the monarchy as the salvation of the nation, and his royalist tendencies caused him to see in the Count de Chambord the needed antithesis of the revolutionary ideas which characterized the Third Republic. He felt his place to be in the political arena, and, resigning from the army towards the end of 1875, offered himself as a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies. He was elected for the *arrondissement* of Pontivy in 1876, on a strictly Catholic platform.

But de Mun had not reckoned with the opposition he was to encounter from the Right in the Chamber, and he was debarred from taking his seat by the influence of Gambetta. Finally, he succeeded in gaining a place in the Chamber of Deputies, and from 1881 to 1893 sat for Pontivy. He was defeated in the elections of 1893, but in the following year he was returned for Morlaix, and represented Finisterre till his death in 1914.

As a parliamentarian, Albert de Mun was a brilliant success. He possessed great oratorical ability, but his intense faith and his sterling honesty were even greater assets during his political career. As an illustration of his indomitable courage, his patriotism and his faith, the following excerpt from one of his many great speeches is sublime in its import:

Ce que j'aime dans ma patrie, ce n'est pas seulement la terre qui porte mes pas, c'est le clocher à l'ombre duquel je suis né, l'autel où j'ai fait ma première prière, la tombe où reposent ceux que j'ai aimés, et tout cela, c'est la trace que Dieu a laissé du même coup dans mon cœur et sur le sol de mon pays, en sorte que je ne saurais défendre l'un sans l'autre, ma religion et mon foyer.³

He was still bitterly anti-republican. In November, 1878, in defending his attitude, he says: "The revolution is neither an act nor a fact, it is a social doctrine, a political doctrine, which pretends to base the existence of society upon the workings of the human will rather than upon the Will of God, and

³ "I love not only the earth I tread, but also the tower, under whose shadow I was born, the altar where I said my first prayer, the tomb where those I love rest. These are the marks God has left upon my heart and the face of my country. I cannot defend the one without defending the other, my religion and my country."—*Discours*, t. ii., p. 186.

it substitutes human reason for the Divine Law. Herein lies the great evil, and it cannot be remedied until we return to the opposite principles." This idea dominates the *Œuvres des Cercles Catholiques d'Ouvriers*. His intimacy with the Count de Chambord was interpreted as evidence of a desire to restore the monarchy. Against this imputation he protests, however: "*Nous ne voulons pas ni l'ancien régime ni la révolution.*" And soon his royalist predilections were to be set aside. In 1892, Leo XIII., in his Encyclical of February 20th, called upon the Catholics of France to accept existing political conditions, and Albert de Mun bowed submissively to the Holy Father's command.

His faith and his experiences during the frightful days of the Commune taught Albert de Mun that war on Christianity was undermining society; hence, at the outset of his political career he realized the urgent gravity of dealing with the social questions disturbing not only France, but the entire continent of Europe. As a solvent, he recommended Catholic organization and social legislation. In 1876 he wrote:

We must oppose the Declaration of the Rights of Man, which is the basic principle of the Revolution by a Proclamation of the Rights of God, ignorance of which is the actual cause of the evils which are leading modern society to destruction. We must seek in absolute obedience to the principles of the Catholic Church and the infallible teaching of the Sovereign Pontiff all that necessarily comes to the social order with the full exercise of the Rights of God on societies. We must propagate by a public and unwearying apostolate the doctrine thus established; we must train men of strong calibre to adopt it in public and private life, and prove its application to the cause which we advocate by zeal on the part of the governing class for the welfare of the people. We must strive ceaselessly to inject these principles and teachings into conduct and create an organized force to bring them to a successful issue, so that they shall find expression in the laws and institutions of the nation.⁴

Thirty years later, Albert de Mun could say with all truth that this statement expressed the effort of a lifetime.

The organization of associations for toilers had a twofold purpose: religious and social. By grouping Catholic working-

⁴ *Ma Vocation Sociale*, p. 285.

men with representatives of other classes, the object was, primarily, to remove them from the dangers of the street and the wine shops by means of healthy amusement, and by affording them an opportunity for mental improvement, and, secondarily, by means of conferences, discussions and a popular exposition of Catholic principles to give them correct views regarding the solution of labor problems. A review, *l'Association Catholique*, was founded in 1876 to stimulate individual research and to encourage general studies. Numerous conferences, congresses and international reunions (the first being held at Fribourg) helped to bring about an exchange of ideas. Gradually, a new spirit began to appear in active and intelligent Catholic centres, and it was becoming apparent that even anti-clericals were beginning to realize that the Church was by no means as "reactionary" as they had believed.

These activities, of which Albert de Mun was the guiding spirit, received an official endorsement in the *Rerum novarum* Encyclical of Leo XIII., which a brilliant French author terms: *La Charte du Catholicisme Social*. De Mun's programme is its best interpretation. But, something more was necessary in his propaganda: *quid mores, sine legibus?* Legislation was necessary to make it effective, and he brings it to the Chamber of Deputies. To Albert de Mun must be granted the distinction of initiating legislation regarding labor. Whilst it is true that an attempt to outline some such legislation was made in Switzerland in 1881, nothing definite had been effected. In 1889 the Swiss Government invited all the European Governments to participate in a conference, whose purpose was to resolve upon certain basic principles of international legislation regarding factory labor. Prior to this, Albert de Mun had proposed in the Chamber of Deputies a series of resolutions regarding the regulation of industries, the protection of rural landowners and other economic and social measures which later were formulated into laws covering accidents to workmen, a minimum wage, the employment of young girls and women in factories, and arbitration between employers and workers.

To him it was a Christian duty to interest himself in the temporal and moral well-being of his fellowman; and few men have so exemplified Our Lord's *misereor super turbam*. Patriot to the core, his ambition was to see France more united,

more respected, more Christian. During one of the debates on a social measure in the Chamber of Deputies, he said:

I do not bring to this debate either the science of the economist or the experience of the artisan. I have entered into this discussion . . . because I regard it my duty as a Christian . . . because I hear within me an insistent appeal which forces me to devote to the unfortunate every lesson, every principle, every hope with which my Faith inspires me. . . I have long been convinced that underlying the demands of the people and in their vision of justice, which haunts them as an ideal, there is an unconscious groping towards that Christianity which they have forgotten.

As a defender of the Faith, Albert de Mun was equally aggressive in the field of social action. Clémenceau, in the autumn of 1907, extolling the glories of France and her prowess, quoted Renan's famous expression, *c'est le miracle grec*. Some days later, de Mun in an address at Bordeaux commenting upon Clémenceau's enthusiastic utterance, said:

The seal of Christianity, which distinguishes our nation from all others, was by providential design indelibly imprinted upon the nation in her infancy, and she has borne it for fourteen centuries at every stage of her marvelous career—from the battlefield of Tolbiac to the plains of Patay; from the conversion of Henry IV. to the great reconciliation by the Concordat—astonishing the world, tottering on the abyss, by awakenings to freedom which, no matter how great her trials, how lamentable her failures, brought her back full of life and vigor to the path traced for her in the Divine plan. This is *le miracle français*.⁵

Forced by ill health to abandon the platform soon afterwards, Albert de Mun did not abandon the struggle for the religious emancipation of France: he began to wield the pen as mightily as he had wielded the sword. During the troublous days, from 1898 to 1911, when France was nigh rent in twain by discordant factions, he was actively engaged in defending the nation against the sectaries who, during what he terms the "*affaire maudite*," had made great onslaught on

⁵ *Combats d'Hier et d'Aujourd'hui*, t. ii., p. 178.

the Church. He insists that the "question" is not a religious issue only, but a national one; it is a struggle for national existence. He saw in the Separation Law the prelude to religious persecution, and, as a champion of the Faith, stood in the breach to defend the nation's spiritual birthright. He knew not discouragement, but he often drank to the dregs the cup of bitterness. At the beginning of January, 1908, in reviewing past events, he tells us that he is making a melancholy examination of conscience.

The Separation Law had begun to bear its fruits; he writes: "Not since Metz have I experienced more bitterly the shame of an inglorious defeat." He has been criticized, even by his admirers, for this seeming depression. They explain it by his absolute dependence upon the Holy See, to which he had been, from earliest years, unswervingly devoted. He himself tells us that as a young man, when the question of Papal Infallibility was under discussion, he avoided Monseigneur Dupanloup, whose influence actually dominated every member of his family, and that he, by nature, was inclined to simple obedience. This was evidenced when Leo XIII. requested him to abandon the royalist programme, and later, the project to organize a Catholic party. Notwithstanding his "failures," de Mun was ever ready to venture forth to new conquests. Inspired by the zealous Bishop of Versailles, Monseigneur Gibier, who had said to him: "The people do not know the clergy of France: when will the latter realize that they can dominate the hearts of the people, if only they sincerely wish to do so," he set out on a new campaign. No longer able to participate in the discussions on social legislation in the Chamber of Deputies (his health was badly impaired), he supported them by virile articles in the press. He was even more influential than before. Finally, his pleadings met with response from his bitterest enemies, and support from many who had not been in sympathy with his "visions." His victory was decisive: no longer could it be said in France that the Church was not interested in the temporal welfare of the people.

Albert de Mun's patriotism and his love for France aided him materially in the last years of his life. As a soldier, a gentleman and a Christian, he loved his country with undying affection, and in her hour of trial he manifested it with in-

tense fervor and enthusiasm in word and deed. In the dark days before the outbreak of the Great War, he uttered many warnings. The army had fallen into disrepute by the repeated assaults of theoretical Socialists; pacificism was being preached by so-called patriots, some of whom have since been condemned as traitors; storm clouds were gathering beyond the Rhine; the future was menacing. He appealed to France to beware the *obscurité voulue et silencieuse* of her foreign policy, and he denounced it in terms of unmistakable meaning. He believed that another war was inevitable, and that Germany was provoking it. Though a soldier, Albert de Mun hated war, yet admits that it is unavoidable: "*Oui la guerre est horrible, source de larmes et douleurs, source aussi de grandeur et de prospérité: il y a pour les nations comme pour les hommes des épreuves nécessaires à leur force.*"⁶

These presages shocked the pacifists and diplomatists in 1910; but the Morocco incident revealed Germany's aims. De Mun uttered another statement: "There, as everywhere else, German pride wishes to dominate, and it is evidence of German pretensions to supremacy." He warned France that she must be prepared to face the inevitable; and the Tangier, Algeciras, Casablanca and Agadir incidents emphasized his attitude. France, at last, began to awaken from her death-like lethargy. In 1913 he saw: "Lines of transportation multiplying on the Belgian and the Luxembourg frontiers, fleets of aëroplanes under construction, preparations for war being carried out on a vast scale," yet there were many who regarded him as an alarmist. Nevertheless, the French Government had been influenced by his insistent appeals to be prepared, and military matters began to occupy their attention. They were forced to this step by public opinion created and fostered by Albert de Mun. To him must be ascribed the fall of the Caillaux ministry and the *veille du pays*. He was requested to reënter political life; but his answer was: "I cannot permit myself to be drawn into it—*l'heure est trop poignante.*" The war clouds were gathering ominously, and keen observer that he was, he signalized each *étape* with the vision of a seer. At last the nation realized the truth of his prognostications and admitted the gravity of the situation by electing Poincaré President of the Republic—"the impelling

⁶ *Ibid.*, t. v., p. 216.

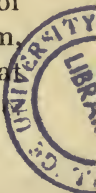
force which brought about military efficiency," of which de Mun was the persistent advocate in the public press.

On July 28, 1914, de Mun was at Roscoff. For several days diplomacy had held the world in suspense following the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, and during this time he had published an article bearing the caption, "*l'Heure a-t-elle sonné?*" Ere he reached Paris, the hour had struck and the world was plunged into the most sanguinary conflict it had ever seen. In the early days of the War, de Mun's articles in the *Echo de Paris* were, as they were termed by Paul Bourget, "*le battement même du cœur du pays*—the pulse of the nation's heart." His three sons were at the front and, although seventy-two years old, enfeebled by serious illness, Albert de Mun seemed to take a new lease of life. His activities became ceaseless. Profoundly Christian, he revived in France the sentiments of Joan of Arc and preached daily to the people, through the *Echo de Paris*, peace, courage and hope.

Now he stands forth the true crusader, the nation's herald. In one of his messages he writes: "This is no time for long articles; it is the time for action. Each day I shall note our heart beats. Alas! the old soldier cannot find a place on the battle-line—a poignant sorrow, truly—yet he can perhaps render service to his country with the only weapon his old arm can wield—the pen."⁷

When Mulhausen was taken by the French on August 8th, he gave expression to his enthusiasm in an apostrophe to his old comrades-in-arms, which has been likened by literary Frenchmen, Victor Giraud, for instance, to the peroration of Bossuet's *Funeral Oration on the Prince*, which Chateaubriand calls "the height of human eloquence." When disaster came and defeat followed upon defeat, de Mun continued optimistic and exhorted bereaved mothers and sorrowing wives to bear their cross patiently, reminding them of France's providential mission: "*Il y a Dieu et Jeanne d'Arc.*" Not content with his messages to the civilian population, he regularly addressed the soldiers at the front, in the *Bulletin des Armées*, in language which the French soldier understood. The occupation of Brussels, the German invasion of the northwest of Belgium, Morhange, Charleroi, the retreat, were painful episodes that none had anticipated, yet de Mun's attitude was admirable.

⁷ *La Guerre de 1914*, p. 8.



In the gloomiest hour he never despaired. As the German menace became more and more formidable, his voice became more vibrant, and he urged, as did Wellington at Waterloo: "Hold fast, to death!" His eagle eye saw defeat for the German armies on the Somme, and he writes: "An army which should attempt such a movement as the taking of Paris by leaving its flank exposed to organized and powerful forces would commit an act of irreparable folly." He spoke truly. He lauded the splendid strategy of Joffre and extolled the indomitable courage of the rank and file of the army, and when Joffre's victory at the Marne turned the tide, he sent this message to his "beloved children" at the front:

"Hardi, les enfans! Poussez! Tout est vôtre comme criait Jeanne d'Arc aux siens le jour de Patay," and regrets that he—one of the vanquished of an elder day—could not be there to participate in the *revanche*, awaited these forty years!

Shortly afterwards, the great crusader's health began to fail, but heedless of warnings, he continued his labors. He recked not of the danger of sudden death which menaced, and replied to those who begged him to conserve his strength: "If I cannot die on the field of battle, what more glorious death can an old soldier wish for than to die wielding the pen in his country's cause." One evening in October, 1914, just as he had finished an article for the morrow, he was seized with a sudden illness and passed away with a smile upon his lips. Sorrow for his passing was universal. He had no enemies now: those who fought him but yesterday were first to pay tribute to his memory. Everybody who loved France was represented at his obsequies; and everybody mourned the Christian knight whose life had been a ceaseless combat for the cause of God and country. His best epitaph is that pronounced by a soldier who was asked by a comrade in arms: "Who is the hero of this ovation of homage?" *"C'est M. de Mun, celui qui consolait nos mères!"* In the passing of Count Albert de Mun the Church in France lost her greatest champion. Such was the tribute to his memory uttered by the Holy Father. His spirit still lives; and the crusade initiated by this valiant soldier of the Cross gathers strength with the fleeting years.

A LOAF AND A FISH.

A CHRISTMAS FANTASIE.

BY LAURA SIMMONS.



HE man's existence had become utterly embittered; his debts, his wrongs, the thought of those former friends whose monstrous treachery had brought him to his ruin—all morbidly obsessed him.

And now he realized that his span of life must be all too short in which to gratify his revenge; for he was old, he was ill—and, worse than all else, he was hopelessly, sordidly poor. Alas! but for that last blow of a malign fate, he might still hope to bring to ruin those names which haunted his nights and days with a consuming fury and despair.

True, he had duped others—wastrels like himself; at his own game had he been outwitted; yet, surely, this was penance enough—this tragic secret bitterness that envenomed all his remaining days!

It was Christmas Eve, and he made his way slowly and stumbly along the dim embankment; a heavy storm was setting in from the north, and the fine, stinging sleet bore down upon him, fairly forcing him to the refuge of a nearby bench, whereon he sank numbed and hopeless from the misery of the body no less than the consuming agony of the soul.

He had thought himself utterly alone; now he became aware that a Stranger had approached, and stood silently regarding him. In the misty yellow light His face showed pale, grave, concerned; about it was a strange benignity—a sweetness vaguely familiar, as of a vision long forgot, or in the fleeting memory of an old print.

With muttered oaths, the man cursed Him for the intrusion.

"I can help you," said the Stranger mildly.

"You can go Your way," was the sullen response; "none can help me."

"I can give you all you need; all you ask!" There was a

curious tenderness, a lifting compassion in both voice and look.

With a fierce gesture, the man rose—only to sink back again, battling between wrath and the mortal weariness of the flesh.

"I tell You it is too late! too late, in either heaven or hell; and from You—You!" glancing contemptuously at the Other's threadbare robe, and worn sandals. Then, with strength quite spent, he huddled down again.

"To pay them out! only to pay them out before I died!" he moaned.

"And so you shall pay them out; to the uttermost! Yours shall be the wealth of the world, I promise you!"

From beneath His mantle, the Stranger drew a peasant's basket, such as are used by the fisher-folk on their rounds.

"The wealth of the world!" with an exceeding bitterness the man laughed as he leaned over to peer within. A blasting oath of exasperation escaped him.

"Fool! are You gone mad?" For at the bottom he descried two humble objects—a small loaf of bread and a fish, fresh caught.

There was a pause; then slowly the Stranger stooped and again drew something from beneath His cloak.

"Since you do not understand," He said meekly, "tell me, how much will suffice?" and displayed a wallet bulging with golden coin.

With a strangling sob of immense relief, the man snatched desperately at the glittering hoard.

"Freely, I give it you, the treasure of earth—your heart's desire, if you will partake."

Incredulously, the man stared at the precious store; if he would partake! One thought possessed him—the enemy at last delivered into his clutch!

"Curse him!" he cried, half sobbing; "and may his soul shrivel through all eternities! He who most wronged me, him shall I first destroy!"

He had forgotten the gentle Stranger; now with face distorted in dreadful triumph, he glimpsed Him, enveloped in the mystic light, out of which His pale face shone gravely in infinite sorrow and appeal.

"He who most wronged you, whom you most hate, shall he not need you most?" queried the Figure gently.

"Ho, ho! shall I not do as I like with my own?" jeered the man, scowling as he hugged his precious burden to his breast.

"And so you shall; you shall overcome every foe; not a single enemy shall remain. But first you must make one sacrifice for Me; for every golden piece you spend in wreaking your revenge, you must spend one in ministry for Me. To each upon your list of hate you must bring some help, some hope and benefaction. Then only shall I promise you so vast a reward; then only shall you receive riches beyond your dreams, and growing vaster day by day."

And for the sake of that dazzling lure, the man obeyed. Hating, he was forced to cheer, to lift. Malignly, vindictively, he, nevertheless, wrought in hidden channels to bestow alms and solace upon those his soul detested.

For was he not thereby gaining further means to satisfy his own ends?

Then one day the most dreaded event befell; the man was found out! His foe most execrated chanced to penetrate his secret, and recognized who it was that had saved him from despair. And so the word went abroad.

Straightway, from countless mysterious sources, poured in letters of gratitude, of passionate remorse and pleas of forgiveness. Men, dying, blessed him with latest breath; in the street a woman knelt, at dark of night, to kiss his hand in wordless benediction.

And always the shining Stranger kept His word, and paid in full. Soon, it would seem, the golden flood must overflow the treasure-vault into which the Man directed him to pour the precious hoard.

But now—oh, so strange and miraculous the event! the man no longer gave thought to his earnings; his malevolence had faded within him—the poison died from his spirit. Never again could he look unmoved adown the abysses of human sorrows and despair.

Hauntingly, the Stranger's prophecy would recur to him:

"You shall vanquish every foe—not a single enemy shall remain. Yours shall be the wealth of the world, even riches beyond measure."

Peace settled upon his days; his wants became fewer; incredibly meagre were the needs of his body. His love for his fellows became all-surpassing.

Once in the bitter weather an evil-doer crept into his poor home and made off with his shabby coat. And the man hastened to overtake him, crying:

"My poor friend! How chill must you be! I pray you take my cloak as well! And would that my love might warm and shield you from the blast!"

But, in shame and dismay, the thief drew near to him, shivering the more at his words.

"My sins," he cried, brokenly; "ah—it is they that have numbed me unto death; From loneliness and the scorn of men my heart was frozen and starved within me. Oh, give me of your blessed warmth—your precious pity and goodness, for never have I chanced upon another like unto you!"

And he begged to stay and serve him in his home.

And now, once again, it came to be Christmas Eve; and again, as the man slowly traversed the embankment, he perceived the familiar Figure far ahead, and about It the soft, mystic radiance that at all times seemed to suffuse It as it moved. With heart a-thrill with joy, the man hastened after, calling loudly:

"Wait, wait, my Friend! Return to me! I would speak with You!" for now he had missed Him these many days.

Frowningly, the passers-by stared, and shook their heads.

"He dreams—there is no stranger nigh: his mind wanders!" they whispered.

But steadily, laboriously, he proceeded:

"I pray You, I beseech You, bring nothing more unto me!" he gasped. "It burdens me! How shameful a thing, indeed, that the more I give, the more shall I earn! Take it, I implore, for Your almsgiving, or Your own need," he added, for the Other's garment was cruelly thin, His sandaled feet bare and bleeding.

But at the words, the Stranger's face, infinitely worn and harassed, lighted into a great joy.

"Now you can understand," He spoke, gravely, "now you know that it is I you have helped most of all." And once again the golden mist enveloped Him, seeming to brighten the man's faltering footsteps as he sought his own bare threshold.

He was tired to death. Closing his eyes in utter exhaustion, he sank upon the rude couch that was his bed.

"The wealth of the world," he murmured wearily; the

mere thought of that dazzling, iniquitous pile distressed him unspeakably. Thieves, he feared not, for no man was so safe as he, armored by the love and reverence of the poor folk about him.

From afar off could be heard the caroling of the Christmas waits, as their vibrant, young voices rang clearly upon the starry twilight:

Oh, come, all ye faithful!
Joyful and triumphant!

He was tired to death; with infinite effort he groped his way to the vault into which the shining, sorrowful Stranger had always promised to intrust the golden reward.

"I needed it not!" he sighed. "Had I truly known, I needed nothing; and now it has become but a heavy cross—a mockery to my soul!" Half resentful, half fearful, he glanced within.

Then into his worn face leaped a look of swift delight and understanding. His dying eyes lighted with the glory and triumph of that moment of illumination.

"Riches beyond the dreams of earth—growing ever vaster and vaster," he breathed, with a smile of perfect content.

For there was no treasure within; the chest was quite empty—save that far yonder in its depths lay two humble objects—simply a loaf and a fish!

THE LOVERS.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

"I LOVE the earth, the sky, the flowers," cried one.

"And thou?" "My love is with my dead."

"And thou?" (they turned to me), "What lovest thou?"

"Him Who created love and died for it," I said.

ROMANCE.

BY H. E. G. ROPE, M.A.



ROMANCE is one of those things difficult to define but not difficult to recognize. Objectively, it may be considered the quality of welcome strangeness, the quality that evokes both wonder and pleasure in a receptive mind; and subjectively as the wonder and pleasure of the recipient. It is not synonymous with mediævalism, though eminently characteristic of ages that, with all their faults, were emphatically ages of Faith. Those ages themselves recognized it in Virgil. Strangely as they exaggerated this Virgilian quality, it is unmistakably present. Indeed, the antithesis of "classic" and "romantic" is inaccurate and misleading, for in a true sense the romantic *Chanson de Roland* and Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* are classics and the classical *Æneid* is a romance. Homer is full of romance, also the grim Teutonic epics such as *Beowulf*, while the neglected literature of early half-pagan Ireland is probably the most romantic of all. It is not lacking in the *Mahabharata* nor the *Ramayana*, and the Arabian Nights are romance itself.

A living writer has happily described the character and the prevalence of romance under normal conditions of human life: "Primitive man, Homeric man, mediæval man, man, indeed, almost to our own day when the School Board (and other things) have got hold of him, had such an unconscious, but all-pervading, all-influencing, conviction that he was a wonderful being, descended of a wonderful ancestry, and surrounded by mysteries of all kinds, that even the smallest details of his life partook of the ruling ecstasy; he was so sure he was miraculous that it seemed that no part of his life could escape from the miracle, so that to him every meal became a sacrament. It is the attitude of the primitive man, of the real man, of the child, always and everywhere; it may be briefly summed up in the phrase: all things are because they are wonderful. This is, of course, the atmosphere in which poets ought to live . . . Formerly, it was natural to all men or almost all."¹

¹ A. Machen, *Hieroglyphics*, pp. 176, 177.

In one form or another homesickness would seem to be of the essence of romance. Canon Barry beautifully describes the Romantic Movement as a "homesickness for the Catholic Church," while in the great poets it looks regretfully back to *Paradise Lost*, and aspiringly onward to *Paradise Regained*. Is not the very strangeness of high and noble things due to our consciousness of exile from Paradise? We sense it even in that vague *Wanderlust* of early youth:

And that desire that rippling water gives
To youthful hearts to wander anywhere;²

in that pensive mood at nightfall also, to which Dante has given a deathless voice:

Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart
Who in the morn had bid sweet friends farewell;
And pilgrim newly on his road with love
Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.³

In an exquisite poem, Belloc pictures the child praying "for men that lose their fairylands." In a true sense: "ignorance of fairyland is the punishment of intellectual vanity—the vanity of the average pedagogue, who has forgotten that education means leading forth and not stuffing in. . . It is the vanity of the eugenist who believes he will improve upon those ancient ways of life which, for a few ages before Mendel and Weissmann, managed, all untutorted, to evolve a reverent man something more marvelous than these modern academic things who seem so ignorant of their native virtues."⁴

The dullness and tedium of modern life, which trench-warfare rather changes than effaces, betoken a grievous loss and certainly tend to deaden the imagination of "a people laboring and enjoying, more secure from plague, pestilence and famine than in former ages, so accustomed to carry out unimpeded the labors of the day as almost to have forgotten the experience of a time when life itself was precarious and hazardous, and every morning an adventure into the un-

² W. Morris, *Earthly Paradise*, June.

³ Cary's version.

⁴ Greville MacDonald, "The Fairy Tale in Education" in *The Contemporary Review*, April, 1913 (*ad finem*).

known.”⁵ The better instincts of mankind must always desire “the sense of the haphazard, which, ultimately, is a starry quality and the very essence of heroic living.”⁶ Such a quality, touched by Divine Grace, may be the making of a saint:

Verily, verily, I say unto you. Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit.

He that loveth his life loseth it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.⁷

The romantic spirit, when baptized, becomes the childhood thirst of St. Teresa for martyrdom among the Moors.

Even when it does not go beyond the natural, the romantic temperament is surely no more evil *per se* than the mathematical temperament. If the one easily diverges into wayward indiscipline, the other is as easily perverted to purblind selfish narrowness. A person of no imagination will hardly be a person of large or wide sympathy. A boy will scarcely take harm from Stevenson’s “Song of the Road:”

Then follow you, wherever hie
The traveling mountains of the sky.
Or let the streams in civil mode
Direct your choice upon a road;

For one and all, or high or low,
Will lead you where you wish to go;
And one and all go night and day
Over the hills and far away!

Or the fine “Reveille” of A. E. Housman:

Wake: the silver dusk returning
Up the beach of darkness brims,
And the ship of sunrise burning
Strands upon the eastern rims.

Wake: the vaulted shadow shatters,
Trampled to the floor it spanned,
And the tent of night in tatters
Straws the sky-pavilioned land.

⁵ C. F. G. Masterman, *The Condition of England* (1909), ch. 1., p. 2.

⁶ *The Irish Rosary*, August, 1919.

⁷ St. John xii, 24.

Up, lad up 'tis late for lying:
 Hear the drums of morning play;
 Hark, the empty highways crying
 "Who'll beyond the hills away?"

Towns and Countries woo together,
 Forelands beacon, belfries call;
 Never lad that trod on leather
 Lived to feast his heart with all.⁸

This harmless, natural but undepraved romance recurs from time to time in Morris' rather melancholy *Earthly Paradise*, melancholy because the consciousness of the skeleton in the cupboard, the fear of death, the known, but unacknowledged futility of all time-bounded efforts, pervades the book, which truly "cannot . . . make quick-coming death a little thing." In the prologues to the months and in occasional passages, we have entrancing pictures, also in his *Jason*:

I know a little garden close
 Set thick with lily and red rose,
 Where I would wander if I might
 From dewy dawn to dewy night,
 And have one with me wandering.

* * * *

There comes a murmur from the shore
 And in the place two fair streams are,
 Drawn from the purple hills afar,
 Drawn down unto the restless sea;
 The hills where flowers ne'er fed the bee,
 The shore no ship has ever seen,
 Still beaten by the billows green,
 Whose murmur comes unceasingly
 Unto the place for which I cry.⁹

Sir Walter Scott is surely more wholesome fiction than Mr. Wells' "history" of early man. And yet the present age leaves neglected the works of Sir Walter and his school, immersed in morbid city-bred psychologies and problems and sensations. It is the age, writes Canon Barry, of "a new and baser Renaissance," and "every day its pagan color deepens and spreads." There are, however, some signs of a possibly near reaction. The Great War may haply serve to scatter the

⁸ *The Shropshire Lad*: This could not be said of all the pieces in the book, some of which are morbid and agnostic.

⁹ Book iv.

fog of Prussian psychology in storm blasts from the everlasting mountains. Where the presence of death is constant, it is less easy to palter with the primal realities. *Credo, ut intelligam* will then become the watchword of men of good will.

Braving the curses of MacAndrew's Hymn, we may regret that of the many who pay their orisons to the "nine fifteen," which the Kipling romance "brought up," so few have read the *Song of Roland*. Who could remain unmoved could he be brought to read in the *Song of Roland* of the last stand of the Paladin and the summoning horn blast, the leal valor of Oliver and the love and faith stronger than death that are the soul of this Christian epic? Who among human beings could read unstirred the sorrow and penance of Lancelot and the radiant prowess of Galahad the pure, the Michael of the hosts of mortal chivalry? Or, leaving aside the sublime and peerless Latin hymns of the Church, let us ask in all seriousness what modern hymn, what post-mediæval poem could surpass in life and inspiration the *Quia amore langueo* or "I sing of a Maiden?" The treasure of devout poetry, and prose, too, for that matter, enshrined in our salvage of mediæval MSS. remain, in spite of the Early English Text Society, not merely unread, but utterly unknown and unguessed, to most English readers—as entirely undreamed of as the beautiful and racy Middle English speech, which is their vehicle.¹⁰

We must indeed deplore the antagonism, largely artificial, of the Renaissance and Mediæval Schools. The Christian Renaissance neither made nor advocated a violent break with the past. It was that ignorant contempt for their predecessors which beset many of the Renaissance leaders, that gave the idea of a necessary and permanent division. Catholic wisdom is synthetic, rigidly excluding falsehood, but including all truth. Pugin's well-meant and well-motived fanaticism can hardly be enough deplored, but it was merely a rejoinder to a fanaticism equally deplorable of the paganized humanists who reviled St. Jerome's Latin and "had under their eyes the radiant majesty of the portals of Rheims, of Paris and of Amiens—and they despised them! One of the most enlight-

¹⁰ E. g., "My streyngh full afte me drowe amys,
And torned me, lorde, clene fro the.
Now, kyng crowned in heuen blys,
Parce michi, domine!

—Minor Poem from the Vernon MS.

ened, and, certainly, one of the most sympathetic of the great writers of the seventeenth century—our good Fénelon—formulated against the art of our fathers a condemnation whose every line and whose every word is an outrage against truth, good taste and esthetic sense.”¹¹ Both fanaticisms are really uncatholic and perverse.

The attempt to identify mediævalism with the Gothic architecture that eventually arose out of it has been fruitful of confusion. Nor was Gothic the *only* artistic expression of Christendom. In Italy, apart from French-built Cistercian abbeys like the noble piles of Casamari, Valvisciola, Fossanuova, there was very little true Gothic. (Apart from its screen-like façade, Orvieto is hardly Gothic at all.¹²) It is very far from my wish to stint my homage to the superb Gothic achievement. Indeed, I reverence it as much as any, this side idolatry or injustice. “The ideas and feelings of man’s moral nature have never found so perfect expression in form as they found in the noble cathedrals of Catholicism.”¹³

Without faith, indeed, pagan romance is haunted with sadness when it touches or meditates upon the end of man, man “moon-and-star-hoping, doomed to low groping,” seeking that happiness of which Phæacia was but a false mirage:

Deep in the woods as the twilight darkens,
Glades are red with the scented fire;
Far in the dells the white maid hearkens
Song and sigh of the heart’s desire.¹⁴

A good example of natural romance is the finding of utterly unexpected associations and echoes of home in remote regions, as, for instance, Gothic—in Moab! “Other ruins at Kerak are distinctly of the Roman Empire. On the southern side is a vast Crusaders’ Castle, with a crypt chapel, having an apse ninety feet long. Here were seen lancet windows, fragments of Christian columns and inscriptions, and most touching of all, one solitary head of a saint with its corona, still

¹¹ Kurth, *The Church at the Turning Points of History*, translated by the Rt. Rev. Victor Day, 1918, p. 123.

¹² This is the judgment of M. Ralph Adams Cram. (See *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. vi., p. 678.)

¹³ Comte quoted in F. Harrison, *Choice of Books*, p. 128.

¹⁴ *The Song of Phæacia*, by Andrew Lang, International Library Famous Literature, I., 277.

bearing its silent witness that Christians once worshipped here, and that God was once present on those ruined altars. The castle of Kerak is said to be altogether the finest monument left by the Crusaders. It was built under King Fulk, or Folko, by a predecessor of Raymond of Chatillon, about A. D. 1131. There is also at Kerak a ruined mosque, which was once a basilica, and where two chalices sculptured on the walls still remain witnesses of the presence of the true faith."¹⁵ We find romance, too, in the cheek-by-jowl neighborhood of East and West in the little-traveled, beautiful Cyprus.¹⁶

The plague of industrialism either kills romance outright or stimulates it by way of reaction:

In Périgord in haytime,
The larks they sing all day,
There are no city streets there
So bitter and so gray,
But there the folk are merry,
The low-browed oxen sway,
In Périgord,
In haytime. . . .¹⁷

An unconscious yearning after the old monastic remoteness often touches artistic souls. "It is too seldom that we, whose artificial lights divide our time artificially, know the mystery of dawn or submit to the majesty of night. Yet there is something very beautiful in the idea of God withdrawing the sun, as a mother her children's candle, and leaving the world to that sleep which is one of His choicest gifts. Surely, they must be blessed who, like these peasants, living far from the rush of cities, bow before the uprising and down-going sun as our fathers did, and, wearied with healthful work beneath the open heavens, obey the rule of night. . . .

"Ah, what an inestimable blessing is that of silence and solitude! How great the relief of hearing no foolish nor bitter nor angry voices, but only the bird-songs, the music of running water, the dirges of the winds! There are some, condemned to live ever in noisy cities, who sigh in vain for this solace;

¹⁵ Review of H. B. Tristram's *Land of Moab* (1873, Murray), in *The Month*, April, 1874, p. 488.

¹⁶ See Mallock, *In An Enchanted Island* (third edition), vii., pp. 98-100.

¹⁷ B. H. Bashford, *Vagabonds in Périgord* (1914), *ad init.*

others who would never desire it even if it might be theirs; but those of us to whom life offers from time to time these spaces of quiet, with the soul to perceive their sweetness, may well be grateful; for . . . they soothe as a hand of healing laid on fretted nerves."¹⁸

Men drench the green earth and defile her streams
With blood, and blast her very fields and hills
With the mechanic iron of their wills,
Yet in her sad heart still the spirit dreams.¹⁹

Natural romance leads a boy to run away to sea, the divine quest of perfection leads a Benedict, a Francis,²⁰ a Joseph Benedict Labré, a Grignon de Montfort, a Champion, a Henry Heath, through strange and unexpected ways Divinely willed. The baptism and direction of the romantic temperament is splendidly exemplified in Julian Watts-Russell, of holy memory, and his wise father. After a description of Giulio Watts-Russell's boyish running away from Ushaw, we read: "The whole adventure ended in a little punishment; but it was oftentimes the cause of great amusement among his companions; and when, at last, the news of his glorious death reached Ushaw some of them said: 'Giulio ran away from Ushaw, but he did not fly before the muskets at Mentana.' *His father, in a letter of correction, which he wrote to his son on the occasion of his running away, told him that if he so much loved adventure and romance, he must leave the Blessed Virgin to direct his life for him, instead of doing it for himself, and then perhaps she would weave it into a more romantic tale than he could possibly picture to himself.*"²¹

How lovingly wise and wisely loving this paternal counsel. A model surely for all who have under their charge the children of romance.

¹⁸ Dorothy Neville Lees, *Tuscan Feasts and Tuscan Friends*, xii., pp. 195-197.

¹⁹ Eva Gore-Booth, *Broken Glory* (1918), p. 20.

²⁰ See *The Romanticism of St. Francis*, by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.

²¹ William Tylee, translator of Father V. Cardella's *Giulio Watts-Russell* (1908), p. 27.

New Books.

THE SOCIAL MISSION OF CHARITY. By William J. Kerby, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.25.

The Social Mission of Charity appears as the second volume of the Social Action Series issued by the National Catholic Welfare Council. The work aims, in the words of its author, to present general points of view in Catholic charities.

In the first portion of his work, Dr. Kerby analyzes the background of poverty into the factors of human inequality, competition among unequals, lack of State interference, and the breakdown of the cultural forces supplied by the normal human agencies of home, Church, school and public opinion. He next outlines the problem of poverty in its relations to the individual, society, the State, and Christianity, and considers the social implications of poverty. The fundamental nature of justice and charity in our social relations is then analyzed in its theoretical aspects and in its practical application to the ever enduring, as well as to the specifically modern, problems created by human inequality and the institution of property.

The second division of Dr. Kerby's work is devoted to the defining and fixing of our responsibility toward the poor, the formulation of certain primary principles of relief and an analytic study of tendencies and needs in Catholic charities.

Certain thoughts are given special emphasis and recurrent treatment throughout the volume. The responsibility of all to participate in the service of the poor is insisted upon. "No one is required to do everything for the poor, but everyone is obliged to do something,"—the specific nature of the obligation being determined for each person by individual capacity for thought or action. The supernatural character of charity, its high mission to society in general and to the poor in particular, and the duty of Catholics to infuse this viewpoint into the modern, purely sociological attitude toward poverty are truths emphatically stated. The complexity of the problem of poverty requires, in the view of the author, that charity be scientific; that system and science be regarded as means through which supernaturalized love may find fuller and more adequate expression. Anything less than the most mature wisdom, the most patient research, the fullest application of careful methods and helpful resources to the solution of the problem, would be an affront offered to the high nature of charity. Organization, coöperation, expert training, and the de-

velopment of a strong and extensive literature are fundamentals in the scientific approach to poverty, and as such must be diligently cultivated in the field of Catholic charities.

The author presents a frank criticism of certain attitudes and tendencies in our charities; but in no instance does this criticism pass the bounds of fairness or fail to bestow just appreciation. Breadth and sanity of view, soundness of judgment, and a willingness to recognize and adopt true and helpful viewpoints and policies wherever found, are characteristic of the writer's attitude—as they are characteristic of the new spirit which is at work in the Church seeking to combine the scattered strength and enlarge the scope and vision of our charities.

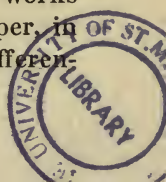
The range of the work is definitely limited: it deals only with basic truths; it omits all consideration of conflicting problems and policies growing out of different fundamental viewpoints held by those within and those without the Church; it attempts merely to clear the ground and to lay solid foundations for future explanation and discussion. The programme is sufficiently comprehensive for a single volume. Yet, we cannot but regret the limitations which deprive us of a treatment of these matters from one whose broad outlook and mature scholarship would undoubtedly have cast much light on difficult or disputed questions.

The importance of the subject-matter of the present work must not lead us to overlook the form of its presentation. Its style, which combines clarity, directness and vigor with aptness of diction and wealth of illustration, presents convincingly and delightfully the message of the book.

That message will, we feel assured, reach its destination and arouse every Catholic, to a sense of the supreme importance of the "social mission of charity," and its claim upon his energy and thought.

INSTITUTIONES THEOLOGICÆ NATURALIS, *ad usum scholarum accommodatæ*. Auctore Gulielmo J. Brosnan, S.J., Theologiæ Naturalis Professore in Collegio maximo SS. Cordis Jesu Woodstickii in Marylandia. Chicago: Typographia Loyolæa. \$3.50.

The Loyola University Press of Chicago must be congratulated on this excellent example of what can be done in the United States in the printing of books even in the Latin language. It had become almost an accepted maxim that only in Europe could Latin works be printed with success. Here is a volume, on choicest paper, in finest type, with titles and paragraphs well marked and different



tiated, and solidly bound in half-leather—all of which make it quite attractive. Be the content what it may, either light or grave, the reader is prepossessed or prejudiced by first impressions. And a Latin work, by reason of its more serious subject matter and less familiar language, needs all the more to win the attention at first glance. In this respect, the volume in review has its advantage.

As regards the contents, Father Brosnan, who is professor of Theodicy at the Jesuit Scholasticate of Woodstock, Maryland, presents, in simple and very readable Latin, as the ripe fruits of years of study and of experience in teaching his special subject, a valuable work on Natural Theology. Both in the presentation of his arguments, which are few, and in dealing with objections, which are many, the author is severely intellectual and Scholastic. Thereby, he emphasizes the falsity of modern philosophies fathered by Kant, which are at one in rejecting the faculty of reason as a basis of proof, while willing to maintain belief in some sort of God and religion on various subjective grounds, such as "faith, instinct, the subconscious, feeling, will, value-judgment, social sense, intuition, mystic reason, perhaps, *l'élan vital*."

An admirable feature is the apt, extensive and numerous quotations in English from modern philosophers and present-day writers of literary note whose minds, infected by Kantian agnosticism, are incapable of appreciating the rational arguments for Christian theism. In this manner is the student enabled, at first hand and with safety to himself, to make the acquaintance of the contemporary mind on the fundamental doctrine of all religion. This makes the issue for the apologist vital and concrete.

In connection with each aspect of the problem, the author refers the student to recognized and reliable authorities who treat the matter more *in extenso*. The volume closes with a full alphabetical Index Auctorum and Index Rerum. Available space forbids offering some comment and criticism of the author's treatment of the question of God's prescience of free actions, and His manner of coöperation with these actions. The statement of the case for both Thomism and Molinism is full and fair: and, despite his able defence of the latter, one who is impartial may still remain convinced that the reconciliation of free-will with the Divine coöperation involves a *nodus insolubilis*. This volume of Father Brosnan supplies to seminaries a treatise to fill the gap in the cursus of Father Tanqueray. With this added as a preamble to his three volumes, the professor and student possess a complete and satisfactory course on Apologetics and Dogmatic Theology.

HISTORICAL RECORDS AND STUDIES. Vol. XV. New York: The United States Catholic Historical Society.

Volume XV. of the *Historical Records*, with its ten essays, is indeed a worthy addition to American Catholic history.

Maurice Francis Egan, late minister to Denmark and emeritus professor of the Catholic University, has contributed "An Appreciation of James A. McMaster," editor and publisher of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, with whom he was associated as assistant editor. McMaster was an interesting figure, a convert Scotchman, who never forgot his Union College Seminary training, and as a Calvinist gloried in philosophical encounters with the hierarchy. This delightful sketch has much of Maurice Francis Egan in it, and a great deal of McMaster's virile personality.

A study of John Rose Greene Hassard (1836-88), by Dr. Blanche M. Kelly, describes the life work of this convert-journalist, who left his stamp on the *American Encyclopedia*, aided Charles Dana on the *Chicago Republican*, Father Hecker in founding THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and, finally, Horace Greeley on the New York *Tribune*, of which he assumed editorship on Greeley's death. As special representative of the *Tribune* abroad on great occasions, he had the advantage of association with European personages, who appear intimately enough in the pages of his diary. Mr. Hassard will be remembered for his deciphered Tilden dispatches, which caused such a furor in Democratic circles in the disputed election of 1876. However, Mr. Hassard was interested in politics only as an editor, and always as a reformer.

Rev. J. D. Hannan has a short paper dealing with Prince Gallitzin's experience with quasi-spiritistic phenomena. Miss Elizabeth Finigan's article on "New York State Indians" will interest those who would know something of aboriginal life. Father Richard Tierney has contributed a homily on early Maryland, "Father Andrew White, S.J., and the Indians." Mr. George F. Dwyer writes of "Anna Glover, First Martyr to the Faith in New England," with the thesis that the witchcraft mania was essentially due to a wave of bigotry. Mr. Scannell O'Neil's list of converts among Mayflower descendants would astound and scandalize the Pilgrim worthies. Mrs. Margaret Downing writes of a pioneer Irish immigrant, James Gould Barry, who engaged in business in New York in 1784, as an associate with the merchant princes in shipping and Thomas Law in land speculation. Like Law, he lost heavily in District of Columbia real estate. Barry was a militant Catholic and church builder.

Even greater as a land speculator and colonizer was the naturalized Frenchman, James Donatien Leroy de Chaumont

(1760-1840), of whom Father J. L. Tierney has written a splendid memorial. With holdings amounting to 348,200 acres, he laid the foundations of Jefferson County. Leroy was a Democrat and a thorough American. Unfortunately, his speculations brought ruin, but undaunted, Leroy, until his death in Paris, worked to pay his creditors in full and to interest French capital in American investments.

A scholarly article, replete with references, is that of Dr. Frederick Zwierlein of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, on the "Catholic Contribution to Liberty in the United States." This completes a book, highly interesting to Catholics who would know something of their place in American development.

OUT OF THEIR OWN MOUTHS. By Samuel Gompers and William English Walling. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00 net.

The title of this indictment of Sovietism is peculiarly apt at this time of starvation in Russia, for, truly, out of their own mouths and the mouths of their people is the mad autocracy of Trotzky and Lenine being revealed.

Sovietism has striven to produce the ideal state by methods far from ideal, methods that completely destroy the ideals they were intended to attain. The foundation of Bolshevism, as these two authorities trace it in Soviet documents, are laid in a wholesale mendacity of propaganda. They have a studied contempt for truth. They have spread terror over a vast land. They have enslaved their people by compulsory labor, and have prosecuted organized labor in America and other countries as well as their own. The oppression of the agricultural population—which comprised before the War fully seventy-five per cent. of the Russian people—has been brought about by raids, taxation and seizure of crops. Under this régime—even the Bolshevik statistics admit it—the agricultural productivity of Russia fell to less than fifty per cent. of the normal. The famine is a logical result of these methods. Equally tragic has been the economic collapse. Suppressed or controlled, the industries of Russia have no output, no goods to exchange.

The maddest dream of all is the desire to engulf the whole world in the maelstrom in which Sovietism finds itself. The Third Internationale is the child of Bolshevism, and it is fairly safe to say that the labor of the world, once it understands what Bolshevism means, will repudiate that child. Even British labor, running after false gods, has been unable to agree on an attitude toward Russia.

The latest turn of Bolshevism is Lenine's "conversion" to

capitalism and the principle of private property. Unable to make their machine work without the energy they have repudiated, the Soviet Government is now ready to discard its principles and embrace whatever economic style is within reach. But it will be embraced for but one purpose—the maintenance of the dictatorship of the Communistic Party.

These are the bare outlines of a book that American Labor might do well to study and digest. Its authors are leaders of unquestioned standing in American life. They have collated an amazing indictment of this foe of Democracy.

PREHISTORY. By M. C. Burkitt. Preface by the Abbé Breuil. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

We congratulate the author of this book and its publishers for having given us what is undoubtedly the best of the many books which have appeared on the prehistoric question, one likely to retain this preëminence for some time to come, in spite of the flood of new discoveries constantly washing away old ideas and casting up new facts. Its author has had very large experience in the field, and especially amongst those chambers of romance, the picture caves of Spain, and that he has had for his companion Abbé Breuil, an acknowledged past-master of the subject, is enough to prove that his studies have been carried out under the best conditions.

The task of the prehistoric archæologist is, he very accurately states, one of great difficulty, owing to the meagreness of the materials to hand and, as he adds, "allows only too much scope for hypothesis and speculation not properly founded on scientifically proved facts." An excellent remark, and one which the author has faithfully borne in mind save in one connection, namely, the origin of man. "Scientifically proved facts" teach us nothing conclusive about this, yet the author assumes the hypothesis of the development of man's body, by slow and minute changes, from that of some lower vertebrate. He even states that "pre-glacial man," as to whose existence there is still considerable doubt, may have been a kind of half-way house. "How human this man was, and how intelligent, is naturally a matter of speculation. The biologist is as yet uncertain whether specialism of the brain was the result of the erect posture, or *vice versa*. "*Uncertain*" seems to indicate that the solution lies between the two hypotheses, whereas the actual state of the case is that science is today unpossessed of any fragment of fact which suggests either of these explanations, let alone any which actually *prove* (though we may surmise as we choose) anything whatever as to the actual method of origin of man's bodily frame.

Again, he tells us, with the saving clause that "the imperfect nature of the remains makes precision impossible," that "the volume of the cranial cavity (of the Trinil skull) has been *determined* at 850 cubic centimeters; while that of the higher apes is never known to exceed 600 cubic centimeters, and that of man never to fall below 880 cubic centimeters." The word "determined" had been better abandoned and "guessed" substituted for it. For guess it certainly is, as those, who, like the present reviewer, have had the opportunity of handling and examining the actual specimen itself, must needs admit, and how uncertain such guesses are, is surely proved by the startling differences between the estimates of different authorities as to the capacity of that other "bone of contention," the Piltdown skull. We have devoted space to the criticism of these matters because we believe that the statements, whilst in no way misleading to scientific readers, may well be so for the many who cannot thus be designated, who will also, we hope, to their own great benefit, be readers of this book. In every way, it is a most valuable work and, perhaps, especially in the accurate and detailed lists of finds of various kinds which reduce to order what was almost a chaos. The portion relating to prehistoric art could hardly be improved. Indeed, with the trifling exceptions to which we have alluded, the book is admirable, and we can hardly speak too highly of it.

THE RELIGION OF THE SCRIPTURES. Edited by the Rev. C. Lattey, S.J. (M. A. Oxon.) St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 75 cents.

This little volume comprises essays read at the Catholic Bible Congress, held at Cambridge in July of this year. The Congress was in the nature of a religious celebration in honor of the fifteenth centenary of St. Jerome, the great Biblical scholar of the Western Church. The central theme chosen for these lectures has been the practical issue of Biblical religion. In these essays subjects of special interest are treated in a scholarly, yet popular manner. The writers of these papers are well known to Catholic readers. If we single out one of the essays for special commendation, we do not thereby wish to detract from the high merit of the other papers. Dr. Arendzen's treatise on the difficult subject of Inspiration is one of the best statements of the Catholic doctrine on this point that we possess in Catholic Biblical literature. The negative and the positive aspects of the teaching are set forth with remarkable clearness, exactness and precision. The remaining essays deserve likewise the highest praise and commendation. The Catholic who wishes to inform himself on important Biblical

questions will do well to read and study this little volume. In addition to the lectures on inspiration, the volume comprises the following papers: "The Mosaic Law," by Dr. T. E. Bird; "The Prophets," by the Rev. C. Lattey, S.J.; "Christ in the New Testament," by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J.; "The Organized Church in the New Testament," by the Rev. R. A. Knox; "St. Jerome, the Interpreter," by the Canon William Barry, D.D.; "The Genesis of a Myth," by the Rt. Rev. R. C. Casarrelli, Bishop of Salford.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT. *Its Conservative Functions and Social Consequences.* By Frank Tannenbaum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

This volume presents to the public a work of rare and condensed value and of remarkable comprehension. It may aptly be described as the philosophy of the Labor movement. With a knowledge of the past that is intimate and a vision of the future that is attractive and persuasive, the author studies the movement in its origins and the industrial conditions that made its creation an imperative necessity; in the methods by which it pursues its purpose, and in the consequences of its growth and progress, which lead, consciously or unconsciously, to one inevitable goal—the eventual mastery and control of all industry by Labor for the benefit of the community. This work ought to be read by the multitude—both by Labor and Capital—that the full implications and functions and purposes of the Labor movement might be appreciated. The laborers have found in the system of competitive Capitalism, whose dominant motivation is profit-making, an inherent vice which no concessions in the form of improved conditions and increased wages can remedy. The entire system must change. As absolutism and autocracy in political government have been replaced by democracy, so autocratic Capitalism must surrender to the gradual advance and ultimate triumph of an industrial democracy wherein grinding competition for the profit of the few will be replaced by universal coöperation for the welfare of the many. In this coöperative commonwealth, entitled an industrial democracy, the great motto and incentive to Labor is: the interest of one is the interest of all; and the interest of all the interest of each.

Whether the consummation which Labor organizations are moving towards, and which Mr. Tannenbaum so devoutly wishes, is realizable, and for the best interests of mankind in view of certain well-known defects incidental to the Labor unions, and which the publisher points out in a preface to the volume, is a moot and debatable question. That the Labor movement has

accomplished great good for the working classes, and is still essential to protect and promote their interests against the exploitation of greedy capitalists, is undeniable. Whether the future State will be an industrial democracy where the various industrial units will coöperate for the common weal may be too good to be true; but none can fail to receive light and stimulation from the study of *The Labor Movement* by Mr. Tannenbaum.

DANTE. *Essays in Commemoration, 1321-1921.* London: University of London Press, Ltd. 12 s. 6 d. net.

This scholarly and handsome volume, issued by the University of London is one more evidence of the ever-widening appreciation of Dante which the sexcentenary celebration has at once fostered and focused. The chosen essays include some interesting "Thoughts on Dante in His Relation to Our Own Time," by Viscount Bryce, in which the poet is revealed as a pioneer of universal peace—also a very human and suggestive appreciation, by Professor Edmund Gardner, of "Dante as Literary Critic," wherein he takes his place as "the first romance philologist." Most of the other discussions—"Dante and the Latin Poets," "Dante and the Troubadours," "The Italy of Dante and Virgil," "Oxford and Dante," *et cetera*—are more technical and restricted in their appeal. By way of variety, two papers in Italian, by Professor Benedetto Croce and Professor Antonio Cippico, are inserted among these specimens of recent English scholarship; and the volume is further enriched by several rare reproductions of Botticelli, Signorelli and Blake, with a most alluring page from a fourteenth century MS. of the *Purgatorio*.

The book is a substantial and, obviously, a highly specialized addition to Dantean research, and its publication will doubtless point the way to other "local" collections in honor of the immortal Florentine.

VIGILS. By Aline Kilmer. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.

Mrs. Kilmer is one of those rare poets who, by the exercise of patience and restraint, never give anything less than their best. Her work is always on a high level of predetermined excellence, marked by a delicacy and sureness of technique that places her quite definitely among the authentic artists. For sheer fineness of music, indeed, for subtle verbal effects and modulations there are few singers of the present day her equal.

In Mrs. Kilmer's first book, *Candles That Burn*, the qualities just mentioned were shown in their fullness. Hence, to say,

as we do say, that the present collection is on the same artistic plane as its predecessor is to give it very high praise, the praise of an unusually beautiful and satisfying art. Lyric poetry is a personal utterance, and we have in the present book the individual note that gives verse its chief power of appeal. These poems show strongly certain outstanding qualities that seem characteristic of their maker: simplicity, poignancy and a whimsicality—now gay, now wistful—that is often unexpected and altogether delightful. Anyone at all interested in contemporary poetry will find the present volume a distinct and distinguished achievement in a difficult art.

OUR LORD'S DISCOURSES. By Abbé Nouvelle. Translated from the French. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00 net.

Various types of souls need their respective aids. Even within types there is variety. Books which appeal to a class, oftentimes lack interest to many of that group. We have books in English similar, in many respects, to the one before us. We feel, however, that souls—and they are not a few—that cannot receive inspiration on re-reading their devotional books: souls that for profit must have the old and familiar in new form, will find these meditations on St. John's Gospel (chapter xiii. to xviii.) interesting, stimulating, instructive. The references show a wide range of choice reading. The footnotes are particularly excellent.

THE STORY OF LOURDES. By Rose Lynch. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.60.

Special commendation is due to this little addition to Lourdes literature. It was written, the author tells us, in response to a suggestion made to her after a six months' visit to the hallowed spot, a period spent in close study of the history of Lourdes and of its people, some of whom were of the few remaining who had personally known Bernadette. The tone of loving, reverent intimacy that runs throughout gives a touch of freshness to matter already familiar. Miss Lynch writes with a composure and simplicity that make for conciseness; therefore, though the letterpress covers only one hundred and eighty pages, the story is rounded and satisfying, including even an event so recent as the great procession to the Grotto in 1919, when the Archbishop of Auch removed the black crape from the banner of Alsace-Lorraine, to drape it once more with the French colors.

More than half the content deals with the time preceding the death of Bernadette. A full account is given of the painful experiences endured by the favored child and her family from the severely cautious attitude of the Church authorities during their

slow investigation, and from the active hostility of those of the State. By this means, an eminently serviceable character is imparted to the book, as a manual wherewith to meet non-Catholic questions and cavillings.

IN THE LAND OF THE KIKUYUS. By Rev. H. A. Gogarty, C.S.Sp. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. \$1.10.

The romance and adventure of a missionary life, the story of strange people and lands, is delightfully portrayed in this diary of a young Irish priest. Fresh from a French missionary centre, at the outbreak of the War, he thought that he was to leave Europe and the War for the outposts of Africa. But the latter traveled with him and he had experience as an Army Chaplain and on a Hospital Ship. But the main story is that of his missionary life amongst the natives. He is an observant traveler, to whom the poetry of these strange peoples and lands appeal, and who never for an instant loses his gift of Irish humor. He is, at the same time, an historian, and very deftly weaves into his tale the narrative of deeds and men of long ago. But he does not gloss over that other phase of a missionary's life, the dangers from man and beast, the dread diseases that claim so many noble lives, the loneliness and, perhaps, apparent failures. It is a book, not only for those whose young eyes are fixed upon the mission fields as their life work, but for all who love adventurous sacrifice for God.

AN ENTHUSIAST. By E. O. Somerville, in collaboration with Martin Ross. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

Miss Edith Somerville possesses a deft knack of making us see what she wishes us to see. Whether it is a man or a woman, a horse or a dog, or only the casual aspect of a room, a few words suffice to hit off the object adequately. "In the corner by the door a few incurably crippled chairs were huddled, one on top of the other, as if in panic they had rushed into each other's arms." Her similes are almost invariably effective, a pleasant quality in a story-teller.

An Enthusiast attempts to describe a comparatively quiet country district in Ireland in the fourth year of the Sinn Fein rebellion. Dan Palliser, the hero, belonging to the Anglo-Irish gentry, devotes himself to economic solutions of the Irish question. He is honest, generous and ardent; but in his effort to keep clear of politics falls foul of the two contending political forces. The logic of his character convinces us that he would have cast his lot eventually with Sinn Fein, if his creator had not involved him

in an unfortunate infatuation with a beautiful lady, unhappily married. Dan's wild passion removes him from the rare regions of patriotism, and resigns us to his premature and tragic death.

The author avows in the preface that her story is an effort to paint contemporary Irish life impartially. But she speaks dubiously of her success. One must give her credit for her good intentions. It is not hard to conjecture her real attitude. It is that of the middle-aged and comfortable who do not like to have their peace disturbed by such fantastic things as patriotism, civil liberty and national ideals. If Miss Somerville is a non-Catholic writer, her sympathetic glimpses of Catholic life make her skill in the art of fiction all the more conspicuous.

ORIGINALITY AND OTHER ESSAYS. By William H. McMaster. Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$2.00 net.

If, as Webster tells us, the essay is "a literary composition . . . permitting a considerable freedom of style and method," then most decidedly "Originality" has a right to its title. That such a thoroughly "up-to-the-minute" collection should, or could, issue from the sacred precincts of Boston is proof positive that the democracy of letters has at last established itself in places heretofore hallowed by the presence of a less expansive Muse. In twenty pithy chapters Mr. McMaster discusses cleverly, and by no means thoughtlessly, our everyday life in its aspects both grave and gay. The valedictory, "On Why Not Worry?" is a cheerful foil to some of the white-corpused Pollyanna-ism that has been circulating riotously within the recent memory of man.

THE CASE OF KOREA. By Henry Chung. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$3.00.

The question of the Pacific, which more and more is occupying the authorities at Washington, cannot be completely understood unless one also understands the problem of Korea—what it was, what it is today.

Its present rôle in the Far East is as a colony of Japan. Seeking a solution for her ever-increasing population, Japan assumed control over the Hermit Kingdom—the same glittering plea that she uses for other expansion in the Far East. The methods by which she attained this control are a matter of history—much of it unpleasant history. Japan's highest card, played upon all occasions, is that whatever she does in Korea is done for Korea's good, for her development and welfare. Mr. Chung, a Korean patriot, sets out to prove that this unctuous solicitude is simply

a cloak to hide injustice and the rankest of national oppression. He has made out a very convincing case both for his people and against Japan. His book does not make altogether pleasant reading, but the record of gross injustice is never pleasant.

REBUILDING A LOST FAITH. By an American Agnostic. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$3.25.

John L. Stoddard, the well known traveler and lecturer, has just written the story of his conversion. He was received into the Church three years ago after wandering in the desert of unbelief, as he says himself, for over forty years. He gives a very brief account of his life in a Protestant seminary, and his loss of faith because of the inability of his professors to answer his theological difficulties.

He has in mind especially those Protestants and unbelievers who have grown up like himself under modern skeptical and materialistic conditions, with little or no conception of ecclesiastical authority. In a score of chapters, he discusses the idea of God, the immortality of the soul, the concept of revelation, the moral law, the divinity of Christ, the Church, the infallibility of the Pope, purgatory, indulgences, prayers to the Blessed Virgin and the saints, persecutions for heresy.

It is a good book for the non-Catholic who is studying the claims of the Catholic Church.

LIFE IN A MEDIÆVAL CITY. By Edwin Benson. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

York is the city which the author takes to illustrate life in mediæval English towns. Into the slim handbook of eighty-four pages he compresses a deal of information about its streets and buildings, its civic, parliamentary, business and religious life, its education, entertainments and social classes. Small as his scale is, Mr. Benson succeeds by deft selection and vivid touches to reconstruct the general outline of the fifteenth century and to demonstrate that the "most attractive feature of the Middle Ages is that they were so intensely human." Of religious life, he necessarily has much to say. The organization of the Church, its supervision of education, monastic life, St. Mary's Abbey, pardoners, palmers and pilgrims—these are some of the topics upon which he dwells. The Minster, with its shrine of St. William of York, attracted streams of pilgrims, whose donations helped the funds of erection and maintenance. This means of raising money was well established, we are told, and we agree; but in the next sentence, when Mr. Benson casually adds that "there was, also, the

money from penances and indulgences," we protest. The book otherwise is accurate and fair, and will appeal to readers who must have a succinct account, or perhaps none at all. A drawing of York in the fifteenth century and several smaller illustrations increase the interest of the text.

LARAMIE HOLDS THE RANGE. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

Mr. Spearman is at his best in stories of adventure, in tales of the pioneer West where the wild life of plains and mountains brings out the best and the worst in the men who adopt it. *Laramie Holds the Range* deals with cattlemen and cattle-rustlers, and though the time is in post-pioneer days, when railroads, Pullman cars, and bathtubs have invaded the Rockies, its actors have all the daring and dash of the first cowboys, their primitive faults, their primitive and splendidly worth-while virtues. Kate Double-day is a fine heroine, Jim Laramie a noble hero, and when after thrilling dangers and escapes he wins out in the end, we are made happy in reading that "the old priest came down from the Reservation to perform the ceremony."

HUMAN HEREDITY, by Casper L. Redfield (Chicago: Heredity Publishing Co. \$1.50). This book presents some new ideas on a hackneyed subject in a very unprejudiced manner. Many of the statistics are very interesting perhaps, especially so those which relate to trotting horses, and show that such can go on improving and acquiring greater powers up to an age which the uninitiated would have supposed to be impossible. On this and other evidence, the author builds up his theory that the more distinguished members of a family are born low down in the list of that particular family, and that their distinction is due to the fact that they have inherited the additional experience and faculties acquired by their parents, which become greater as they pass through life. We can, therefore, fully agree that, if the modern eugenist and birth-controller had had their vicious way for the past couple of centuries, the world would have been immeasurably poorer in knowledge. But we must beware of the fallacy of selected instances. All geniuses do not come late in the family history. Although Mr. Redfield has provided a powerful argument against birth-controllers, when he comes to his explanation, we must part company with him. The segregated germ in the parental sex-gland can be affected by the state of health of the parent, by alcohol, where he is a drunkard, and so on. Lack of nutrition may also affect it. All these things can be explained on the lines of food absorption and similar well-known happenings. And we may admit that a healthy, strong couple are more likely to provide their child with a choice brain fabric through which the soul may exhibit itself, than a couple of moral and physical degen-

erates. But we are wholly unable to see how mental and spiritual experiences and growth in the parents can affect the germ at all. We understand Mr. Redfield to urge that "life" is a form of energy and may be transformed like other kinds of energy. Well, it certainly is, or was, a theory. Lodge discusses it in one of his books and declares that he himself disbelieves in it. Whether true or not, we do not see our way to accept the author's conclusions on this head, though we thank him for having given us real food for thought.

BEATRICE NELL' ALLEGORIA ESTETICA DELLA DIVINA COMMEDIA, by Gaetano F. Lisani (New York: Bagnasco Press. 50 cents). In this brief study of the *Divina Commedia*, the author undertakes to analyze the allegorical significance of the chief figures introduced by the poet. Perfect familiarity with his subject, a keen instinct for latent suggestions and a clear, sometimes an eloquent, style—these qualifications for his task, Doctor Lisani possesses. Possibly, it would be too great a demand on his power of self-control, were he to attempt to write thirty pages without a fling or two at the Catholic Church—so he lets himself become disrespectful as well as superficial.

BABETTE BOMERLING'S BRIDEGROOMS, by Alice Berend, translated by Margaret Nohowel (New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.00). This story is a clever, satirical skit upon the German *nouveaux riches* of the *ante-bellum* period. It describes in jocular fashion the many maneuvers of Mother Bomberling, the wife of a wealthy coffin-maker, to win a fitting bridegroom for her charming daughter, Babette. How the old lady is victimized by pseudo-Italian counts and swindling Polish baronesses—how the many suitors press their claims only to go down to utter defeat at the hands of Bab's true lover, the much-despised Paul—is told with inimitable humor.

PEEPS AT MANY LANDS is the appropriate title of an attractive series of travel books which The Macmillan Company have brought out in an American edition (\$1.50 per volume). These books are made attractive to young readers, for whom they are primarily intended, by ease of style and charm of illustration: many of them are by well-known authors. Among the Catholics who have contributed are Katharine Tynan and E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. The countries and noted places covered are: London and Paris, England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, Canada and Newfoundland, Spain and Portugal, Sweden and Finland, Holland and Belgium, France and Alsace-Lorraine, China and Japan, Norway and Denmark, Italy and Greece, Egypt and the Holy Land, Australia and New Zealand, South America and Panama. From these peeps here and there may be gleaned a fair notion of the history, topography, customs, arts and industries of these varied lands. While the standard of the series is well sustained, the volumes are not entirely equal in merit, nor are all free from evidences of the too broad

and the too narrow points of view. In Italy, and especially in Rome, we look for more adequate mention of the great Catholic monuments: the history of Sweden is presented with decided Protestant bias and the Christianizing of the country by the Catholic Church ignored: in Scotland, the Celtic Church is differentiated from the Catholic Church: a strained effort at fairness describes the religion of the Mahommedan in Egypt as "fine," and Mrs. Tynan's picture of Ireland is unfortunately capable of making an impression certainly not intended by that devoted Irishwoman. Of unalloyed charm are the peeps at England and Wales, London and Paris, Canada and Newfoundland and Norway and Denmark. And when all is said and done, the series is well calculated to evoke interest and incite many a boy and girl to further study.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN CITY, by Mother Mary Loyola, with an introduction by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.50.) This charming allegory will bring to the heart of the child a deep love for Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and an understanding of the graces received in Holy Communion. We follow with delight the little Dilecta in her meetings with The King; her struggles against the evil influence of Malignus, in which she is so ably helped by the Prince Guardian; from the hut in which she lived, and where The King so often and so graciously visited her—right into His Golden City. Aside from its religious and literary merit, the book is artistic in its make-up, and has eight full-page color illustrations by J. Watson Davis.

AT GREENACRES is the first of a series of books for children from Marion Ames Taggart's facile pen (New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 each). She has called them the Jack-in-the-Box series, taking the name from the wholesome, yet fanciful, boy who is her hero. In this book, we are introduced to four children, *Isabel*, sweet, idealistic, weaving stories out of everything and living in a land of fancy; *Prue*, downright, practical and "straight" to the last degree; *Poppy*, plain, fiery, impulsive, but with a loving heart to guide her, and *Mark*, or "Jack-in-the-Box," who comes to them first as a boy of mystery. There is a delightful out-of-doors atmosphere about this story, and the children and grown-ups alike will fascinate the young readers. There is a distinct plot—and an interesting one, too. To tell it would spoil the reading. *The Queer Little Man* and *The Bottle Imp* take these same children through a series of adventures, full of excitement and interest.

Poppy's Pluck is the last of this jolly series, and shows especially the development of Poppy in the atmosphere of love into which she has been fortunate enough to wander—and, of course, of Isabel, Prue and Mark. It is interesting from cover to cover, and when the last page is reached the only regret of the reader will be that a "good-bye" must be said to these charming children.

THE ANNES, by Marion Ames Taggart (Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.75 net), is Miss Taggart's first full-fledged novel. It is the story of three Annes, aged severally: sixty-eight, twenty-two and seven years—and the youngest Anne, though rather precocious to be quite lovable, is the one who most enlivens the story. Readers, old and young, of Miss Taggart's many tales for girls should be equally pleased with this, her first story for grown-ups.

OTHER children's books recently issued are *The Saviour's Fountains*, by Michael Andrew Chapman (Huntington, Ind.: Our Sunday Visitor), a book for children on the Seven Sacraments, profusely illustrated; *The Tree of Light*, by James A. Scherer (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.35), the story of how Christmas came to old England and how the Oak, worshipped by the Druids, gave place to "The Tree of Light." *Mostly Mary*, by "Clementine" (Chicago: Matre & Co. \$1.00). The influence of a truly Catholic home makes Mary the devout, honest and unselfish child we cannot help loving. *How Lotys Had Tea With a Lion*, by F. B. Kirkman, B.A. (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00). The story of a little English girl and her wonderful adventures with "Mr. Lion," which will fascinate the very little ones. Also from the Macmillan press we have *The Windy Hill*, by Cornelia Meigs (\$1.75), in which Oliver Peyton meets the "Bee Man," listens to his enthralling stories, and later becomes a hero; and a new edition of Mrs. Molesworth's ever fresh and charming, though age-old stories, *The Cuckoo Clock* (\$1.00) and *Carrots* (\$1.00). *The Girls of Highland Hall*, by Carroll W. Rankin (New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.75), is a story in which we meet again the four very real girls of Dandelion Cottage, in what we hope is a very *unreal* boarding school—Highland Hall. These publishers have also put out a very delightful collection of stories in dialect, told by the negro "fo' de Wah," by John C. Branner, entitled *How and Why Stories* (\$2.25).

Of especial interest to boys are *The Coral Islands*, by R. M. Balantyne (\$1.75), *The Lone Scout* (\$1.50) and *A Marine, Sir!* (\$1.50), by Edward Champe Carter, all three published by The Cornhill Publishing Co., Boston, and all books of thrilling adventure. *The Boy Who Came Back*, by John Talbot Smith (New York: Blase Benziger & Co., Inc. \$1.25), in which we are shown the good influence the Sisters can have over even the heart of a wayward boy; and *Signals from the Bay Tree*, by H. S. Spalding, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50), which relates the thrilling adventures and narrow escapes of three boys in the Everglades of Florida.

THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY, edited by Campbell Dodgson, C.B.E.; American Editor, Fitzroy Carrington, M.A. (London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. American Agent, E. Weyhe, New York. \$4.00 a year.) A periodical interesting to the art lover. The issue of April, 1921, treats of the Etchings of Forain, Tiepolo, Cozens and Lumsden, and is profusely illustrated.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

From the press of P. Téqui, Paris, we have received some very interesting books. *Plans de Sermons Pour les Fêtes de l'Année*, by Monseigneur Millot, is made up of skeleton sermons for the principal feasts of the Liturgical year. Any priest seriously interested in preparing his sermons will find in this work an inexhaustible mine of inspiration; *La Bienheureuse Marguerite de Lorraine*, Duchess d'Alençon and Poor Clare, by Canon René Guérin, is an interesting history as well as an edifying biography; *Pensées Choisies de Pascal*, by E. Cretté, is a selection of the "Thoughts of Pascal," the greatest of French thinkers, intended for popular use; *Sanctifions Le Moment Présent* is a delicious little work of spirituality, consisting of thirty meditations by the Abbé Feige. This author has written similar works on the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin, suitable for the months of May and June; and *Jesus Vivant Dans Le Prêtre*, by Father Millet, S.J., is the fifth edition of this work, which is too well known from the excellent translation by Bishop Byrne of Nashville, Tenn., to need any commendation.

Monsignor d'Hulst, Apologiste, by J. Bricourt (Paris: Ancienne Librairie Poussielgue), treats fully of the great work of Monsignor d'Hulst, the French apologist. It gives a character sketch of Monsignor d'Hulst, his view of the period in which he lived and the spirit in which he went about his work, also his specific teachings. This work is evidently a labor of love, and forms a splendid companion volume to the *Life of Monsignor d'Hulst*, by Monsignor Baudrillart.

La Philosophie Moderne Depuis Bacon Jusqu'à Leibniz, by Gaston Sortais, S.J. (Paris: P. Lethielleux.) Many have sought to appraise the life, work and character of the English statesman-philosopher; in the present scholarly study, Father Sortais has accomplished the work with a thoroughness and impartiality seldom surpassed in the whole range of Baconian literature.

Phéniciens Essai de Contribution à l'Histoire antique de la Méditerranée, by C. Autran (Paris: Paul Geuthner. 30 fr.), is an interesting and erudite monograph which cannot be neglected either by anthropologists or by students of the Old Testament. It is the fashion to attribute that remarkable culture which grew up around the Mediterranean and bears its name, to the inhabitants of Egypt, and to a lesser extent to those of Mesopotamia races, as he says, which, during some three thousand years, exhibited, in all orders of ideas, very limited activities. The author will have none of this, but sets out to prove his thesis that the real originators of this culture were the Ægean Phoenicians, whom he distinguishes sharply from the more frequently discussed Semitic Phoenicians.

El Libro de la Mujer Espanola, by the Rev. Graciano Martinez, O. S. A. (Madrid: Asilo de Huerfanos.) This book is a small encyclopedia on feminism. Its thirteen chapters present the history of the feminist movement from the Greek and Romans till the present day. It supplies the reader with valuable information and reasons for and against women's exercise of rights, civil and political. Chapter VIII. presents a canvas of the intellectual development of the Spanish woman since early days, with Isabella of Castile and St. Teresa as the main figures. The author treats of the political rights of the Spanish women of our period, and while he criticizes the "hysteria" of the ultra-feminists, declares himself an advocate of the just claims of woman for participation in the Spanish Commonwealth. He mentions briefly the great social work undertaken by the association, called *Accion Catolica de la Mujer*, founded by His Eminence Cardinal Guisasaola, in order to direct the feminist movement in Spain in right channels within the bounds of Christian feminism. The style of this book is, unfortunately, emphatic and oratorical.

Recent Events.

France.

The chief topic of French discussion during the month has been the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments at Washington and the question whether Premier Briand would go as a delegate to it and even, for a time, whether his Government would survive the attacks of the opposition. Finally, after prolonged debate, both the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, by a clear majority, gave the Premier the necessary vote of confidence, and he has since arrived in this country. The majority was won only after a hard up-hill fight and against severe counter-attacks, but it can be fairly taken to represent the national backing which the Premier has in the policy he has pursued since he took office, and will pursue at Washington. The opposition was in no way connected with the Premier's attendance at the Conference itself, or even with his conduct of foreign affairs, but was a matter of internal politics, pure and simple, the question involved being whether or not he was leaning too much for support on the Liberal Republican and Socialist side of the Chamber, to the detriment of the Nationalist group represented by M. Tardieu and ex-President Poincaré, which swept the country in the last election.

The Conference opened on Saturday, November 12th, and on November 15th the real work begins. Besides the American representatives, there will be delegates from the four other principal Powers: Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, who will take up all questions to be considered by the Conference and, in addition, there will be delegates from the Netherlands, Belgium, Portugal and China, who will participate in the deliberations respecting Far Eastern questions.

All the Powers agree in principle in desiring to achieve three objects as fundamental purposes of the Conference: first, the reduction and limitation of naval forces to the lowest point consistent with national security; second, to establish the peace of the world by removing the causes of political and economic rivalries in the Far East; and third, to guarantee the open door in China—that is, equal commercial opportunity for all nations—and to maintain the territorial integrity of China.

In addition, the United States wishes to bring about the term-

ination of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Neither France nor Italy is particularly interested in the alliance, as they do not regard it as either a military or an economic menace to the United States. According to American opinion, however, it is both, and it is the most delicate and difficult question for decision.

On November 9th, the Council of Ambassadors met in Paris and signed a protocol setting forth the frontiers between Jugo-Slavia and Albania. Up to the present, these boundaries have not been accurately defined, and by their action in thus delimiting the frontiers, the Council of Ambassadors have placed on a legal basis the issue which the Council of the League of Nations will discuss on November 18th, the issue, namely, of Serbia's frequent aggressions during the last few months against Albania. This meeting of the Council of the League of Nations has been called at the instance of the British Government, which has been watching Serbian military activities for some time with grave anxiety. It will be important as showing the power of the League to prevent an aggressive war for the territorial expansion of one of its members. Former representations to Serbia, concerning the invasion of Albanian territory, have been countered by assertions that only irregular bands, over which the Serbian Government had no control, were engaged in it, and by excuses founded upon doubts as to where the true boundary of Albania lay.

A protest has been entered against the Wiesbaden agreement signed last month by French and German representatives, which provided for the delivery to France by the German Government of 7,000,000,000 gold marks' worth of building materials in lieu of cash. The protest was made in a paper by Sir John Bradbury, British delegate to the Reparations Commission. His contention is that the broad result of the agreement will be that for the next fourteen years Germany will be able to count as payment under the Peace Treaty a maximum of 1,000,000,000 gold marks annually in respect to deliveries to France, whatever these deliveries may attain in fact, and that Germany will doubtless plead these obligations to France as ground for consideration of her position in regard to reparations in general. He proposes, therefore, among other things, that France pay to the general reparations account any amounts necessary to insure that the other Allies shall receive their proper amounts due from Germany. The publication of the Bradbury report has aroused severe criticism by the French newspapers, which object not so much to the protest itself or its recommendation, as to the moment of its publication and its effect at this time in Germany, where the Reparations Commission is now starting its work.

Meanwhile, a project to rebuild eleven villages in the Somme district with German material and by German labor has been submitted to M. Loncheur, the Minister of Reconstruction, by French and German Labor organizations, acting through two groups of practical builders. The villages which have been selected are all near Chaulnes, in the Somme Department, and the Prefect of the Somme Department has informed M. Loncheur that the Mayors of all the villages and all the other local authorities favor the proposal. It has been decided, however, that before definite approval is given to the scheme, all the property-holders and inhabitants must have an opportunity of expressing their wishes. This will be done as soon as possible, and if the reply is favorable, the Government will certainly allow the project to be carried out as an experiment, which may have further development in the zone where the destruction was complete. It is proposed to complete the work within twelve months.

According to the report of the Finance Commission of the Chamber of Deputies, there will be a deficit of 1,625,258,000 francs in the French budget for 1922. This will be made good by the issuance of Treasury bonds. The total expenditure for the year is estimated at just short of 25,000,000,000 francs and the total revenue at 23,327,000,000. The report says that the maximum which France can hope to recover from Germany is 68,000,000,000 gold marks. For reconstruction between 60,000,000,000 and 80,000,000,000 francs are still needed, and France will have to find between 6,000,000,000 and 8,000,000,000 francs for the next ten years. It will also be necessary to find 4,000,000,000 francs for pensions and 2,000,000,000 francs for interest on the sums already borrowed on this account.

Under the direction of the League of Nations on October 22d, there was signed at the Headquarters of the League at Geneva a ten-power agreement for the neutralization of the Aland Islands. In its arbitration of the Aland dispute between Sweden and Finland, which gave the islands to Finland, with a degree of autonomy, the League Council recommended that all the interested nations come to an agreement as to their military and naval neutrality. The ten nations thus invited—Germany, Denmark, Esthonia, Finland, France, Great Britain, Italy, Lithuania, Poland and Sweden—have now signed the agreement, whereby, under the supervision of the League, the neutrality of the islands is guaranteed.

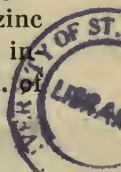
The latest result of the Polish-Lithuanian dispute, which the League has been endeavoring to compose for several months, is the proffered resignation of General Joseph Pilsudski, President

of Poland. His action was based on the rejection by the Polish Cabinet of the plan for the creation of a middle Lithuanian State, the Ministers insisting upon the incorporation of Vilna with Poland. The President's resignation to date has not been accepted, and the Ministers are seeking for a compromise.

During the year 1922 the cost to Germany of the Allied and American armies of occupation will be 22,000,000 gold marks less than during the present year. This is the first and most outstanding result of the work that has been done at Paris during the last three weeks by the Inter-Allied Military Commission, appointed by the Supreme Council to examine questions of possible reduction and limitation of the cost of the Allied armies on the Rhine. A further saving to Germany, it is pointed out in the report, will result from the fact that a majority of the commissions set up by the Treaty will soon have completed their work. The commission suggests also that the Inter-Allied Rhine Commission, which is a civilian organization, shall be asked by the Supreme Council to meet and seek a way, as it has done, to reduce claims to the minimum.

Towards the middle of October, the Council of the League of Nations announced its recommendation on the Upper Silesian question, and shortly thereafter the Allied Governments communicated it to the Governments of Germany and Poland as the final decision in the fixation of the Upper Silesian boundary. The findings are in two parts. First, the line between Poland and Germany is laid down, whereby, roughly speaking, Germany is allowed two-thirds of the disputed area and Poland one-third; and second, provision is made for the establishment of a commission of Poles and Germans with a neutral Chairman to draw up a convention for the protection of the economic unity of the Silesian industrial district. The Allies called on Germany and Poland to accept both parts of the League recommendations.

Although by this decision Germany is awarded about two-thirds of the territory of the plebiscite area, in the portion going to Poland lies, it is estimated, two-thirds of the undeveloped mineral wealth of Silesia. The situation may be stated thus: Germany loses sixty-four per cent. of the Upper Silesia anthracite production, to wit, sixty-seven anthracite coal mines, which last year produced about 32,000,000 tons. She also loses all her Upper Silesian zinc production, or sixty per cent. of Germany's total zinc production. There is less statistical certainty regarding the industrial loss, but it is believed to be about sixty-three per cent.



the Upper Silesian iron industries' production, or approximately 1,500,000 tons of iron and steel products.

As a result of the decision a wild outburst of disapproval swept over Germany and, on October 22d, Chancellor Wirth, whose reparations policy was largely built on the retention of Upper Silesia, and who had vigorously protested against its partition, handed his resignation to President Ebert with those of the entire Cabinet. Owing to the fact that Germany was obliged within the following week to send an economic commission to Upper Silesia to treat with a similar Polish commission, the Wirth Cabinet agreed to "conduct affairs" till a new Government was formed, but after several days' trial in other quarters, President Ebert was forced to ask Chancellor Wirth to form the new Cabinet, to which he agreed. Besides the post of Chancellor, Dr. Wirth took over the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, and with the changing about of several ministers from their former posts formed the new Cabinet practically out of the old. The office of Minister of Reconstruction, formerly held by Dr. Walter Rathenau, was left unfilled for the present, as the Democratic Party, to which Dr. Rathenau belongs, objected to his acceptance of a post in the new Cabinet. He is expected, however, to join later.

The Reichstag voted confidence in the new Ministry by a vote of 230 against 132, the majority of 98 being made up of Majority Socialists, Centrists, Independent Socialists and Democrats. The Majority Socialists and Centrists, will constitute the nucleus of the parliamentary support of the new Government. The Democrats and the Independent Socialists promise to stand by it, while the People's Party, representing the great industrial interests, again agrees to observe a benevolent neutrality.

The new Ministry, though protesting in a formal note against the Allied decision, has sent in its formal acceptance to the Council of Ambassadors, and has appointed delegates to carry out, with the Polish representatives, the practical work of partition. The Polish Diet has also signified its assent, so that the Silesian question is now considered definitely settled, at least politically and, probably, economically also.

At first, there were reports that the Germans would institute an economic boycott against the Polish part of Silesia, and even planned the systematic destruction of industrial plants, railways and bridges in that territory. This, however, proved false, and heavy buying of mines in Polish Silesia featured the first session of the Berlin Bourse after the Council's decision. In addition, the German concerns owning big industries in the region awarded to Poland, have decided to conduct their plants at their former high

state of efficiency. At present, Germany and Poland are endeavoring to come to a complete understanding not only with regard to Upper Silesia, but on all political and economic questions at issue between the two countries.

Coincident with the political crisis, and largely a cause of it, has been the internal economic situation, the mark steadily falling in value throughout the month till, on November 8th, it reached the unprecedented figure of three hundred and thirty for the dollar. This, of course, has played havoc with everything in prices, taxes, wages and budgets, and the Finance Minister says it is utterly impossible to balance the budget, the annual deficit amounting to 110,000,000,000 marks.

The Government still adheres to its taxation scheme, but without much hope of success, and asserts that the country is on the verge of financial chaos. It is estimated that taxes in Germany amount to 22,000 marks yearly per family, of which 6,000 marks is for internal expenses. The fall of the mark, in the opinion of German bankers, was caused chiefly by the fact that the Government had to borrow twenty-seven per cent. of the last payment on reparations by means of short loans which had to be repaid, and payment as a whole had, of course, a cumulative effect. On the question of devising ways and means of meeting the country's international financial obligations, three bodies are now at work—the Reichstag, the National Economic Council and the executive committee of the Association of German Industry. The latter is devoting its attention primarily to raising a credit of 2,000,000,000 gold marks for the Government by combining the forces of German industry and agriculture.

The tax bill has become the political centre of gravity and will probably determine the future of Chancellor Wirth's Cabinet. A bitter conflict is expected on this subject. The prevailing belief in Germany is that unless the whole reparations scheme is revised downward, the only feasible taxation programme is one that increases direct levies on large capital. This will amount to partial confiscation.

On November 5th, it was announced that the entire Reparations Commission would soon go to Berlin for a stay of several weeks, in order to determine how far the fall of the mark and the disposition of the Silesian problem have affected Germany's capacity to meet the payment of 500,000,000 gold marks due to the Allies on January 15, 1922. Another object of the Commission will be to obtain information which will lead to an adjustment of the disagreement of England and France over the Wiesbaden accord. In general, the Commission will endeavor to determine to

what extent the conditions on which the London ultimatum was based have changed since last May. In this connection, many complex financial problems will be discussed. In a sense, the Reparations Commission may be considered to be moving toward a reconsideration of the whole reparations problem on a purely scientific basis.

On October 18th, the United States Senate ratified the treaties negotiated by the Harding Administration with Germany, Austria and Hungary, and since then the formal exchange of the German and American ratifications has taken place in the respective capitals. A German envoy is at present on his way to this country to be succeeded later by an Ambassador not yet named.

The United States Government has decided to retain approximately 5,600 officers and men of the army in the occupied region of Germany for an indefinite period, pending determination of whether the United States shall participate in the permanent occupation of German territory. The number of American soldiers now in Germany is 13,000, about 8,000 of whom are to be brought home, but as only two transports have been assigned to this duty, the reduction, which begins about the middle of November, will not be accomplished till March, 1922.

Russia. The crisis of the Russian famine will be reached in January, and indications are that it will be accompanied by a big typhus epidemic, according to Colonel William L. Haskell, chief of the American Relief Administration in Russia. Fifteen million persons, he says, are more or less affected by the famine, which is most serious and widespread in the Volga Basin and to the east thereof. The famine is due, primarily, to the drought of last summer, in Colonel Haskell's opinion, and not due to the requisitions of the Soviet Government or of the Red or White armies. He estimates that fifty million dollars would save the bulk of the stricken people, as the population is not uniformly affected, and seventy-five per cent. of them can be reached by the transport available. The Soviet Government is unable to accomplish relief without outside aid.

A new attempt to gain foreign recognition was made by the Soviet Government towards the end of October, when Foreign Minister Tchitcherin dispatched a note to the British, French, American, Italian and Japanese Governments saying that the Soviet Government would agree to recognize the foreign debts of the old Imperial Russian Government, incurred up to 1914, under the con-

dition that "Russia be given certain privileges, making possible the practical fulfillment of those obligations," by the great Powers concluding final peace with and recognizing the Soviet Republic. The Foreign Minister proposed the immediate calling of an international conference to consider the demands of all nations upon Russia and the Russian claims upon them, and to work out a final treaty of peace. Since the note was dispatched, the Russian Soviet Council of Commissars has appointed a special commission, headed by Maxim Litvinoff, chief of the Soviet legations abroad, to consider the question.

To date, none of the Powers has replied to the note, though it has been authoritatively indicated that Great Britain will reply. The British note will point out that the Soviet's offer mentions only the Imperial State debts, and these only up to 1914, whereas advances made to Russia by the Allies during the War aggregated between £400,000,000 and £800,000,000. The British reply will also set forth that the conference to establish peace, suggested by the Moscow Government, would be possible only after an Allied, or preferably an international, consensus of opinion was obtained regarding the policy to be pursued towards Russia's indebtedness. British public opinion looks on the offer from Moscow as merely another step in the steady progress towards the reestablishment of Anglo-Russian relations, which started with the signing of the trade agreement.

The commercial treaty between Italy and Russia, negotiation of which was begun several months ago, has been put into draft form, and is now waiting the signatures of the Italian Foreign Minister and the Soviet representative in Italy.

The fourth anniversary of the *coup d'état* of Nikolai Lenine, which took place November 7, 1917, was celebrated very quietly this year, as the Moscow Government has let it be known that spectacular demonstrations, either in Russia or among Communists abroad, would be distasteful to it. Instead of vast manifestations, the waving of red flags and an outflow of world revolution propaganda, which has characterized previous anniversaries, meetings were held in Petrograd designed to emphasize the need of a new economic policy and to influence the readmission of Russia to the official councils of the great nations.

Meanwhile, Lenine has introduced into his economic policy certain modifications designed to meet unforeseen difficulties, and admitted by him to be an approach to capitalism. The changes are due to Lenine's recognition of the fact that Communism is at present inadequate to supply the peasants, on the one hand, with manufactured goods and the urban workers, on the other, with

food, and though there has been some acrid criticism of the new policy by out-and-out Communists, Lenine has successfully vanquished all opposition.

On the occasion of the Soviet anniversary, a general amnesty was declared for all private soldiers abroad who had fought against the Soviet Government. The amnesty has also been extended to General Shashchhoff and several other generals who fought under General Wrangel in the anti-Bolshevik campaign in the Crimea.

The only force at present actively in operation against the Bolsheviks is that of the Ukrainian leader, General Petlura, who is reported to have captured several towns, including Kamneetz-Podolsk. It is reported that the Ruthenians, in Polish Galicia, are joining the Red Army opposing Petlura, and in official Allied circles it is believed that Petlura's new uprising can only be considered a raid and will be easily suppressed by the Soviet forces.

On October 26th, the Soviet Foreign Minister announced that negotiations had been opened in Moscow between the Soviet Government and the new Mongolian Revolutionary Government of Urga, which coöperates with the Far Eastern Republic. Treaties also have been completed this year, M. Tchitcherin announced, with Persia, Afghanistan, Bokhara and Khiva.

Hungary.

On October 22d, ex-Emperor Charles made his second attempt within a year to regain the Hungarian throne. After a sensational flight from Switzerland by aëroplane, accompanied by the former Empress Zita, he landed near Oedenburg, where he received the allegiance of the troops gathered there. From there he and his army marched, on the following day, to Raab, occupying the town and sending out calls for various Hungarian leaders under the old régime and other royalist sympathizers. On the next day, however, the Carlist forces were defeated in two engagements near Komorn (about forty miles northwest of Budapest) by Regent Horthy's troops, and Charles and his queen taken prisoner.

Meanwhile, the governments of Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia sent an ultimatum to Hungary demanding the delivery to them of Charles and guarantees for the disarmament of Hungary, and for the reimbursement of the costs of mobilization and, in the event of refusal, threatening invasion. At this junction, however, the Allied Council of Ambassadors took charge of the situation and, after several days' deliberation, decided on the banishment of Charles and his family to the island of Madeira. The Council

issued a note calling on the Hungarian National Assembly to depose the former King and declare all other members of the Hapsburg family ineligible to the throne.

Early in November, the Assembly complied with the Allied demands, and President Masaryk issued an order for the demobilization of the Czecho-Slovak forces. At present, the ex-Emperor and his consort are being conveyed to Madeira on board a British battle-cruiser, and this is considered the final act in the drama of attempted restoration. Admiral Horthy, the Hungarian Regent, has issued a decree granting amnesty to all participants in the Carlist movement except the leaders.

Immediately before the royalist uprising, the controversy between Austria and Hungary over Burgenland, the strip of West Hungarian territory awarded to Austria by the Allies, was settled by a compact between the two countries. By this agreement Hungary bound herself to clear Burgenland of insurrectionary Hungarian bands and Austria accepted a plan for a plebiscite in certain towns of the district. Latest advices are to the effect that the insurgents are evacuating their position on the southern front of the area. In the north, Colonel Hyjas, commanding the insurgents, has requested an armistice.

Greece.

An important step in the liquidation of affairs in Asia Minor was taken on October 30th, when the French Government announced its ratification of an agreement with the Turkish Nationalist Government at Angora, declaring peace between the two Governments and providing for economic coöperation. By the terms of the agreement Cilicia is to be evacuated by the French, the boundary between Turkey and Syria, held by France, is drawn, and various economic advantages are granted to France, notable among which is a concession for the operation of the Bagdad railroad from the Mediterranean to the Tigris River and a ninety-nine year lease on the iron, chrome and silver mines in the northern part of Anatolia, near the shores of the Black Sea.

The political importance of this agreement is great. Not only is France on good terms with Mustapha Kemal, and hence will not help the Greeks in their war on him, but it is very likely that the weight of French diplomatic influence will be cast against the Greeks. The agreement also implies that France recognize the Angora Government as the ruling power in Turkey, and not the Constantinople Government, which is still treated by England as officially representing that country.

Though the French Government pointed out that the Treaty concerned only affairs between France and Turkey, and hence did not need the approval of the Allied Powers, a protest has been raised against it by Great Britain. The French, in reply, state that the British Government has been in constant touch with the Franco-Turkish negotiations ever since they began in London on March 21st last, and that the present objections are very belated. The real cause of the dispute seems to be a clash of the two policies which France and England have pursued in the Near East ever since the end of the War. The French have constantly endeavored to obtain a settlement by what they call a positive policy—dealing with the facts of the situation as they found them. The British policy, on the other hand, has been as constantly negative in its refusal to recognize the government of Mustapha Kemal as the *de facto* Government of Turkey with consequent admission of Turkish independence.

Meanwhile, the Greco-Turkish front has remained inactive throughout the month, though diplomatic maneuvers have been made by both countries. The Turks, besides arranging the Treaty with France, have concluded an alliance with northern Persia, which, according to Mustapha Kemal, is the first step to unite the whole Mohammedan world. The Greeks have been less successful. Late in October, Premier Gounaris went first to Paris and later to London in an endeavor to obtain financial assistance and recognition of King Constantine, but failed in both objects, with the English as well as the French. It is understood that unless Greece soon obtains a considerable loan, it will be bankrupt.

Italy. The Fascisti are still belligerently active in Italy, the month being marked by clashes between them and three other parties. The first occurred on October 21st at Venice when they attacked the Catholic Party in convention there, causing a riot call to be sent in and the dispatch of police reinforcements to the scene. On November 8th, sharp fighting between Fascisti and Communists occurred near Novi, in Alessandria Province, Northwestern Italy, in which most of the combatants were wounded, some seriously. The general strike of the railway workers in Rome was the occasion of the third conflict, when, on November 10th, the Fascisti attacked the workers and caused numerous disturbances throughout the city.

The only other Italian news of moment was the solemn interment, on November 4th, of the body of Italy's Unknown Soldier

under the Victor Emmanuel monument in Rome, and the purchase by the Italian Government of the majority ownership of the "Sudbahn" Company of Vienna, a company controlling the principal trunk-line railway system of Austria-Hungary. The main line of the road connects Vienna with Trieste, Budapest and Prague and traverses what is considered one of the richest sections of Central Europe.

Portugal.

A military revolt against the Portuguese Government broke out in Lisbon on October 20th, in which the Premier Antonio Granjo and several other officials, including Machado dos Santos, founder of the Portuguese Republic and once its President, were slain. The trouble seems to have been occasioned by the feeling that the Premier was not sufficiently severe towards the monarchists, who since the last election have taken a bolder stand. Since the beginning of the year, Portugal, which has been a republic since October 5, 1910, has had no less than seven Premiers, at least three of whom came into office after incipient revolutions. The present outburst had its inception in a less serious one last May when it was reported that Machado dos Santos had seized the Presidential power. Quiet has now been restored, and a new Cabinet under Senhor Pinta has been inducted into office. The new Government has started an investigation of the late revolt and has issued orders for the disarming of all civilians.

November 14, 1921.

With Our Readers

AS the manifestation of a great hope, it is good to record the event which took place upon Armistice Day and the characteristic attitude of the whole country. There are moments in the life of a man when he is at his best. The whole nation was at its best in those two minutes at noontide of November 11th, when, in silence, it paid its tribute to the Unknown Soldier and to all that was represented in him. It would be enlightening could we but pierce the walls and enter into the souls of all the people during that little space of time. But, of one thing we are convinced, that, in the majority of cases, not only thoughts of patriotism were aroused, but also thoughts of our reliance upon God. That same spirit which shone forth in the address of our President and reached its climax in his recitation of the Our Father, which pulsed in the hearts of those who gathered in the churches of the land, seemed to animate the whole country and to raise it to the appreciation of its need of God. It was the manifestation of a great hope, the hope that, in spite of all contrary and unseemly things in our civilization, the higher things, the substantial virtues, the fundamental principles of religion and morality will prevail.

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DEVELOPMENT is one of the signs of life. But development does not mean revolution; it does not mean destruction and substitution. For if we are to have development, we must have something to develop, something of essence and substance that remains through all the accidental changes and improvements. Development, in other words, implies a definite subject matter and a determined law of action. The complement of the particular is the universal. The complement of the dynamic is the static. The complement of the individual is the typical or the general. In meeting the problems of life, therefore, Catholic thought, which is capable of development, likewise has its static and immutable elements. The unchangeable facts of revelation and the unchangeable decrees of conscience form the fixed and determined foundations from which truth cannot vary, no matter what may be its development. Throughout all its progress, truth is essentially the same.

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ON the other hand, the so-called modern thought is characteristically a matter of change and flux both in itself and in its view of the matters and problems of life. It flies often from one extreme to the other: it neglects the general for the particular and the common or typical for the individual. It abhors universal statements and fixed definitions. In all departments of knowledge and of action, it varies with the shifting opinions of the times, considering that every change is an advance and that every adaptation to the circumstances of the day is growth and progress.

With two such differing fundamental positions, it can be seen that there must result very different attitudes towards the ethical conduct of life, as well as towards its theory. In fact, it is in this realm, the realm of moral behavior, that the difference is most vitally manifested and experienced. The result, in the one case, is definiteness of decision with the obligation of meeting and conquering any difficulties that may be presented: and, in the other case, vagueness of principles, with no obligation of facing difficulties, but rather with the questionable privilege of obliterating difficulties by denying them.

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THE daily evidences of this latter state of mind are numerous and, sad to say, are destructive of ethical character and moral strength. Lately, for example, we had the pleasure—for it was a pleasure—of reading one of the few exceptionally good novels of the day, a pleasure which, however, was cut short in the conveniently weak solution at the end of the story. Through the book was portrayed in excellent language and with understanding and imagination, the supreme effort of a human mind to fathom the meaning of life and to face its difficulties, bravely, with fixed moral principles, with candor, and with a real desire to reach reality. Then, suddenly, the wonderful edifice that has been erected, the strong and attractive character that has been built up, calling forth our admiration, collapses before all difficulties by adopting for them the easy solution of divorce. Of course, the worst feature of this is that the author would consider his solution to be legitimate. If it were so, it should have come much earlier in the story. If not, then it should not have entered at all. And there is always in the application of such a solution in our works of fiction, a sense which it would seem that the authors themselves dimly share, of the unseemliness of this way out of the difficulty.

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IN another matter of ethical import today, the same sort of tendency is evident; the readiness to solve the difficulties of life, not by facing them, but by annihilating them at any cost. No one

will question the fact that marriage frequently begets difficulties of one sort or another. No one will question the fact that even married people may find it hard to get along with one another. But is the very institution of marriage, therefore, to be destroyed? So, too, no one will deny that the begetting and rearing of children entail trial and inconvenience and suffering and difficulties of many sorts, but is the moral law to be set aside on account of these things, and practices approved and preached which are nothing less than serious violations of the laws of life and of God? It is, of course, the easiest way out. And even if it means the denial of moral obligations, and the destruction of purity, and the disintegration of character and physical and moral degeneration, the tendency of the so-called modern thought is to yield to the demands of the particular as against the universal, of individual selfishness as against the general good; and to advocate the unseemly methods of birth-control. All reverence for fundamental law is lost. The most sacred precincts of life, where, if anywhere, law must reign, are invaded by a veritable demon of destruction and annihilation.

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NOR is this attitude confined to problems that are connected with marriage and the family. It invades many realms of ethical action and moral principle. For example, as evidenced recently in an address by the president of one of our woman's colleges and frequently exploited in our more or less radical press, the virtue of patriotism is treated with the same irreverence and ridicule. No one questions the fact that there are many things in our civic and political life crying out for change and betterment: no one would say that we should not labor for such improvement: no one, with an intelligent view of our present conditions, would argue that things are altogether right because they are: no one would deny that there are difficulties in our political life to be met courageously and problems to be solved. But, on the other hand, are these troubles to be alleviated and are the deplored conditions to be remedied by casting ridicule upon our Constitution, by sneering at our flag, and by decrying patriotism? Are there not, in all the branches of life, standards to be preserved, fundamental and essential principles that should not vary, no matter how many accidental changes and applied improvements of development may be desirable?

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FROM out all this stands forth the basic difference between what its votaries are pleased to call modern thought and that sum of teaching in regard to matters of faith and morals, which is

Catholic thought. In the one case there is vagueness, in the other definiteness; in one case constant change, in the other fixity; in one case a worship of the new because it is new, in the other reverence for the old because, while old, it is also true; in the one case no possibility of attaining rest and satisfaction, in the other a certainty that, whatever the new conditions of life and whatever the ever-arising needs of life, whatever the problems that must be faced, there are standards and principles of an ethical nature that are as old as the human race, yea as eternal as God. Life is conserved and bettered, not by sacrificing these, not by annihilating them, but by building upon them.

EDUCATION presents many problems and one of these problems is just how and where this or that individual student is to secure the training necessary for his vocation in life. It would be a great blessing for American Catholic young men and young women if, in the realm of higher education, there were Catholic colleges and universities sufficient in number and adequately equipped to supply all the demands. Unfortunately, this is not so.

That the Catholic Church in the United States has done a stupendous work in the field of education cannot be questioned. Considering all the obstacles and difficulties, this achievement is probably without parallel in history. A glance at a recent publication, *The Directory of Catholic Schools and Colleges*, compiled by Rev. James Ryan, D.D., Secretary of the Education Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council, will show the magnitude of the Catholic educational work in the United States.

With all that has been accomplished, however, it is quite evident that there are certain educational advantages that cannot always be obtained under Catholic auspices. It would be quite impossible, for example, for all Catholic students throughout this vast country who so desired, to obtain instruction in medicine in Catholic schools, for the simple reason that such schools are few and far between. The same, in a lesser degree, is true of courses in law and in many branches of physical science. Again, the territorial question creates a difficulty. Many students would have to travel far to a Catholic college or university, whereas well-equipped secular institutions are close at hand. The financial question, too, not infrequently is one that has to be considered by the student of small means. Many State universities offer free tuition, a consideration that often makes possible the obtaining of an education that otherwise would be impossible.

AT any rate, it is quite true that, for one legitimate reason or another, there are thousands of Catholic students in America who are attending secular institutions of learning. It has been reckoned that the number of these today is between thirty and forty thousand. This is a great fact or condition that has to be admitted and faced. It carries with it a danger, no doubt, but it also carries with it a duty. The danger, of course, is that in such educational institutions there often exists not only a neglect of religion, but, sometimes among some of its professors, positive opposition to the teachings and principles of Christian Faith and even Christian morality. In the plastic years of college life the student, sometimes even unconsciously, is liable to suffer a weakening of faith because his faith is not nourished as it should be, and the reasons for his faith are not kept before his mind. The food of life is denied him. It was, no doubt, the realization of this fact and this danger that called forth one of the mandates of His Holiness Pope Pius X. in his Encyclical on Christian Doctrine, which reads as follows: "In large towns, and especially in those which contain universities, colleges and grammar schools, let religious classes be founded to instruct in the truths of faith and in the practice of Christian life the young people who frequent the public schools, from which all religious teaching is barred."

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FROM the fact and the danger there arises the duty. Many have realized this duty, notably the Archbishops and Bishops who have assigned priests for the spiritual care of the Catholic students attending secular universities within their respective dioceses. In the Directory referred to above there are listed no less than forty-seven universities, attached to which are Catholic chaplains or spiritual directors. No doubt, at present, among all these institutions, the character and degree of the catechetical and spiritual work vary considerably. Perfection has not yet been attained in all cases. But there are instances in which the attention given to the students and to meeting their spiritual needs is quite adequate. This is the condition to be aimed at and, let us hope, soon to be attained in all such efforts. To draw upon a report, which is at hand, in one of the largest of our universities where the Catholic students are well supplied with a chapel, all their own, and a well-equipped clubhouse containing a splendid library and recreation facilities, there are no less than three Masses for them every Sunday, a sermon preached at each Mass, and sermon and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the afternoon. Every year a mission is conducted, lasting a week, and in another part of the year a retreat of five days. Daily Mass is attended by a goodly number

of students and special lectures and sermons are given throughout the year. Classes in Christian Doctrine are held regularly. Perhaps, the most important feature of all is that the priests can always be consulted by the students and are sought out when difficulties present themselves to their minds, difficulties of a philosophical or religious nature. It may be well to note here that, through such consultations, thoughts of a vocation to the priesthood and the religious life have been frequently awakened, later to flower, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, into realization.

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ONE of the first to reach out an assisting hand to Catholic students attending a State university was Archbishop Riordan. Shortly before his death, he wrote at considerable length about Newman Hall at the University of California; and it is not out of place to quote some of his words: "Since the establishment of this Hall the attitude of the University towards the Catholic Church has undergone a decided change. A friendly interest has been established. Many non-Catholic professors and students encourage the work by attendance, not only at the lectures and conferences, but also at the religious services. The Fathers at the Hall devote much time to answering questions and correcting misunderstandings in regard to our Faith. Several non-Catholic students have been received into the Church and many Catholic students, who before were careless in the practice of their religion, now receive Holy Communion monthly. The frequent attendance at Mass and Communion, the interest that is manifested in the lectures and conferences—both by Catholics and the University public generally—the favorable change that has come over the University public mind in regard to the Catholic Church, all prove that Newman Hall is accomplishing its purpose."

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THE example of Archbishop Riordan has been followed by others, and today there are many well-equipped establishments of a like nature throughout the country. Such as those, to name a few, at the University of Wisconsin, the University of Illinois, the University of Michigan, the University of Texas and, as soon will be the case, at Columbia University in New York City. Nor has our sister-country to the north been behindhand for, both at the University of Toronto and at McGill University at Montreal, there have been such establishments for years. The fact, the danger, the duty, all are apparent and all necessitate, on the part of those who have at heart the spiritual welfare of our children, devoted effort not only to keep them within the fold, but also to advance them in the knowledge and love of God. To say

that the existence of such Catholic establishments at secular universities tends to draw some students who would otherwise go to Catholic colleges or universities, is a contention which probably has in it some small measure of truth; but, on the other hand, that no special spiritual attention should be accorded these thousands of Catholic young men and women at our secular colleges and universities is unthinkable.

AN article in the *American Church Monthly* (Anglican) for November dwells, at considerable length upon "The Problem of Reunion," by Leslie J. Walker, S.J. Here are some of the things it says:

"Yet, after all, it is our foremost need to face the actual facts, and for clear vision (of the facts of other Communions than his own) and for constructive statesmanship we must give a very high place to the book of the Jesuit, Father Walker, *The Problem of Reunion*. It does not give in large detail the interesting facts of our American movement towards coöperation and union; but it is of all these volumes the most masterly in setting out the world's need for a united Church and the most statesmanlike in its handling of the constructive problem."

Our readers who have followed Father Walker's articles on "Why God Became Man" will be glad not only to read these words, but also to know that his recent articles in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* will soon be published in book form, making a notable contribution to apologetic literature.

A NEW experiment in mission preaching, soon to be made, is thus announced in the *New York World*:

"For the first time in any Catholic church in the United States a wireless telephone will be installed in the pulpit of old St. Patrick's, Pittsburgh, Pa., during a mission to be held by the Paulist Fathers from November 27th to December 12th.

"The wireless will be connected with the Westinghouse wireless telephone station, and the sermons will go out every evening to all those who have wireless receiving attachments. The preachers will be the Rev. Bertrand L. Conway and the Rev. David W. Kennedy.

"All questions asked by those of every creed will be answered over the wireless telephone. The question box will be placed near the door of the church and the questions and answers sent broadcast every evening."

IT is our hope to present to our readers in the next number a special article on a very important book recently published by The Macmillan Company, *American Catholics in the War*. It is the story of the work of the National Catholic War Council during the trying days of conflict, told with that literary charm always characteristic of the pen of its author, Mr. Michael Williams. Needless to say, the glorious substance of this record and the grace of its presentation combine to make a volume which every American, Catholic and non-Catholic, should read with profit and pleasure.

"THE LECTURE GUILD" which was started a few years ago, has proved a useful agency for spreading Catholic ideals. It has just issued a new list of noted public speakers on Literature, Drama, Philosophy and Religion, Travel, Music and Art, Science, History, Sociology and Current Topics, which will enable Catholic schools, clubs, parishes and other bodies to arrange programmes of lectures, and engage lecturers from among the best in the country on subjects which are well up-to-date. Among foreign lecturers listed by the Guild are Mr. Cathal O'Byrne, who comes to sing, as well as to talk, about the Folksongs of Ireland, and Miss Annie Christitch, whose Irish mother has long been a contributor to THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Miss Christitch, during the War, raised funds for eight hospitals in her native country, Serbia, and did valiant work at the International Congress of Women in Geneva.

In this crucial period of readjustment it is scarcely necessary to accentuate the value of an organization whose purpose is to make available correct Catholic opinion.

The Advisory Board of "The Lecture Guild" counts among its members the editors of *America*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, *The Rosary Magazine*, *The National Catholic War Council Bulletin*, the assistant editor of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, the Hon. Maurice Francis Egan and Mrs. Joyce Kilmer.

"The Lecture Guild" will gladly send free its list of speakers, and any information desired in regard to lectures, their rates and dates, and to add to its lists the names of well recommended Catholic lecturers from any part of the country.

For any information desired address, Secretary of "The Lecture Guild, 7 East 42d Street, New York City, N. Y.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- SENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:**
Life's Lesson. By Father Garesché, S.J. \$1.50. *Sundays in the Garden of Easter.* By E. Seton. \$1.75. *The Exercises of St. Gertrude.* Translated by Thos. A. Pope, M.A., of the Oratory. 85 cents. *Denys, the Dreamer.* By K. T. Hinkson. \$2.00 net. *An Epitome of the Priestly Life.* By Canon Arvisenet. \$2.50 net. *Jésus Christ, the King of Our Hearts.* By V. Rev. A. Lepicier, O.S.M. \$1.50 net. *St. John Berchmans.* By H. Delehaye, S.J. \$1.50.
- THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:**
Their Friendly Enemy. By Gardner Hunting. \$1.75. *The Philippines, Past and Present.* By Dean C. Worcester. \$5.00. *Dante, 1321-1921, Essays in Commemoration.* Issued by arrangement with the Dante Sexcentenary Committee. 12 s. 6 d. net. *Topless Towers.* By Margaret Ashmun. \$2.00. *Eudocia.* By Eden Phillpotts. \$2.00. *Reynard, the Fox.* By John Masefield. \$5.00.
- DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:**
The Victory at Sea. By Rear Admiral W. Sims in collaboration with B. J. Hendrick. \$5.00. *McLoughlin and Old Oregon.* By E. E. Dye. \$1.75. *Harbours of Memory.* By William McFee. \$1.75.
- DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:**
The Life of Jean Henri Fabre. By A. Fabre. *The Passing of the Third Floor Back.* Play Edition. By J. K. Jerome. *The Folly of Nations.* By F. Palmer.
- P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:**
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- BRENTANO's, New York:**
A Mender of Images. By Norma Lorimer. \$2.00.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:**
The Proceedings of The Hague Peace Conferences. Translation of Official Texts, Conference of 1907. Vol. III. Meetings of the Second, Third and Fourth Commissions. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.
- LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:**
The Sacraments. By F. J. Hall, D.D. \$2.25 net.
- INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Brooklyn:**
How Catholics Get Married. By T. F. Coakley, D.D. *What the Protestant Bible Says About the Catholic Church.* By J. MacLeod Patterson. Pamphlets.
- REV. PETER P. CONATY, Arlington, N. Y.:**
Helpful Thoughts for Boys. By Rev. P. P. Conaty.
- THE CORNHILL Co., Boston:**
The Beggar's Vision. By B. More. \$2.00 net. *Sketches of Butte.* By G. W. Davis. \$1.75. *The Isolation Plan.* By W. H. Blymyer. \$2.00 net. *A Marine, Sir.* By E. C. Carter. \$1.50. *In Occupied Belgium.* By R. Withington. \$1.50. *With Star and Grass.* By A. S. Twitchell. \$1.50. *Jen of the Marshes.* By J. F. Herbin. \$1.75.
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A Picture of Modern Spain. By J. B. Trend. \$4.50.
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Dominican Saints. By the Novices of the Dominican House of Studies. Introduction by Rt. Rev. T. J. Shahan. \$1.75.
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Psychological Studies from the Catholic University of America. Edited by E. A. Pace.





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